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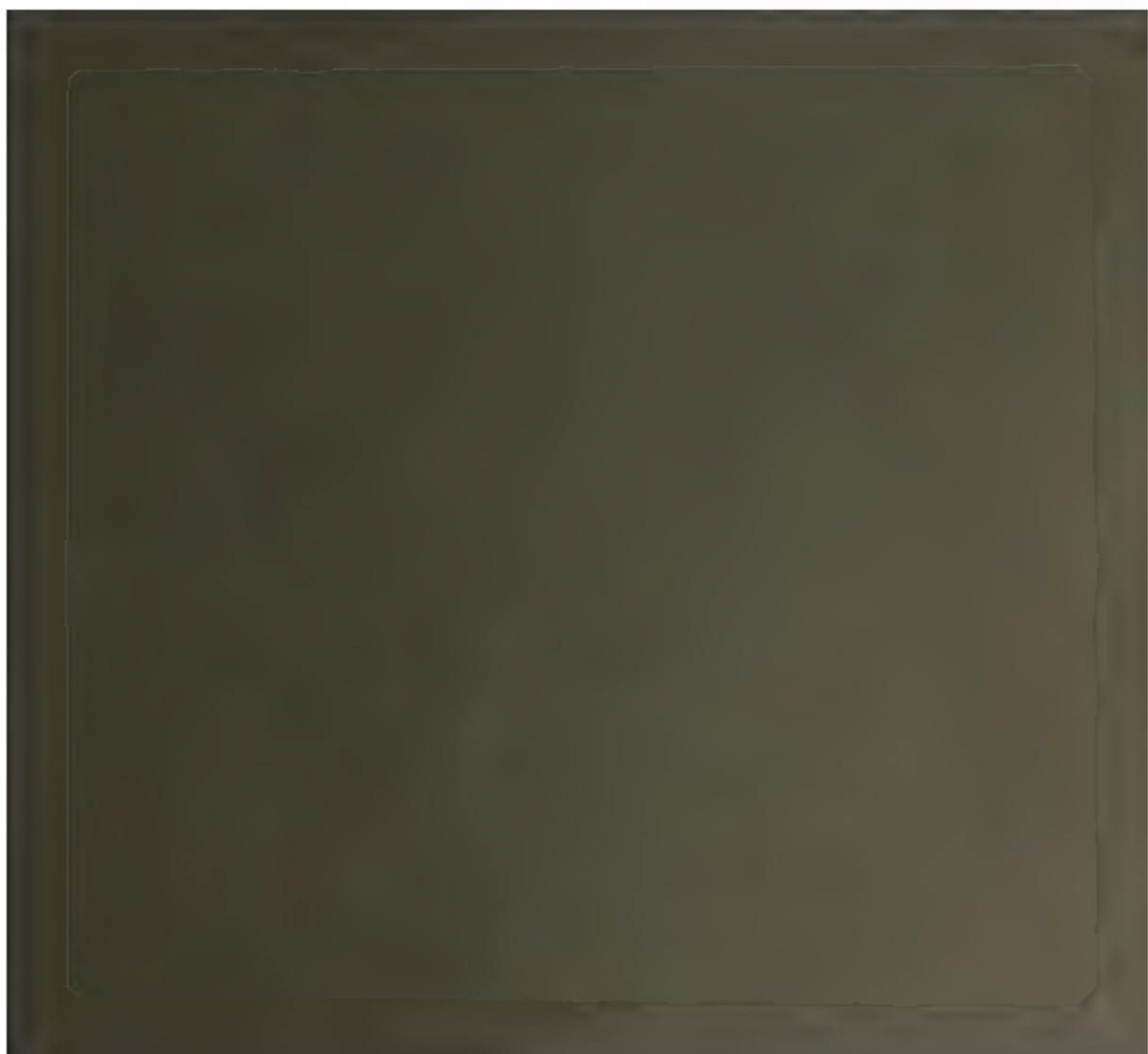
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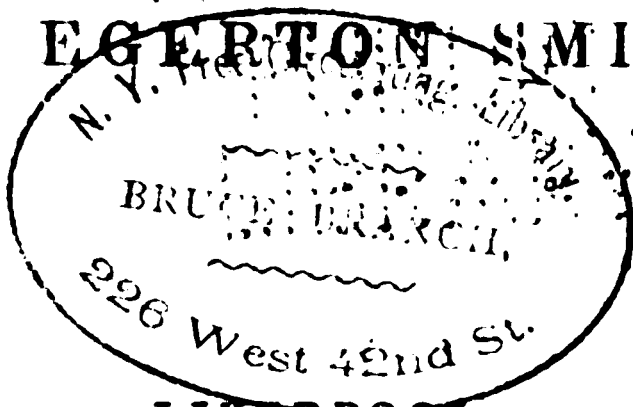
ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

“ The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks—all bask
Together, or all gambol in the shade at noon,
In the same grove, and drink one common stream,
Antipathies are none.”— *Comper.*

“ UTILE DULCI ”

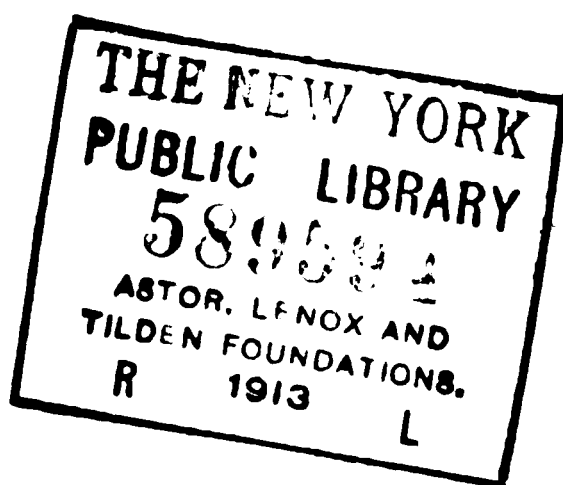
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PREFATORY NOTE.

CUSTOM and convenience require that every work, like that now presented to the reader, should have a title in order to distinguish it from other contemporaneous publications of the same nature. Juliet says—

“What’s in a name?—that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.”

Immaterial, however, as a name may be, on some occasions, the selection of one for a new periodical is beset with more than ordinary difficulties. In an age like the present, prolific in an unprecedented degree, with literary miscellanies, almost every appellation suitable to such works has been appropriated, and the new aspirant for public patronage must either put up with one which is not the best suited to his purpose, or must borrow one already adopted by some contemporary, which seems like poaching on another man’s preserve. Rather than thus trespass, or lack proper courtesy, we have chosen a title which has not, we believe, been hitherto applied, except to a musical work. We should have preferred an English word, but cannot discover one which has not been already adopted, and we have therefore, named our miscellany “The MELANGE,”

which is, at once, significant and unostentatious, according to the following definition of Chambaud: **MELANGE**—"Plusieurs pièces de prose ou de poésie, qui l'on recueille en même volume."

The reader will perceive, that in the course of this work, the first person singular is employed in several of the articles, whilst the first person plural is adopted in others. This change of person arises from the circumstances under which some of the pieces were originally written. Sometimes they were published editorially, in which case the usual "plural unit" was, of course, employed, while other articles were written as from a correspondent. We have heard it intimated that there is something of ostentation or egotism in the use of this said plural unit, which is confined to monarchs and editors;—but we conceive the reverse to be the fact, and we shall adduce in defence of the practice, the authority of a celebrated satirist. Pascal ridiculed those egotists who said "my book," "my commentary," "my history;" and observed, that to say, "our book," "our commentary," "our history," would be much better, since there is in them much more of other peoples' than their own.

THE MELANGE.

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

“A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.”—*Proverbs* xii. 10.

“I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though grac’d with polish’d manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.”—*Cooper*.

“The lion, the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks;—all bask at noon
Together; or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream;
Antipathies are none.”—*Cooper’s Task*.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE BALLOON.

The ascent of a balloon, on a fine day, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of a countless multitude of delighted spectators, is one of the most splendid and imposing spectacles that can be witnessed, or pictured to the imagination. The mind, in contemplating the scene, recognizes the *beau idéal* of the “sublime and beautiful;”—it is alternately absorbed in admiration of human skill and perseverance exemplified in this philosophical triumph of art over obstacles apparently

insurmoutable, and in astonishment at the courage and enterprise of the first aëronaut, who, confident in the accuracy of his theory, dared to quit his native earth and soar aloft into an element which until that moment had been traversed only by the fowls of the air; unless we are to believe that the flight of Dædalus and Icarus is not mere *flight* of poetical imagination.*

* We are not so unreasonable as to require that ancient mythologic fables should be submitted to the test of too rigid an examination by the rules of modern philosophy. We would, on the contrary, allow all possible latitude to the poetic imagination in which these venerable heathen legends had their origin, because we discover in them much instruction conveyed in the most fascinating guise. We must not, however, suffer our early classical predilections to blind us to the fact that the ancients occasionally betrayed the grossest ignorance of the laws of nature, which should never be outraged even in fable. The fable of Dædalus and Icarus affords evidence of the fact. Had the author of the fiction simply related that the father and son escaped from Crete, by means of wings, leaving us moderns to guess at the means in which those wings were adapted, we might have believed it possible that the art of flying was known to the ancients, and like many other arts has been lost to the world. But the author of the fable has, unfortunately, entered into details which render his story absurd, and the catastrophe impossible. The wings were, it seems, fastened on by means of wax, which was melted by the heat of the sun, in the upper regions. The inventor of this fable imagined that the solar heat increases as we recede from the earth, whereas the contrary is the fact; and if any modern Icarus should succeed in flying by means of wings attached to the body by wax, he would find that the cement, far from softening as he ascended, would harden. Had the ancient poet or fabulist ever ascended a mountain, he might have discovered that the heat diminished as he proceeded upwards. The sun being the source of heat, it is natural to conclude that the temperature would increase as we approach that body; but experience is at variance with such a conclusion. The most probable theory is, that although the sun is the fountain of heat and light, it is not, as Sir Isaac Newton and others have conjectured, a globe of fire, constantly radiating heat, and, of course, requiring perpetual replenishment. It is much more analogous to the simplicity and economy of nature, to presume that the action of the sun upon the atmosphere, be it chemical, electrical, or what it may, is the cause of heat, that it imparts light, heat, and life to animal and vegetable nature without itself experiencing any decay;—and “operates unspent.” This theory is, we say, consonant with the economy of nature, which always produces its effects by the least complicated means. The supposition that

The exquisitely graceful form of the balloon itself, with its gay and variegated colours, reflected in the sun, and its light and elegant car suspended by slender and almost invisible cords, greatly enhance the interest of such an exhibition. The pleasure of the spectator is, however, somewhat alloyed by reflecting upon the manifold perils to which the bold adventurer may be exposed, against which no human foresight can provide, and from which no human skill can extricate him. Abandoned to the caprice of the elements, over which he possesses no means of control, he may be driven far from his native shores, to distant and unknown regions, a prey to cold, hunger, and death in its most frightful shapes. The frail silken bubble on which he rests his dependence may be suddenly rent asunder by internal expansion, when elevated miles above the earth; or the forked lightning may, in an instant, ignite its inflammable

the sun was a huge globe of red hot matter, constantly wasting and in need of fuel like our culinary fires, has led philosophers into many absurdities, amongst which was the notion that the use of comets was to replenish the waning fires of the solar body. In a future number of the *Melange* we shall introduce a song written several years ago on Comets, in which this absurd hypothesis is thus noticed :—

“ Some think they take coals to the sun
Like a Shields or a Newcastle barque;
Lest the great solar light should be done,
And philosophers left in the dark.”

There is nothing paradoxical in the theory that the sun can communicate warmth, without exhausting its heating property; as we have evidence of an analogous phenomenon in magnetism. From one magnet, we know that a hundred or a thousand magnets may be formed, each as powerful or more powerful than the original one, which will not lose any of its virtue by the process. Why, therefore, may not the sun be endowed with the property of producing heat without being exhausted by the operation?

A similar instance of the economy of nature in thus “operating unspent” is to be found in the phenomena of vegetation: let the earth in a flower pot, before any flower is placed therein, be thoroughly dried and weighed, and then let a seed or plant be set in it, and allowed to grow into a large shrub, it will be found that the soil itself, which has thus apparently fed the plant to maturity, has not lost the smallest particle in weight in the process.

contents, and the ill-fated adventurer may share the fate of the unfortunate Pilater de Rozier.*

And why should man encounter such fearful risks for no rational object?—repeated failures have almost proved to a demonstration that no practical good can ever result from the science of *aërostation*; no approximation to any thing like management of balloons has ever yet been attained, nor have these splendid toys hitherto been rendered subservient to the benefit of mankind, unless, indeed, we allow that the art of war is one of the useful sciences.†

* The fate of Rozier and Romain is thus narrated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the article *Aëronautics*:—"Being anxious to return the visit under which Blanchard and Jeffries had paid to the French coast, by crossing the Channel again and descending in England, he transported his balloon, which was of a globular shape, and forty feet in diameter, to Boulogne; and after various delays, occasioned chiefly by adverse winds, he mounted on the 15th June, 1785, with his companion, M. Romain. From some vague idea of being better able to regulate the ascent of the balloon, he had most incautiously suspended below it a small smoke one of ten feet diameter; a combination to which may be imputed the disastrous issue. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when the whole apparatus, at the height of above three thousand feet, was observed to be on fire; and its scattered fragments, with the unfortunate voyagers, were precipitated to the ground. They fell near the sea-shore, about four miles from Boulogne, and were instantly killed by the tremendous crash, their bodies being found most dreadfully mangled.

The next fatal accident with balloons happened in Italy, several years later, when a Venetian nobleman and his lady, after having performed successfully various ascents, fell from a vast height, and perished on the spot. Dr. Darwin, in his *Botanic Garden*, thus alludes to this catastrophe:

"Fair mounts the light balloon by zephyr driven,
Parts the thin clouds, and sails along the heaven—
Higher, yet higher the expanding bubble flies,
Lights with quick flash, and bursts amid the skies—
Headlong he rushes through the affrighted air
With limbs distorted, and dishevel'd hair,
Whirls round and round."

† At the battle of Fleurus a balloon was successfully used by the French, as appears by the following article:—

"When the Revolution had roused the spirit of enterprise and invention in France, and science was made in every way subservient to the purposes of military power, an *Aërostatic Institute* was founded by the Committee of

The mariner who risks his life in circumnavigating the globe, or ventures upon that forlorn hope, the discovery of the North-west passage,* may have some

Public Safety, and the Royal Lodge of Mendon was chosen as a manufactory for the preparation of balloons, and of the apparatus necessary to accompany them to the armies, and a man of indefatigable assiduity and profound research was appointed Director.

"The corps of *aéronauts* destined to serve the army of the Republic, consisted of fifty couragenous youths, trained at Mendon, where the balloons were prepared, the *Entreprenant* for the army of the north; the *Celeste* for the army of the Sambre and Maese; the *Hercule* and *Intrepide* for the army of the Rhine and Moselle.

"The whole management was enveloped in profound secrecy. There was a camp for the exercise of the artillery; but the whole was conducted by the Republic with the greatest privacy and precaution, the doors being shut against the public and all foreigners. Conde applied his thoughts to the invention of an *aërostatic telegraph*, which, without assistance of a great balloon, or an *aërial correspondent*, should be managed by a person standing on the ground, by cords; the apparatus being suspended to a small balloon of only twelve feet in diameter. Coutel, captain of the *aéronautic corps*, ascended with the *Entreprenant* balloon on the 26th of June, 1794, and conducted the wonderful and important service of reconnoitring the hostile armies at the battle of Fleurus, accompanied by an adjutant and a general. He ascended twice on that day, to observe, from an elevation of four hundred and forty yards, the position and manœuvres of the enemy. On each occasion he remained four hours in the air, and, by preconcerted signals with flags, carried on a correspondence with General Jourdan, commander of the French army. His intended ascent had been made known to the enemy, who, when the balloon began to take its flight, opened the fire of a battery against the *aéronauts*. The first volley was directed too low; one ball, nevertheless, passed between the balloon and the car, and so near that Coutel imagined it had struck it. When the subsequent discharges were made, the balloon had already reached such a degree of altitude as to be beyond the reach of cannon-shot, and the *aéronauts* saw the balls flying beneath the car. Arrived at their intended height, the observers, remote from danger, and undisturbed, viewed all the evolutions of their enemies, and from the peaceful regions of the air, commanded a distinct and comprehensive prospect of two formidable armies engaged in the work of death."

* The most useful purpose to which balloons might be applied was pointed out in the *Liverpool Mercury* of January 23, 1824, in the following letter to the Editor:—

"SIR,—In the projected attempt to explore the Arctic Regions, when, as is probable, the parties will be locked up for so considerable a space of

rational motive for his enterprize; he may be cheered amidst danger by the reflection that the risks to which he is exposed may contribute to the comfort and convenience of his fellow creatures, by promoting the extension of commerce, and the advancement of literature, science, and those arts which enhance the charms of social life. In the hour of danger he is not, like the aëronaut, bereft of the consolation of human society; he has companions who can sympathize in his sufferings, aid him with their counsel, and co-operate with him in surmounting the perils with which he is beset.

I had prepared the foregoing observations as an editorial introduction to a narrative of the ascent of Mr. William Wyndham Sadler in his balloon from Bolton, in Lancashire,

time, would it not add to their amusement, and pass many a tedious hour if they employed themselves in constructing balloons, and, at favourable opportunities, launch them in the air. Some of them might possibly be picked up, either on the Continent of Europe or America, and intelligence conveyed to their friends of their situation and prospects of success. This appears to me probable, or, at any rate, more likely to succeed than committing the intelligence to so fragile a vessel as a bottle, in an element equally uncertain as the air."

The number of the newspaper containing this brief communication was forwarded to Captain Parry, whose reply, published in the *Mercury* of August 13, 1824, was as follows:—

"TO MR. EGBERTON SMITH:

"*Hobbs, Davis's Straits, July 1, 1824.*

SIR,—Nothing but the extreme hurry of business in which I was involved for some time previously to my leaving town, could have prevented my acknowledging the receipt of your obliging communication of the 3d of April, together with the number of the *Liverpool Mercury*, accompanying it.

"I now beg to offer you my best thanks for your kindness and attention, and to assure you, that in consequence of your hint, I did all in my power to profit by the suggestion contained in the notice to which you allude, but regret to add that, owing to some difficulty in the execution, and in obtaining the requisite materials before I left England, I have been under the necessity of giving up the plan on the present occasion. I am, Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

"W. PARRY."

on the 28th of September, 1824, and the ink with which they were written was scarcely dry when the melancholy intelligence of the dreadful accident which terminated the life of that enterprizing young aëronaut reached Liverpool, where it produced a deep and general sensation, as Mr. Sadler was highly respected by a very numerous circle of friends, who, soon after his decease, evinced the sincerity of their sympathy by a liberal subscription for his widow and family thus suddenly bereft of their support.

As I was returning home reflecting upon the sad fate of a gentleman whom I had shaken by the hand only a few hours previous to the dreadful catastrophe to which he so prematurely fell a victim, my attention was suddenly and painfully arrested by a scene, which, unfortunately for our national character, is of lamentable frequency in this country. A miserable emaciated horse, whose bones almost protruded through its shrivelled skin, was vainly struggling to extricate the wheels of a heavily laden cart out of a deep rut in the lane through which I had to pass; while the inhuman driver, so far from seconding the efforts of the poor beast by his personal exertions, was unmercifully flogging it, and beating it about the head with the butt end of his whip. Disgusted by the cruelty of the ruffian, I hastened to expostulate with him, or, if that should be ineffectual, to use force to prevent further persecution of his victim, when the poor creature, completely exhausted with efforts far beyond its strength, and with the blows of its inhuman master, sunk to the earth, and with a convulsive shudder expired. After taking down the number of the cart, the name of the driver, and assuring him that his conduct should not go unpunished, I hastened from the scene and reached home in a frame of mind which may be more easily conceived than described.

Wearied and disgusted with what I had recently

heard and seen, in the hope of changing the painful current of my reflections, I took up the first book that was at hand. By a singular coincidence, which a few centuries back would have gone far to prove that the faith reposed in an appeal to the *Sortes Virgilianæ** was not a weak and groundless superstition, I opened

* The following anecdote on the subject of this species of augury is taken from a work called "Parentalia, or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens."—"When King Charles I. was at Oxford, during the Civil wars, he went one day to see the public library, where he was shewed, amongst other books, a Virgil, nobly printed and exquisitely bound. Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have his Majesty make trial of his fortunes by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, whereupon the King opening the book, the period that happened to come up was this—

'At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli,
Auxilium inploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera: nec, quum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur:
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ.'

Virgil, Æneid iv.

"Of which the subjoined is Dryden's translation:—

'Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppress'd with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discourag'd and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace;
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.'

"Lord Falkland observing the King was concerned at this accident, would likewise try his fortune in the same manner, hoping he might fall upon some passage that would have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the King's thoughts from any impression the other might have upon him; but the place he stumbled upon was as much suited to his destiny as the other had been to the King's, being the lamentation of Evander for the untimely death of his son Pallas (*Æneid II.*) for this Lord's eldest son, a young man of an amiable character, had been slain in the first battle of Newbury."

out the volume in that very part which contained an tract from the commentaries of the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke, on the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, in which that learned divine shows the reasonableness of the belief, that the lower animals will enjoy a future state of existence, as the only compensation for the severe and unmerited sufferings to which they are doomed in this world. I was much pleased, and not a little surprised, at the boldness of this gentleman's reasoning, as it requires more than ordinary nerve to advocate a doctrine which is not very remote from that of the heathen Pythagoras; and the speculative divine will, no doubt, be censured by narrow-minded men and superficial thinkers, for participating in the superstition of the poor Indian,

————— "Whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,
* * * * *
And hopes, admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Without pausing at present to discuss the question, whether it be reasonable, scriptural, or orthodox, to believe that the "beasts of the field" may participate in that immortality which the self-styled "Lord of the creation" regards as his own exclusive privilege, I shall merely observe, that no harm can possibly result from such a doctrine, whether it be true or false.

The dumb animals are the work of the same God who created man; and who shall presume to say that the Author of nature, who has called them into life, may not perpetuate their existence after the termination of their earthly career? Some pious and well-meaning persons may be shocked at such an opinion, and may regard it as derogatory to the dignity of God, and debasing to human reason, even to suppose that "irrational brutes" should partake of that immortality which man assumes as his exclusive privilege. In the course of this work I shall endeavour to demonstrate

that all animals possess some degree of reason as distinguished from instinct; and if the attempt should fail, it will be owing to the want of a proper definition of reason. If that given by Dr. Johnson, and other lexicographers, be correct, the position for which I contend may be established beyond doubt.

“Reason (says Dr. Johnson) is the power by which man deduces one proposition from another, or proceeds from premises to consequences.” It is true that the learned lexicographer in this definition seems to imply that reason is confined to man; but if it can be proved, as I trust to make it appear, that other animals “deduce one proposition from another, and proceed from premises to consequences,” then it must follow that they possess reason, however limited it may be in its degree. It is human arrogance alone that prompts man to deny to other of God’s creatures any portion of that faculty which he would arrogate to himself; and in a future stage of this work it will be shown to be more consonant with the designs and economy of the Author of nature to endow the lower animals with some portion of the reasoning faculty than to leave them to the sole guidance of what is termed instinct.

The horse, the dog, and other domestic animals, rendered subservient to the use or convenience of man, must all undergo some kind of training or education, without which they would be utterly incapable of that improvement of which we know them to be susceptible. The means employed in training these creatures are the same as those resorted to in the management of rational beings—the hope of reward and the fear of punishment,—stimulants which would be utterly unavailing if these animals possessed no other faculty than instinct.

As I shall presently have occasion to enter more fully into the consideration of this question, I shall return from this digression briefly to state the grounds upon which

Dr. Clarke urges the claim of the brute creation to the enjoyment of a future state of existence; but I must confine myself to four positions out of the ten laid down by the learned commentator, as the grounds for the conclusion he has drawn.

1st. That the brute creation never sinned against God, nor are they capable of it, and, consequently, they cannot be liable to punishment.

2d. But the whole brute creation is in a suffering state, and partake of the common infirmities as well as mankind; they suffer, but who can say that they suffer justly?

3d. That they have no compensation here, their afflictions, labours, and death, prove; and if they are to have any compensation, they must have it in another state.

For these, and other forcible reasons, for which I must refer the reader to the original work, the pious and erudite divine thus sums up his argument:—

“Hence it is reasonable to conclude, that as from the present constitution of things they cannot have the happiness designed for them in this state, they must have it in another.”

After having finished the learned Doctor's lucubrations I retired to my bed in the hope that

“Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,”

might bring with it a temporary oblivion. I lay awake for some hours in a restless and almost agonizing state of mind, until, at length, completely worn out, I sunk into a protracted sleep, in the course of which I was visited by a very singular dream, which left behind it so vivid an impression, that when I awoke I was enabled minutely to recall all the particulars which I am about to record.

(To be continued.)

AN ENIGMA.

I'm superficial—I'm profound,
 In dullness and in wit abound,
 I "shoot at folly as it flies,"
 Yet folly often eulogize ;—
 War I promote ;—peace advocate ;
 Preach up good will—urge party hate.
 Knaves, fools, and quacks I patronize,
 Yet oft expose their villainies.
 I justify tyrannic laws,
 Yet suffer oft in freedom's cause.
 Though taxed severely by the State,
 I oft taxation advocate,
 Yet sometimes loudly I protest
 Against the burden as a pest.
 Some for my vices patronize me,
 While others for my virtues prize me.
 I'm often seen by snug fireside,—
 But when I choose to take a ride,
 Turnpikes and fares I never pay,
 But scot-free still pursue my way.
 In short, I'm full of contradiction—
 A strange melange of truth and fiction :
 Oft when most vicious, most caress'd ;
 And when most virtuous, most oppress'd.
 But one more hint I need supply—
 I'm very often WET and DRY
 At the same instant !—What am I ?

 "NO CURE NO PAY;" OR, THE BENEVOLENT DOCTOR.

[A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.]

A certain Charlatan, whom I could name,
 As destitute of talents as of shame,
 To gull the multitude,—(an easy prey,)
 Hangs out the tempting sign "NO CURE NO PAY."
 And though his object is but to deceive,
 For once the fellow's word we may believe ;
 He never CURED a single patient yet,
 Nor, if he could evade it, PAID a Debt.

MODERN PROPHECY!!!

The saying that “ a Prophet has no honour in his own country,” has not been verified in the flattering reception given to the following most profound Prophecy—which has lately found favour in the eyes of the *Morning Chronicle*, *Statesman*, *Globe*, *Examiner*, and other London prints, whence it has proceeded to make the tour of the country Journals, until at length it has safely reached its native place, the Mercury-office, after an absence of upwards of four years. We are fully aware that Johanna Southcott and Brothers have contributed to bring modern Prophecies into disrepute—but our oracular effusion materially differs from theirs, in as much as it is perfectly intelligible. Without further preamble, therefore, we re-publish it (from the *Liverpool Mercury* of July 12, 1811,) with a few additions and alterations.

When Lawyers shed tears, whilst they're striking a docket ;
 When Tax-gatherers weep, as they empty your pocket ;
 When Reviewers feel pangs like the authors they cut up ;
 When Conscience for sale shall no longer be put up ;
 When Placemen are found to give up sinecures ;
 When any Quack medicine performs any cures ;
 When Women at seventy confess the're in years ;
 When they make the confession without shedding tears ;
 When any *new Tragedy* sets us a weeping ;
 When any *new Comedy* keeps us from sleeping ;
 When the Poor Man no longer shall yield the tithe-pig ;
 When he reaps *all the fruits* of the earth he must dig ;
 When poor Curates thrive and fat Bishops get skinny ;
 When a Note and a Shilling's preferred to a Guinea ;
 When there's Peace because Tyrants are weary of killing ;
 When a good thumping Loaf's to be had for a shilling ;
 When *Freemen*, like cattle no longer are sold ;
 When tea scandal ceases—and fish-fags don't scold ;
 When a junta of Tailors shall cabbage abolish ;
 When Jack Ketch in a rage shall the gallows demolish ;
 When true taste shall suffer no more like a martyr ;
 When Shakspeare's preferr'd to grim Timour the Tartar ;
 When Ale's made again from good malt and good hops ;
 When Corn Jews are seen to rejoice at good crops ;
 When Butchers (*dear souls !*) lower the price of their chops ;

When Patriots no longer are branded by knaves ;
 When Freedom's best friends are not scoff'd at by slaves ;
 When truth shall no longer be deem'd a foul libel ;
 When Men practice the precepts they preach from the Bible ;
 When we've no more such humbugs as Johanna's mission ;
 When we've no Smithfield burnings and no Inquisition ;
 When all pious frauds shall be held in derision ;
 When with Ireland a genuine union we see ;
 When the free shall be peaceful, the peaceful be free ;
 When symptoms like these shall astonish the land,
 Depend on my word,—A REFORM is at hand !!!

RUSSELL'S PURGE ;

Sketch of an Address to be presented to Lord John Russell, in consequence of Col. Trench's notice of a Motion, Aug: 8, 1832, for the appointment of a Committee to take into consideration the practicability of rendering the House in which the Commons assembled more commodious and less unwholesome.

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MY LORD,

No ventilation will avail
 That House to purify ;
 Chloride of lime will even fail
 To cleanse out such a sty :
 Your Lordship's purge alone will do ;
 The borough bugs can't bear it ;
 'Twill scour the vermin through and through—
 Then pray, my Lord, don't spare it.

Signed, in behalf of millions, by

ONE OF THE UNREPRESENTED.

AN OBLIGING EPISTLE.

To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,
 I beg you will pay what is due,
 If you do, you'll OBLIGE me at present—
 If you don't, then I must OBLIGE you.

THE NEW CHARTER OF BRITISH LIBERTY.

[WRITTEN ON THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL.]

Thank God ! the triumph is achiev'd at last,
 The Boroughmongers' reign's for ever past ;
 Before a nation's frown corruption flies,
 Through the deep gloom more cheering prospects rise ;
 Millions at length, determined to be free,
 No more to *Juggernaut* will bend the knee.

The odious faction which our birthright sold,
 Plunder'd the people, and the King controll'd,—
 Plung'd us in wars, and beggar'd us with loans,
 To prop the Bourbon boobies on their thrones,—
 Enslav'd the press,—employ'd base perjurd spies,—
 Are now laid prostrate—never more to rise.

Reform has laid the firm foundation-stone
 Whereon the nation's rights, the monarch's throne,
 For generations yet to come shall stand,
 Firm as the rocks that gird our native land.

 THE SUBLIMITIES OF STEAM.

“ This is the age of new inventions,
 For killing bodies and for saving souls ;
 What opposite discoveries have we seen,
 Signs of true genius and of empty pockets :
 One makes new noses, one a guillotine ;
 One breaks your bones, one sets them in the sockets.”

BYRON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Lord Byron has designated this the age of bronze and the age of cant ; but, with all proper deference to his Lordship, I am of opinion that the age of steam would be quite as appropriate a term for the times in which we live. We have steam carriages without horses, steam engines to break the stones on the highway, steam to supply the ordinary office of *Æolus* in propelling our ships, and Bramah actually uses a steam engine to cut his patent pens, with

one of which I have now the honour to address you. What miracles Perkins may effect with his new machine I know not ; but if he does not very shortly enlighten us on the subject, I shall begin to suspect that he will fail to realize the sanguine expectations he has raised on the subject.

You must know, Mr. Editor, that I have myself been a projector of no ordinary rank, having dabbled in patents and caveats with the zest with which other people dabble in the stocks. Years have elapsed since I gave the world some sublime conceptions respecting new applications of steam, through the medium of one of the Liverpool newspapers ; since which I find that the Americans have adopted some of my ideas in the construction of their steam frigate. That my claims to priority of invention may no longer be questionable, I beg you will do me the favour to republish the letter which I originally addressed to a Liverpool editor, with whom you are pretty well acquainted. I have omitted certain political allusions, in order to render little Beelzebub fit to appear in your "*utile dulce*."

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Your old friend and well-wisher,

Liverpool.



WARFARE THE NATURAL STATE OF MANKIND.

"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

SHAKESPEARE.

There is nothing on earth I so cordially detest as your chicken-hearted, pigeon-livered poltroons, who are eternally boring us with their cant about peace ; when a survey of nature must convince every one, except these incorrigible asses, that *warfare is the natural state of man, and of all created life*. Philosophers tell us that "Nature abhors a vacuum ;" and I venture to add that she holds a calm in

equal abhorrence. Let the tempests cease to agitate the waves, and the ocean itself would become the foul source of putrefaction and loathsome disease. Turn from the physical to the moral world, and we shall find from the time of Cain and Abel to the present day one uninterrupted series of commotion and butchery amongst the human race. It is the same with what are called the lower animals. The spider seems to be born for no other end than to wage war upon the fly ; the cat to devour the mouse, and so on, to the end of the chapter. Take a peep at two kittens or a brace of sucking puppies even at their play ; see how Nature, that great master of the art of war, is preparing them for the noble purposes of their creation : their very gambols are so many sham fights, where we have a pleasing variety of biting, scratching, rearing, charging, lying in ambush, and various other military manœuvres ; not to forget the masterly one of retreating, or “ turning tail.”

Since this then is clearly Nature’s plan, why should not man, who is Nature’s master-piece, chime in with her humour : nor do I deny that in general they do so ; but there are exceptions amongst a set of milk-and-water Quaker politicians, who are perpetually bawling out for peace, or in the language of a distinguished individual, as given by way of toast, “ A speedy peace and soon.”

I know these whining sons of peace will tell us that the Christian doctrine was intended to correct the infirmities of human nature, and that its mild spirit forbids all strife ; but theory and practice are two distinct things ; and I appeal to the latter in support of my position, that “ warfare is the natural state of man.” Was there ever before known, in any age, such continued scenes of bloodshed as we have witnessed in Europe for the last score years ? and yet all the potentates engaged in the struggle *profess* the mild doctrines of Christianity.

My early years were marked by an extraordinary proficiency in what some canting fools may term the art of ingeniously tormenting; no boy in the school had so noble a string of birds' eggs, all my own lawful prizes; these I hung up in triumphant festoons, and would survey with as proud a feeling as that with which our polished North American allies view the scalps they have seized in the more glorious conquests over their copper-coloured neighbours.

I excelled all my schoolfellows in the art of flying a cockchaffer by a thread with a crooked pin through its tail; nor could any of my companions project a frog to such an altitude in the air, by what we used to call *spang-wooing*; or blow it up to such a magnitude with a hollow straw. Nor must I forget my favourite amusement of fishing; a noble diversion, although that old cynic, Johnson, has defined the fishing-rod to be "*a long red with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.*" There is no sport which more completely illustrates the grand law of nature than this; we find the fish wholly regardless of the tortuous gestures of the impaled worm, rushing impetuously upon the barbed hook, which man's ingenuity has there concealed for its destruction.

But it is unnecessary to enlarge upon these delightful pursuits of youth, as they must be well known to every boy of the least spirit. I shall, therefore, proceed with my narrative. You must allow that, with such promising dispositions and acquirements as I have described, I was admirably calculated to cut a conspicuous figure on the glorious theatre of war, where I might have become an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Bonaparte! but my unpropitious stars ordained it otherwise, and I was compelled early in life to bury all these shining qualities behind the counter, and to rest contented with such occasional relaxations as

were afforded by cock-fighting, bull-baiting, or other manly and congenial amusements. But although I am unable to follow the natural bent of my inclinations, which would lead me to the "tented field," I have devoted all my leisure time to the contemplation of improvements in the glorious wholesale trade of war. I perceive, with regret, that many of the most ingenious and effective warlike implements of the ancients are lost to the moderns; we have nothing, for instance, resembling the chariots of our forefathers, to the wheels of which huge scythes were affixed, mowing down man and horse like grass or corn—glorious harvest!

With what rapture have I dwelt upon the perusal of the siege of ancient Tyre, where the besieged poured red-hot sand upon the assailants below! what sport it must have been to see them skip about like parched peas, as the sand got between the armour and their bare skins—how the poor devils must have roared! We have nothing to compare to these contrivances in our days; the use of bloodhounds to hunt the naked negroes in St. Domingo is entitled to some praise, however; nor is the scalping knife of our North American allies wholly destitute of merit.

The introduction of Congreve's rockets, and the catamarans and torpedoes so much talked of, afford me, however, a cheering prospect that a "*new era*" is at hand, when the noble art of war will be brought to the utmost perfection, and military and naval operations be conducted upon a scale worthy of great and enlightened nations. It is in this expectation that I venture to suggest some hints on this important subject, to be improved upon by those who are so fortunately situated as to be able to put them in practice; all I can do is to *pray* for their success, which I shall certainly do with the most fervent patriotic devotion.

Before I enter upon my own suggestions, I must observe that hints thrown out by persons who, like myself, have never had the enviable fortune to be engaged personally in the field of battle, should not be altogether neglected, as it has sometimes happened that such persons have devised very successful expedients, when put to a push. I remember to have heard of the master of a London butter-and-cheese ship, who being attacked by an enemy's privateer, and having no shot on board, hit upon the whimsical idea of charging his guns with salt butter, which rendered the decks and rigging of the enemy so slippery, that the crew could not keep their feet, which gave time to the English captain to get clear off.

There is another story of one of our Newcastle colliers which was attacked by a French ship of superior force. The Captain had expended all his shot, but, like a true John Bull, he scorned to strike while there was any chance left; as a forlorn hope, he rammed into the last gun all the tobacco-boxes he could collect from the crew, and fired them off; upon which, to his great astonishment, Monsieur hauled down his colours; upon boarding the enemy he discovered the cause of this sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune: one of the tobacco boxes, with an inscription of "*Newcastle and the coal trade for ever*," coming into forcible contact with the French commander's cheek, had left thereon a reversed impression of the motto in gilt letters, encircled in a wreath of oak; this so astonished Monsieur and his crew, that they were seized with a sudden panic, which was increased, in no slight degree, by their being unable to understand the mysterious words of this Birmingham spell!

These two instances may be considered by some of your readers as mere romances, but I shall not stop to dispute the point with them; because there are some people who

will believe nothing but what they understand, which is very little indeed.

The plan I have to offer is certainly practicable, and I believe the idea is so perfectly original, that I count upon being ranked by posterity amongst those patriotic benefactors of the human race, to whom we are indebted for the invention of gunpowder, and other warlike discoveries for promoting the great law of nature, which I have laid down.

I must candidly admit that gunpowder has done considerable good; yet there is an agent in nature infinitely more potent, although its power and properties have hitherto been confined to the grovelling task of promoting arts and manufactures;—I allude to *steam*, which I trust will, on my suggestion, be introduced into the field of battle, where it will produce effects more astonishing than those it has achieved in the mechanical world.

I trust I shall be excused, at present, giving more than an outline of my plan, not having yet determined whether I shall take out a patent for the discovery. I would have you understand, however, that I am not in any degree influenced by "*base lucre*." Like certain great and benevolent advertisers of the present day, I have no private ends in view; the good of mankind is my sole object; in proof of which I hereby profess myself ready to wave all the profits which would undoubtedly arise from my patent, and to publish my grand discovery so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall come forward, at only five guineas each. Until I see how my subscription list fills, you must excuse me giving more than an outline of the plan. I would have steam engines introduced on board all our King's ships, where they will answer better than in the field, on account of the facility of obtaining water. By means of these formidable machines, I should throw immense quantities of boiling water upon the enemy, as soon as we come to pretty

close action, which the British tars never fail to do:—this, besides scalding the enemy from his quarters, and damping his ardour, would at the same time damp his powder, so as to prevent his cannon playing upon us, whilst we could blaze away as merrily as ever. We should thus be enabled to keep our foes in perpetual *hot water*, and command the *sovereignty of the seas*, of which the little *Corsican upstart* and the proud *Yankee-doodles* are so jealous.

I have an infinite variety of other suggestions for the benefit of mankind, and for promoting the noble art of war; such, for instance, as the occasional use of nitric acid, to be discharged from my steam engines instead of boiling water, which, besides the great advantage of entirely destroying the jackets and trousers of our enemy, would at the same time either discolour his skin, or take it off altogether, by which means, should he escape, which he scarcely could do in such a pickle, we might at a future time detect any of our own seamen who had ever fought against us under American colours. My plan of instantly blowing a ship and her crew into the air by my new preparation of falmi-nating powder, I shall withhold until I see how my present project is patronized by a liberal and enlightened public.

That point once ascertained, you shall hear further from me, with my real name, instead of the assumed signature I have adopted, which is the nickname I went by at school, where, from my fondness for frolic and fun, I acquired the appellation of

LITTLE BEELZEBUB.

[1813.]

MATRIMONIAL TETE A TETE.

“Silence! and hold your peace, you brute!”—

Screams KATE to NED, in high dispute:

“Alas! I can’t do so,”—said NED,

“I’ve had no PEACE since we were wed.”

ATHEISM

AT VARIANCE WITH REASON, ANALOGY, AND THE COMMON
CONSENT OF MANKIND.

[FROM THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY OF CHRISTMAS DAY, 1829.]

"There is a God, who formed the universe, and who preserves this great work, the parts of which are perfect in beauty and goodness ; who maintains them in eternal vigour ; and though invisible himself, is visible in the wonders which he has done. Let us not refuse, therefore, to believe the existence of what we cannot behold ; but supply the imperfections of our eyes by the light of the understanding."—*Socrates* (as quoted in the introduction to Gillies' *Lysias* and *Isocrates*.)

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."—*Psalms*.

Some of our readers may be surprised, but none will, we trust, be displeased with the subject we have selected for this day's editorial comment, as we shall endeavour so to treat it as not to offend the most pious or the most scrupulous. The arguments we have adduced in support of our opinions were originally addressed to a most inveterate sceptic, who would admit no position which could not be established on grounds as impregnable as those on which mathematical demonstration rests. It was our object to prove to him, that if he refused his assent to every thing which could not be proved beyond the possibility of contradiction ;—if he would reject all reasoning by analogy,—there was absolutely nothing on the truth of which he could implicitly rely, as even his favourite study, mathematics, did not rest on so firm a foundation as he seemed to imagine. How we have succeeded in establishing our position we must leave our

readers to determine, after they have perused the dialogue we now submit to their consideration.*

Theist. I fear it is a vain attempt to reason with a confirmed sceptic, who will acknowledge no truth which is not

* The following passage from the works of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton may be appropriately introduced here:—

“The Supreme Being governs all things, not as soul of the world, but as Lord of the Universe; and on account of his dominion he is styled Lord God! Supreme over all. The Supreme God is an eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect being; but a being how perfect soever, without dominion, is not Lord God. The term God frequently signifies Lord; but every lord is not God. The dominion of a spiritual being constitutes him God: true dominion, true God; imaginary dominion, imaginary God: he is not eternity and infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration and space, but his duration of existence is present, and by existing always and every where, he constitutes duration and space, eternity and infinity. Since every part of space and every indivisible moment of duration is every where, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be said to be in no time, and no place. He is omnipresent, not by his power only, but in his very substance. God is not at all affected by the motions of bodies, neither do they find any resistance from the omnipresence of God. He necessarily exists, and by the same necessity exists always and every where. Whence also it follows that he is all similar, all eye, all ear, all brain, all sensation, all understanding, all active power; but this is not in a human, or corporeal, but in a manner wholly unknown to us, therefore not to be worshipped under a corporeal representation.”

However singular and unaccountable it may be, it is an undeniable fact, that persons of superior mental endowments have been known to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being. The following passage on the subject is to be found amongst the notes to Mandeville's fable of the Bees: “There have been men who, only assisted with pride and constitution to maintain the worst of causes, have undergone death and torments with as much cheerfulness as the best of men, animated with piety and elevation, ever did for the true religion.—Jordanus Bruna, of Nola, who wrote that silly piece of blasphemy called *Spaccio della Bestia trionfante*, and the infamous Vannini, were both executed for openly professing and teaching atheism. The latter might have been pardoned the moment before the execution if he would have retracted his doctrine; but rather than recant, he chose to be burnt to ashes. As he went to the stake, he was so far from showing any concern, that he held out his hand to a physician whom he happened to know, desiring him to judge of the calmness of his mind by the regularity of his pulse, and from thence taking an opportunity of making an impious comparison, uttered a sentence too execrable to be mentioned.

established by that kind of absolute demonstration which, in religion and morals, is unattainable. I will, however, make the experiment, and shall endeavour to impress upon you the conviction which I myself feel of the existence of a Deity.

Sceptic. You must confine yourself to moral, and not religious grounds, as I shall not admit a text to be an argument.

Theist. That is the course I intend to pursue; and in the outset allow me to put this question to you:—If you examine two watches, one of which is of exquisite workmanship, and keeps pretty correct time, while the other is clumsily finished, and is ever varying in its rate, would you not admit that the maker of the former was a better artist than the maker of the latter?

Sceptic. Assuredly;—but what inference do you intend to deduce from the admission?

Theist. A very obvious and logical deduction; but before I proceed to answer your question, permit me to pursue the supposition a little further. No artist ever succeeded in producing a watch that would keep true time, nor did he ever construct two watches which would go at the same rate. They differ from each other, and both deviate from the correct time.

Sceptic. This may all be true, but I ask again what is your inference?

Theist. As I observed before, a very simple, but, in my opinion, a very logical inference. You have admitted that the maker of the better of the two watches is the cleverer

To these we may join one Mahomet Effendi, who, as Paul Ricaut tells us, was put to death at Constantinople for advancing some notions against the existence of God. He likewise might have saved his life, by confessing his error, and renouncing it for the future; but chose rather to perish in his blasphemies, saying, though he had no reward to expect, the love of truth constrained him to suffer martyrdom in its defence."

artist, and that neither the one nor the other can produce a perfect instrument. Now there is in the heavens a perfect and imperishable timepiece, a celestial orrery, which measures time so exactly that if our astronomers cannot predict an eclipse to the thousandth part of a second, the fault is in the human and not in the Divine mechanism. Again; the most ingenious mechanics have bewildered themselves in the vain pursuit of the perpetual motion, but in the planetary system we have such perpetual motion constantly before our eyes. Now, having admitted that the maker of a tolerably good watch, imperfect as it necessarily is, is superior, as an artist, to the maker of an inferior one, how can you doubt that the Maker of the perfect and imperishable timepiece above possesses power and intelligence superior to that of the maker of either of the imperfect and perishable machines to which I have adverted?

Sceptic. There you are begging the question. I do know that my watch had a maker, because I saw the artist at work upon it, and received it from his hands; but you cannot offer me the same kind of evidence with regard to your celestial timepiece as you call it.

Theist. Your objection appears to me more like a quibble than sound argument. Let us suppose that you had never seen a watch, or heard of one, until this moment, and that I should now produce one, could you doubt that it had had a maker? The apparent regularity of its motions, and the obvious design in all its parts, would leave no doubt even in your mind that an intelligent being had been employed in its construction. If such would be your conclusions in the case I have supposed, how can you doubt that the planetary system, which keeps perfect time, without human hand to wind it up, or regulate it, must be the work of some being possessed of infinitely greater power and intelligence than man is endowed with?

Sceptic. This may be very ingenious, but you seem to forget that analogy is not demonstration. Before I can admit the existence of your deity, I require proof as indubitable as that upon which mathematical truths are founded. A self-created being involves an absurdity: and if your deity is not self-created, what created him, and what formed that creator, and so forth *ad infinitum*?

Theist. That is a problem which every child can propose, and no philosopher can solve. For my own part I neither pretend to answer the question, nor do I deem it essential to my purpose. If I can, by reasoning and fair analogy, establish a conviction in my mind that there is a being infinitely superior to man in power and intelligence, that being is my God; and if I cannot proceed further in the investigation, it must be ascribed to the limited power of the human understanding; for I fancy that even you do not doubt that the intellectual faculties of man have their limits. Reason, analogy, and the almost universal voice of mankind, tend to the conviction that

“there is a God,
For that there is, all nature cries aloud.”

But if you reject analogy, and will have demonstration, you can scarcely arrive at any conclusion on any subject. I defy you to prove that I am now talking to you. You must often, in your dreams, have had as strong a conviction that the fictitious scenes that presented themselves to your fancy were as real, as you now believe my presence to be. Some sceptics have, indeed, gone so far as to doubt their own existence, and the reality of all external objects. I have, in my dreams, felt convinced that I was conversing with others as I now converse with you, although those individuals had been dead many years. If, therefore, I were disposed to insist upon absolute demonstration as a condition of my

belief in any thing, I might puzzle you to prove that you and I are now actually discoursing together; as, for any thing you can prove to the contrary, we may be at this moment at a considerable distance, in our respective beds.

Sceptic. You have just observed, that if we insist upon actual demonstration, we can arrive at no sound conclusion on any subject; you forget mathematics, it seems.

Theist. Pardon me, I do not; but if I were as inveterate a sceptic as yourself, I could perhaps make it appear that even your favourite science, mathematics, does not rest upon so solid a foundation as you suppose.

Sceptic. You amuse me, I own: I am curious to know how you will set about to impugn the only certain and perfect science with which we are acquainted?

Theist. Recollect that I am merely assuming the sceptic myself, for the purpose of proving to you that you ought not to stickle so doggedly for absolute demonstration as the condition of your belief in a Deity. I am as well convinced as you are that mathematics is a perfect science,—an emanation from the Deity. With this preamble I shall endeavour to show you, that according to the principle upon which you have objected to my arguments in favour of a Deity, the very foundation of mathematics may be questioned.

Sceptic. Proceed, if you please. You begin to be very amusing.

Theist. Geometry is illustrated by lines, or points, upon an assumption of which the demonstration of a problem depends. Now, what are these lines and points, which are so essential to the solution of a problem—are they not mere gratuitous assumptions, or imaginary data? Let us take their definitions from Euclid himself, as they are to be found in the very first page of his celebrated Elements:

Defin. 1.—“ *A Point is that which hath no parts, or which hath no magnitude.*”

Defin. 2.—“ *A Line is length without breadth.*”

Now, if I were as determined a sceptic as you are, and should call upon you to show me these said points and lines, you would be not a little puzzled; if you exhibit them to me on paper, I deny that they are what you represent them to be. Your point or dot hath parts or magnitude, whilst the mathematical point has neither. Your line, draw it as fine as you please, has breadth as well as length, so that neither your point nor line agree with the definition of Euclid; and as you cannot show me the data upon which you rest your conclusion, I may doubt the existence of those data, and consequently call in question the soundness of superstructure founded on such imaginary basis. You assume lines and points which you cannot render palpable to the touch or obvious to the sight, and yet you expect me to recognise these immaterial data, because their assumption leads to certain and useful results. In like manner I require you to recognise the existence of a Divine power; for although I cannot render the Deity palpable to your touch, or obvious to your sight, I maintain that his existence is proved by the results. Certainty cannot be the work of chance; and when I contemplate the regular motion of the planets, the periodical returns of the seasons, the equalization of the sexes, and innumerable other phenomena beyond the power of man to produce, I cannot, without a surrender of the reason with which God has endowed me, doubt that these phenomena are the result of design, not of chance.

HINTS

TO ENABLE THOSE WHO HAVE LOST THE USE OF SPEECH
AND OF LIMBS TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEIR FRIENDS.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

The blind, the deaf, and the dumb, have, in all ages of the world, been the peculiar objects of the sympathy of their more favoured fellow-men; nor has sympathy alone been evinced towards these unfortunate persons. In modern times, especially, human ingenuity and perseverance have taught the blind not only to learn trades, whereby to earn their bread, but have succeeded in enabling them to understand books printed in tangible characters for their use. The deaf and dumb also have, by a most ingenious and natural process, been taught, intelligibly, to communicate their wishes and sentiments to others, and to converse amongst themselves by visible signs.

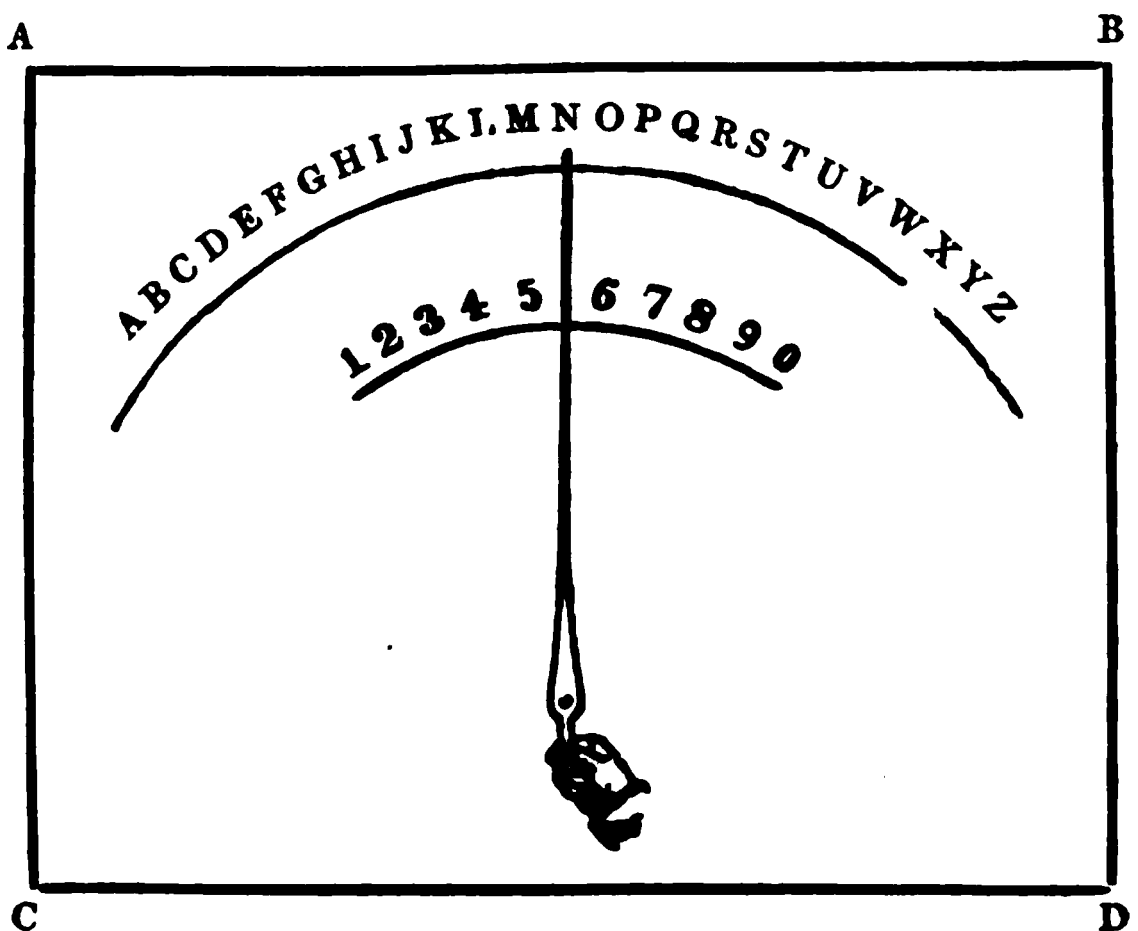
These are, unquestionably, noble triumphs of human perseverance, skill, and benevolence; but there is a class of human beings still more destitute, and more to be pitied than either the blind or the deaf and dumb, although as far as we can ascertain, no means have hitherto been devised to alleviate their sufferings, or to lessen the impediments under which they labour:—we allude to paralytic persons, who have lost the use of their limbs and of their speech, whilst, as if to add bitterness to the cup of their affliction, they retain all their mental faculties, in full perfection.

It is impossible to conceive a condition in life much more forlorn and deplorable than that of a sensitive and intellectual being, conscious of all that is passing around him, but incapable of communicating his thoughts or his

wants, and for ever cut off from all intercourse with that society which his talents are eminently calculated to delight and adorn. Such an individual it was once our lot to rank among our intimate friends. He had received a very liberal education, and as he possessed natural talents of a high order, he was one of the most agreeable and instructive companions with whom we ever had the good fortune to associate, until an accident, which injured the spine, brought on a paralytic affection, which gradually deprived him of the use of his limbs, and of all power of distinct articulation. As he was extremely fond of reading, he still had some intellectual resource against listlessness and *ennui*, to which many persons of uncultivated mind are victims. In company, however, during an interesting conversation, in which, previous to his affliction, he would have borne a prominent share, mute despair at the contemplation of his altered state and utter helplessness appeared entirely to engross his mind, and to be bearing him fast to a premature grave.

Deeply sympathizing in his affliction, we endeavoured to devise some means to enable our poor friend to communicate his thoughts to those around him, and although his suffering terminated but a few days after we had entered upon our experiments, we witnessed enough of its results to warrant us in asserting, that, had his life been spared, a very little practice would have enabled us to communicate as readily with him as the experienced masters of the deaf and dumb communicate with their pupils. As there may be many persons labouring under bodily privations similar to those to which our friend fell a victim, we shall here describe the very simple means which we adopted to restore him in some degree to the society of his friends. We have already stated, that besides being speechless, he had lost the almost entire use of his limbs. We found, however,

that he could move his wrist a little, so as to permit the hand to pass about an inch to the right, and as much to the left. This motion, slight as it was, held out a prospect of succeeding in the object we had so much at heart.



A very little explanation will, we believe, render the simple method we adopted obvious to the reader. A B C D represents a thin plank, two feet or more square, to be placed on a table; on the larger arch incised upon it are ranged the letters of the alphabet, and on the smaller the digits and the cipher: a light wand is pinned down to the board by a pivot about two inches from one extremity, the other extremity of the wand traversing the two arches when moved by the hand. It must be obvious that a very slight inclination of the hand to the right or left will move the extremity of the wand, or index, from one end of the alphabet to the other. All that is necessary in order to enable any person to communicate by this machine is, that he shall have the power to move his hand an inch or more, accord-

ing to the length of the index, to the right or to the left. If so completely paralyzed as to be incapable even of this small control over the muscles, this machine will, of course, be useless to him.

Our friend at first succeeded pretty well in using this machine, in doing which he placed the left hand on the table, and grasped the right wrist, so as to steady the hand. His paralysis, however, soon increased to such a degree, that he had no command whatever over the hands, and we were obliged to resort to other means of enabling him to hold any communication with his friends. The method we adopted has, we believe, at least the merit of novelty, and as it may serve as a hint, to be improved upon by others, we shall here describe it.

Although our friend had, as we have observed, entirely lost all power of voluntary motion, we found that, amidst the general wreck of his frame, his eye alone remained unimpaired, and this suggested to us the very simple means of enabling him still to keep up some intercourse with his friends. For this purpose we procured the letters of the alphabet, in large type, which we ranged in four rows, of six each, about one foot apart, thus—

A	B	C	D	E	F	
G	H	J	K	L	M	
N	O	P	Q	R	S	
T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

These letters we ranged on the mantel-piece, and observing the direction of our friend's eye, we had no difficulty in ascertaining the letter he had fixed upon, to which we pointed with a wand, to ascertain that there was no mistake. He could thus convey his thoughts by the mere turn of the eye, without the slightest motion of the neck, of which, indeed, he was incapable.

The letters might be placed much nearer, but as there is less chance of mistake when they are pretty far apart, we have supposed them to cover a space of six feet by four.

When our friend had completed a word, to mark the division between that and the next word he fixed his eyes upon the person with whom he was communicating. This very simple process was suggested to us by a singular performance with cards, with which a Spanish fencing-master surprised us, some years ago.

The whole pack of cards being placed on the table, with the faces uppermost, if a person who sat opposite to the operator fixed his eye steadily on any one of the fifty-two cards, the latter instantly pointed out the card fixed upon; nor, except very rarely, did he make any mistake, although the cards were ranged side by side.

We never saw any other person who succeeded entirely in this performance, and the Spaniard had, no doubt, made it the object of his peculiar study; but were the cards, like our letters, placed a foot asunder, no person would be at a loss to ascertain which was that card upon which the eye was fixed; and, in conclusion, we venture to say, that with a little experience, persons in the helpless state of our deceased friend might, by the adoption of this hint, derive some consolation and amusement to cheer the dreadful solitude to which those persons are doomed who have no means of communicating their thoughts or wants to those around them.

A scientific gentleman to whom we lately named this simple method of visual communication, suggested that it might be of great importance in cases where a dying man is incapable of speaking, or of signing his will, or of making his wishes known by any means hitherto pointed out.

MARCH OF BARBERISM!

ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN SHAVER WHO IS VERY APT TO DRAW BLOOD, OR, IN OTHER WORDS, TO "CUT HIS CUSTOMERS."

Barbers, in days of yore, we find,
Shaving and *Surgery* combined ;
 Lancet and razor at their will
 They us'd alike, with equal skill :
 But you surpass them far, my friend,
Both trades you dextrously blend ;
 And for a single penny you
Shave customers, and *bleed* them too.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.—JOHN BULLISM.

[A TRUE STORY, NEWLY VERSIFIED.]

A thorough-bred Cockney, pert, purse-proud, and vain,
 As full of himself as deficient in brain ;
 Who had lived all his life within sight of St. Paul's,
 And made a large fortune by tippets and shawls,
 By sarcenets, stuffs, cambrics, and Manchester wares,
 Sold off at prime cost to wind up his affairs ;
 And having some debts in New York uncollected,
 From persons whose credit he somewhat suspected,
 He thought the best way to make sure of the pelf
 Was to venture the voyage, and collect them himself.

The voyage and sea sickness we'd better pass o'er,
 And set down our hero at once safe on shore.

As if to annoy him, vexations combined,
 And he found the new world not at all to his mind ;
 Those who ow'd him the cash had not wherewith to pay,
 Some were dead, some insolvent, and some run away.
 All this was vexatious, and what was still worse,
 But little respect was here paid to his purse ;
 No wonder he found such a country a bore,
 And repented he ever set foot on its shore.

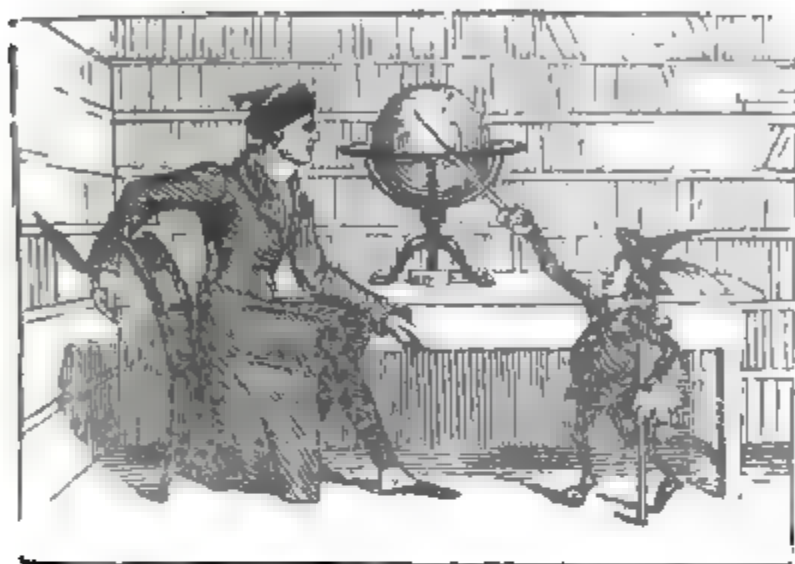
It chanced at a tavern one hot summer's day,
 A Yankee he met, who was puffing away ;

Who eyeing him, drawl'd out, "I calculate, friend,
 "You are not of these parts;—I don't wish to offend."
 "These parts!" said the Cockney, "No, no, Sir, thank God,
 "A plague on the hour I set foot on your sod;
 "Your country's not fit for a Turk or a Jew;
 "To-morrow, thank Heaven, I shall bid it adieu.
 "These parts! No, Sir; England's the place of my birth,
 "The envy of all other nations on earth;
 "But as for your country, I would not live in it,
 "If you'd give me ten thousand a year, Sir, this minute.
 "Your wines are all meagre, your porter and ale
 "Are sour and ill-flavoured, weak, muddy, and stale;
 "Your beef is so tough, and so rancid your mutton,
 "That he who can relish them must be a glutton;
 "Your women are pale-faced, your men are so lanky,
 "An English scarecrow I prefer to a Yankee:
 "Then as for your birds, why you have not a fowl
 "Whose notes are melodious as those of our owl.
 "Then your filthy tobacco's a horrible bore,
 "And to make matters worse, you spit out on the floor;
 "So I suffer all day, and at night am in dread
 "Lest your cursed musquitos should eat me in bed."

The Yankee but smiled at this rhodomontade,
 Coolly smok'd his cigar, nor a syllable said,
 When clouds on a sudden obscuring the sky,
 Betokened a terrible thunder-storm nigh;
 Nor false were the symptoms, for scarce had he spoke,
 When a thunderbolt shiver'd to pieces an oak;
 So loud the report, and so vivid the light,
 That our Cockney shrunk back in dismay and affright.
 "Well, friend," said the Yankee, who unconcern'd sat,
 "I guess you have no better thunder than that."

PREVENTIVE OF CHAPPED LIPS.

"My lips they are so CHAPT," says Sue,
 "I hardly can endure them:
 "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do!
 "What shall I take to cure them?"—
 "Take!" quoth a wag; "why, take more care,
 "And that may do, perhaps;
 "Smack every puppy's face that dare
 "Attempt to smack thy lips: I'll swear
 "That will keep off the CHAPS."



THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

"Come like shadows, so depart!"—*Shakespeare.*

"Vous serez content de ma reconnaissance. Je vous apprendrai tout ce que vous voudrez savoir. Je vous instruirai de tout ce qui se passe dans le monde. Je vous découvrirai les défauts des hommes; je serai votre démon tutélaire; et plus éclairé que le génie de Socrate, je prétends vous rendre encore plus savant que ce grand philosophe. En un mot, je me donne à vous avec mes bonnes et mauvaises qualités; elles ne vous seront pas moins utiles les unes que les autres."—*Le Diable Boiteux.*

The Magic Globe, or Bottle Imp, appeared originally in the nineteenth volume of the *Liverpool Mercury*; and it was the writer's intention to extend the work to a much greater length than that to which he was ultimately obliged to restrict himself.

A newspaper, in times like the present, is necessarily so much occupied with politics, that almost every other subject must yield precedence to details of parliamentary debates, and records of those great events which are working a

mighty revolution in the political and moral condition of mankind.

After having carried on the Magic Globe to the twenty-third chapter, the writer found himself so limited for elbow room, that he was obliged to forego his original design to extend the work to an almost indefinite length, and the series was discontinued.

Some of his perhaps too partial friends, however, who were pleased with the work, recommended its republication in a separate volume; and under these circumstances the writer is encouraged to give the Magic Globe a place in the MELANGE, together with several additional chapters, and notes, which will be introduced in the present volume.

CHAP. I.

Some account of Ferdinand and his Ancestors.

It is an observation as trite as it is true, that every man how insignificant soever he may appear to others, is of some importance in his own estimation. This universal feeling can alone account for the prevalence of a nuisance with which readers of taste have been annoyed almost beyond human endurance, especially of late;—we mean those Reminiscences or Autobiographical Memoirs, as they are designated, in which the actions and opinions of the writers, together with anecdotes of all those with whom they have had any intercourse in their peregrinations through life, are minutely detailed to the world, in three, four, or five volumes, with striking portraits of the author. These precious effusions of vanity and impertinence, after having been puffed

to the skies by reviewers, in the interest or pay of the respective booksellers, as models of wit and genius; or denounced by the tools of rival publishers, as insufferably stupid, are generally consigned over to the trunk-makers, or pastry-cooks, by them, for the first time, to be converted to some useful purpose.

The self-importance of many of these modern patchwork manufacturers of reminiscences is admirably, and, as it were by anticipation, satirized by Swift, in his *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, who commences his history in the following terms:—In the name of the Lord, amen; I, P. P., by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this history."

Although it is understood that Swift intended these memoirs as a satire upon a certain dull and prosing contemporary, it would be well if our modern reminiscences were half as amusing as the narrative of this prototype of our modern Caleb Quotem; this paragon of parish clerks; this melodious singer of psalms, and pealer of bells; this man of clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity, of whom it was pleasantly said, as an important coincidence, that "one and the same day did give to the parish two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk."

After this preamble it will scarcely be necessary to state that it is not our intention to add to the number of autobiographical nuisances, against which we have entered our protest. It will, however, be incumbent on us to say a few words respecting our friend Ferdinand, if it be only to account for his mysterious intercourse with the extraordinary being who will act so prominent a part in the scenes about to be described.

Although of foreign extraction, the family of Ferdinand has become naturalized, if not virtually anglicised, by a residence of half a century in this country; and he may, therefore, call himself an Englishman with as much pro-

priety as the generality of the natives, of whom, alluding to their anomalous origin, De Foe says,—

“ A true-born Englishman 's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.”

About a century and a half ago, his ancestors, of whom the reader will know more anon, ranked amongst the most respectable and wealthy families in Spain. Owing, however, to some court intrigue, they were dispersed, their estates confiscated, and themselves compelled to fly from the land of their birth. Ferdinand's grandfather was so fortunate as to select England for his adopted home; and by the exercise of those talents which he had sedulously cultivated through choice, in the sunshine of his prosperity, he succeeded in maintaining himself and his amiable and accomplished wife in comfort, if not in affluence, and, what was of more importance, he was enabled to give a liberal education to his son, who, aware by experience of the value of such a blessing, devoted himself entirely to the instruction of Ferdinand, and to the formation of his character and principles.

We shall now, without further preamble or circumlocution, proceed, at once, *in medias res*, by introducing the reader to Ferdinand, in his library, in his ordinary costume of night-gown and slippers.

CHAP. II.

Ferdinand, who had fallen asleep over the works of a celebrated Political Economist, is awakened by a singular incident.

One evening, after having pored for some hours over an elaborate essay on political economy, with the vain hope of

arriving at the author's meaning, Ferdinand became so thoroughly jaded that his eyes refused any longer to perform their office, his head sunk back on his chair, and his wearied mind took refuge in

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."

The work, which had produced this soporific effect upon our student, was a celebrated dissertation upon *Absenteeism*, a newly-coined word, synonymous with non-residency of the nobility, gentry, and landed proprietors, in their native country.

The author, who, notwithstanding the excessive absurdity of this treatise, is a very able writer and an acute reasoner, has had the incredible hardihood to maintain, that the generally received opinion, that Ireland's evils are, in a great degree, to be ascribed to this cause, is utterly groundless. He has most dogmatically asserted, that it is precisely the same thing as regards the interests of the mother country, whether its great landed proprietors spend their incomes at home, or at Paris, or Brussels.

This astounding paradox the author has advanced in so peremptory a style and with such a confident air of triumph, that many of his readers, unable to follow him through the labyrinth of his reasoning,

"Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!"

have, in despair, surrendered up their understandings to the most absurd dogma that ever was palmed upon rational beings.

Had not his nap been suddenly interrupted, it is difficult to say how long Ferdinand might have slumbered; as any candid man, who has toiled through the work which had thus sealed up his senses, will admit that such severe

mental drudgery required no ordinary bodily repose. His sleep was, however, abruptly disturbed by a loud and confused clamour without, and, upon raising the window to ascertain the cause of the interruption, a most singular spectacle presented itself. A group of rude and noisy boys were hooting and mocking a dwarf of most grotesque and scarcely human appearance and stature. He was about two feet and a half high, and supported his singular form on a pair of crutches. His dress, over which flowed a little cloak, was most fantastical; on his head he wore a sort of turban, or hat, of red crape, surmounted with feathers of the cock and peacock, and his legs and feet resembled those of a goat, rather than of a human being. His countenance, unlike any thing earthly, almost set description at defiance; the features, contemplated separately, were *outré* and demoniacal, but there was in the *tout ensemble* something which irresistibly riveted the attention of Ferdinand, who gazed on it with a mixed sensation of curiosity and awe. His first impression was succeeded by compassion for this diminutive and persecuted cripple, and indignation towards the unfeeling urchins who were making a sport of his infirmities. He succeeded, with some difficulty, in chasing them away, and, with the affability natural to him, invited the stranger to enter his house, to prevent further insults or persecution, adding, that he presumed, from his appearance, he was a foreigner, and that the treatment he had just experienced must have produced a very unfavourable opinion of the manners of an English rabble?

“I am not (~~said~~ the singular stranger) ignorant of the character of your countrymen, which, in many respects, I admire; but my experience certainly warrants me in condemning your rabble as the most uncivilized and unfeeling of any in Europe. I accept your friendly invitation, (he added,) not because I am either fatigued or annoyed by what

has just happened, but because I am pleased with your affability, and the interest you have shown in my behalf when you supposed I was helpless and in imminent peril." As he spoke thus, he hobbled into the house with Ferdinand, and was ushered into his library, where we shall leave them until the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

The mysterious Stranger makes himself known, and tenders his services to Ferdinand.

Ferdinand graciously invited his little guest to be seated, and take some refreshment after his fatigue; but what was his surprise to hear the latter, on declining the invitation, observe that it was not his custom to take either food or repose. Observing the involuntary shudder which this intimation occasioned, he added, with a kind of smile, "My young friend, (for such I hope you will henceforth permit me to call you,) I will explain myself more explicitly after I have gazed a little longer at the portrait of my old and valued friend which hangs over your mantel-piece."

"Your friend! (exclaimed Ferdinand, with increased astonishment,) how is it possible! My ancestor, the original of that portrait,——died——"

"About one hundred and fifty years since, (rejoined Asmodeus, for the mysterious stranger was, indeed, that celebrated personage,) but it is, nevertheless, true, that I was intimately acquainted with, and warmly attached to, Don Cléofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, the son of Seigneur Don Pedro de Escolano,"

"Is it possible (said Ferdinand) that you can be Seigneur Asmodeus, the renowned *Diablo Boiteux*, whom my

ancestor released from imprisonment in the mysterious chamber of the redoubtable cabalist and necromancer?"

"The same, (replied Asmodeus, with a bow that would not have disgraced the most accomplished courtier;) behold me ready to devote myself entirely to the service of the worthy descendant of my ancient and excellent friend."

"I thank you most sincerely, (replied Ferdinand,) and shall most readily avail myself of your invaluable services. I am of Pope's opinion that 'the proper study of mankind is man;' but there is no science so difficult without the aid of a superior intelligence, such as is ascribed to you by Le Sage, who has immortalized your connexion with my favoured ancestor."

"Agreed (said Asmodeus) and I shall now repeat to you the precise words I addressed to my friend Cléofas, when he was on the point of releasing me from my durance vile in the necromancer's phial. 'You will have ample reason to be satisfied with my gratitude. I will teach you every thing you wish to know: I will show you all that is passing in the world, and will discover to you the defects of mankind. I will be your tutelar deity; and, more enlightened than the good Genius of Socrates, I intend to make you even more wise than that philosopher. In short, I will devote myself to you, with all my good and evil qualities, which you will find equally serviceable to you.' This was the pledge I gave to your respected ancestor, and in renewing it to you, I have to add, that I have now much more extended powers than I possessed when I associated with Cléofas, as you will presently find; in the meantime, I will add a few words respecting myself and my nature and condition, which may be necessary to that perfect good understanding, which, I trust, will long subsist between us. I have declined your repeated invitations to take repose or refreshment, because my nature requires neither the one

nor the other. I neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and yet I never feel hunger, thirst, nor fatigue; and, if I always stand in your presence, you may, therefore, make yourself perfectly easy on my account, as it is the position most natural to me in my present state."

"Your destiny (said Ferdinand) appears to me truly deplorable, notwithstanding the supernatural gifts with which you are endowed. Without wants you can have no enjoyments, unless your nature entirely differs from that of man; and nothing, in my opinion, is wanting to complete your wretchedness but that joyless and hopeless immortality with which Godwin has endowed the miserable St. Leon, and which Swift has conferred upon the Struldbrugs of Laputa."

"You somewhat overcharge the picture, my young friend, (replied Asmodeus;) I am not altogether destitute of hope, neither am I wholly denied every species of pleasure. My hope, it is true, rests upon a vague possibility of release from my bondage at some future and indefinite period, when I may have rendered such essential service to the necromancer who controls my destiny, as may induce him to grant me unconditional liberty, and to restore me to my original form and nature. I dare not reveal to mortal ear the causes which led to my transformation and bondage: such a disclosure would subject me to an instant and irresistible summons into the awful presence of the necromancer, who might consign me, for my indiscretion, to captivity for another century or two. As for my pleasures, they are derived from a source which you will admit to be almost inexhaustible. I have already apprized you that I have my good and my bad propensities; and I know not to which you will ascribe the gratification I experience from the contemplation of human folly, egotism, and vanity. These make me smile; although, to mark

the expression of my countenance, you would be reminded of what your master dramatist says of Cassius :

‘ Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As though he mock’d himself, and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing.’

—You seem surprised (added Asmodeus) to hear me quote these lines, but when you know me more intimately you will find that I am not insensible to the charms of poetry, especially to the inexhaustible beauties of Shakspeare, that master spirit, who

‘ Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,’

and who appears alone to have been permitted to take a peep behind that mysterious veil which separates the visible from the invisible world. It is the singular gratification I derive from the exhibition of human folly that induces me sometimes to show myself in my present hideous form and fantastical costume, instead of remaining invisible to human eyes; and it would make you smile to hear the remark and incidents to which my grotesque appearance gives rise. It was but the other day that a showman, who exhibits wild men of the woods, giants, and other rare monsters, absolutely bid a price for my precious body, which he was pleased to say would prove more attractive than all the other wonders of his menagerie.”

“ Had you accepted this offer (said Ferdinand) you would not have been the first who has sold himself in this country—the fashion is by no means rare.”

“ I am well aware of that, (replied Asmodeus,) but as there is nothing I dread so much as confinement, I politely declined this very flattering offer. But it is time I should tell you what befel me after my abrupt separation from my friend Cléofas. I then hoped that I was summoned by my taskmaster upon some mission, the successful accomplish-

ment of which might incline his obdurate heart to set me once more at liberty. But I was wofully mistaken; he was so highly exasperated at my flight, that he again, with dreadful imprecations, sealed me up in one of his enchanted phials, which he placed in so conspicuous a part of his laboratory as to leave me no hope of escape without instant detection. Here I remained for nearly a century and a half, when I was unexpectedly released to be despatched on an errand, for which, it seems, I was better adapted than any of his other incarcerated sprites. My mission was to the court of Don Miguel, of Portugal, and I acquitted myself so entirely to the satisfaction of my employer, that he granted me a furlough of absence, to roam where I pleased, until he should again require my attendance. How long this indulgence may extend, I cannot conjecture, because, as I formerly told my friend Don Cléofas, we spirits know the past and the present, but we are quite as much in the dark as to the future as you mortals are. However, (continued he,) I will improve the time which may be allotted me; and it gives me pleasure to inform you, that in consequence of my meritorious services at the court of Portugal, my powers are now much more enlarged than they were when I first became acquainted with your esteemed progenitor. At that time my charms had no potency until after the setting of the sun, and I could only exhibit to my friend Cléofas what was passing in the night, which I accomplished by unroofing the houses to which I wished to direct his attention. My companion was also subjected to the inconvenience of accompanying me to some eminence, from which to obtain a bird's eye view of what was going forwards below. You will not have that inconvenience to experience, as I can now show you all you seek to know, without leaving your chamber. Nor are your advantages confined to this alone, as my present powers enable me to render every

object we shall contemplate perfectly transparent. Momus, you know, blamed Vulcan for not placing a window in the breast of man, through which all that was passing in his mind might be clearly discerned. This defect, if such it be, is remedied by the power now delegated to me. Man, like every other object, shall, at my bidding, become as transparent as the purest crystal; his motions and inmost thoughts shall be laid bare to your contemplation. The globe, now on your table, is all the machinery which will be requisite for our purpose;—by simply pointing to any of the countries traced on its surface, every thing that is therein passing shall be revealed to you; nor shall the multiplicity of objects produce the slightest confusion, as my spell will throw into bold relief all you wish to examine, leaving extraneous objects in the shade, until I summon them, in turn, to become prominently conspicuous. I know not whether you will have much reason to be grateful for what you may discover, but if you court the knowledge it shall not be denied you. Since my successful mission to the court of the hopeful Don Miguel, I have travelled over many parts of Europe, and I have visited England for the express purpose of paying my respects to the worthy descendant of my old and cherished friend. All that I have seen and heard on my travels is entirely at your service, whenever you are disposed to listen to the details, which may not be unworthy of your attention, as I have been an invisible, but scrutinizing spy upon the actions of all ranks, from the king to the peasant. But it is now time to separate for the night; you must be fatigued; I shall revisit you in the morning. *Adieu, jusqu'au revoir;*" and, with these words, he instantly vanished, leaving Ferdinand delighted with his new and singular acquaintance, from whose society he anticipated much amusement and instruction.

STUPENDOUS WORKS OF THE ANCIENTS.

In a late number of the *Court Journal*, the editor, after adverting to Mr. Brunel's unfinished tunnel under the Thames, draws a comparison between that work and the celebrated tunnel constructed in the reign of Semiramis, under the river Euphrates. We shall transcribe the passage for the purpose of appending a few remarks of our own.

“The great Semiramis, nearly 3894 years ago, accomplished a similar work of art, on an immense scale, under the Euphrates, which Philostratus mentions in general terms, but of which Diodorus of Sicily gives a minute description, which we trust our readers will find interesting. After the fortunate and highly-talented woman and Queen of the Assyrian empire had, by the foundation of Babylon, in the year 2064 B.C., rendered her name more immortal than that of her husband, Ninus, who founded the well known city of Nineveh, she caused two magnificent royal palaces to be erected on the most elevated spot on the banks of the Euphrates, which flowed through the midst of Babylon, from which she enjoyed a splendid view over the largest city of antiquity. An arched stone bridge, 400 toises in length, built with all the perfection of hydraulic architecture of the present day, formed the communication between these two palaces. But not satisfied with this open passage, the Queen wished to be able to pass unseen from one shore to the other. The plan of a subterranean gallery was soon formed; but Semiramis constructed an infinitely more expensive, but much more secure tunnel than Mr. Brunel. One of the lowest parts of Babylon was chosen, and a reservoir excavated three hundred stadium (thirty-seven and a half miles) square, and thirty-five feet deep, into which the river was conducted, when the erection of the tunnel commenced on dry ground, and in open day. The length of it was something about four hundred toises; its inner width fifteen; and

its height, not reckoning the arch of the vault, twelve feet. The arch and side walls were formed of burnt bricks, which, being twenty bricks thick, made at least twelve feet, as their bricks, by all accounts, were larger than ours. After the completion of the work, the whole tunnel, on both sides, was smeared with boiled bitumen, till it acquired a coating five feet in thickness, (four Babylonian ells.) The river was then conducted into its former channel, and the two outlets of the tunnel inclosed with brazen gates, which still existed in the time of Cyrus, 558 years B.C., or 1506 years after their erection. Diodorus concludes thus:—"The whole work was completed in seven days." According, therefore, to simple calculation, at least fifty thousand skilful workmen must have been employed during those seven days. But as regards the excavation of the reservoirs, the dispositions must have been much more gigantic, it being easy to calculate that, with the employment of two millions of workmen, it would not be completed in less than ten years."

In instituting any comparison between ancient and modern works of art, to the disparagement of the latter, we should recollect that ancient authors were very prone to exaggerate, and to indulge occasionally in pure fiction. The passage we have just quoted relative to the tunnel of Semiramis may possibly be exempt from this defect, as there is nothing impossible in the execution of such a work; but aware as we are that ancient historians have amused the world with marvellous tales, the falsehood of which we have the means of ascertaining, we may reasonably conclude that many of their records partake, more or less, of the wonderful.

It is true, indeed, that those stupendous monuments of antiquity, the Pyramids, still exist, in evidence of the prodigious scale upon which public works were conducted in distant ages; and this evidence renders what is related of Thebes and Babylon barely possible, although, for our own

parts, we take leave to doubt that the former had one hundred gates, from each of which it could send its ten hundred chariots, and its ten thousand fighting men. Neither do we feel assured that Babylon was of such enormous extent as has been asserted by its historians,—that it contained fifty streets, each fifteen miles long, and that it had one hundred gates of solid brass. It is, indeed, within the bounds of possibility that these things may be true, but when we recollect that many of the writers of ages less remote than those to which we have adverted, have, as we have already observed, gravely related stories which we know to be false, we cannot banish the persuasion that the records of the ancient historians, in general, should be received with great caution.

What credit can we give to the narratives of Pliny, for instance, who gravely relates that the Blemmyans had no heads, and that their mouths and eyes were in the breast; that another race had but one eye, placed in the middle of the forehead; and that the Astomi had no mouth, and could neither eat nor drink, but lived upon smelling; with a thousand other similar absurdities recorded in the sixth book of his Natural History?

Even Plutarch, whose works are put into the hands of schoolboys, as faithful biographical records, states that Sertorius disentombed the skeleton of the giant Antæus, sixty cubits long.

These, and many other instances which might be enumerated, show that the ancient writers were either extremely credulous, or extremely ignorant, or that they believed that mankind, in the ages when they flourished, were both credulous and ignorant; and we are fully justified in receiving all the records of the phenomena of antiquity, whether they relate to history, philosophy, or any other subject, *cum grano salis*.

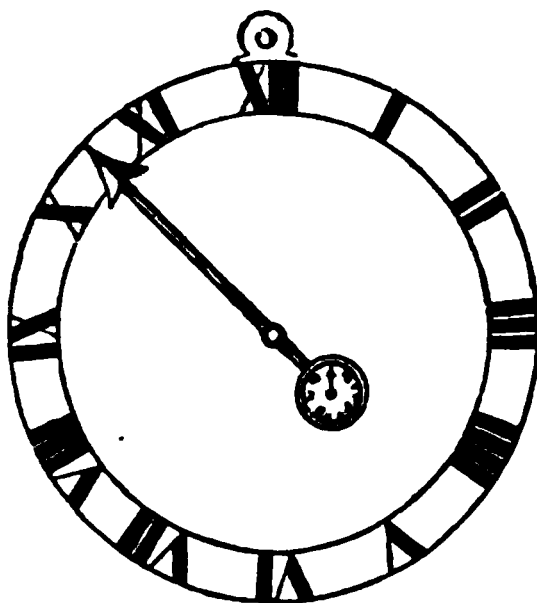
In conclusion, we shall confidently assert, that however prodigious some of the ancient works of art may have been, they can bear no comparison, as regards utility and mechanical ingenuity, with the noble railway between Liverpool and Manchester, and all the beautiful and complicated machinery connected with this triumph of modern art and science.

Whilst we are upon the subject of the stupendous works of the ancients, the following additional extracts from our scrap-book may very appropriately be introduced :—

“ *Babylon, now Bagdad, and supposed to be the ancient Babel, was built by Semiramis, who employed three millions of men on the business. The walls were twenty-two and a half leagues in circuit, all planted with high turrets: the breadth of the walls such that six chariots could drive abreast.—(Vide Diodorus.)* Syrranusout, of Jerom, says the forty-eight squares were sixteen miles a piece; the height of the walls was two hundred cubits, and their thickness fifty cubits; it had one hundred brazen gates, and two hundred and fifty towers; a bridge, mentioned by Philostratus, (*lib. 1. c. 18.*) was five furlongs in length.”—*Blount's Notes on Philostratus*, p. 104—5.

“ *The City of Nineveh, now Masul, was four hundred and eighty furlongs in circuit; the walls were one hundred feet high, and broad enough to receive three carts abreast; also adorned with fifteen hundred turrets. Ten thousand men were employed eight years in the building of it.*”—*Blount's Philostratus*, p. 9.

“ *The Antoninian Baths (as Palladius, in his Antiq. Urb. Rom. saith) were built by Alexander, being of great height, and adorned with marble pillars. The Dioclesian Baths had one hundred and forty thousand men employed many years in building them. These baths contained sixteen hundred seats for bathing, of polished marble.*”—*See Vitruvius, lib. 5, c. 10.—Blount's Notes on Philostratus*, p. 65—6.



MODERN INGENUITY.

As an appendix to the foregoing article, the following paragraph from the *Mercury* may find an appropriate place here. The engraving has been prepared expressly for the MELANGE.

“ We lately noticed a curious clock which was exhibiting in this town, and which was afterwards raffled for. The clock was inclosed in a circular case, which, when placed upon an inclined plane, gradually made its way from top to bottom in a week or eight days. It was a very ingenious mechanical curiosity; but we showed in a subsequent *Mercury* that it had already been described in Rees’s Cyclopædia, with an engraving. The mechanical prodigy to which we are now about to call the attention of our readers is much more extraordinary, and, as far as we can ascertain, quite new. It is a chronometer, about two inches and three quarters in diameter, (represented by the small inner circle) to which is affixed an index or pointer about fourteen inches long, which traverses an hour circle like that of a common clock, about two feet diameter. The watch is suspended on a pivot, fixed to the index at about two inches distance

from the centre. The hour circle is nailed to the wall or wainscot, and the watch, in whatever direction it be moved, will, after vibrating a while, settle, the long pointer showing the time on the large hour circle, which corresponds with that of the watch. The pivot upon which the watch revolves is in the figure represented by the small white central spot.

LINES,

ON THE SPEECH OF A RANDOM ORATOR, AND A NOTORIOUS PLAGIARIST.

Says *Tom* to *Dick*, "This fellow's speech,
I own, is far beyond my reach ;
Its meaning I can't comprehend,—
What do you think of it, my friend ?"
"I think," quoth *Dick*, "you'll vainly seek
For any parallel ;—'tis quite unique ;
There's nothing NEW in it that's TRUE,
And nothing TRUE in it that's NEW."

THE LAW OF NATIONS.—ULTIMA RATIO REGUM.

The "LAW OF NATIONS !"—Pshaw, 'tis all a joke,
In spite of *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, and *Vattel*,
The deity that despots still invoke
Is not the God of Justice, but of Battle.
The "*force of argument*," the tyrant still
By "*argument of force*" would overawe ;
His has no guide but interest and his will,
Nor any code except the CANNON LAW.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING A CERTAIN GREAT MAN CALLED "A PURSE-PROUD
EMPTY FELLOW."

That he's pompous and vain there are few will deny,
And proud of his ill-gotten pelf ;
But how can the epithet EMPTY apply
To a puppy so "FULL of himself ?"

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 11.)

“While fancy, like the finger of the clock,
Runs the wide circle yet is still at home.”—*Hayley.*

[Previously to proceeding with the dream, it may not be amiss to state that the writer, several years ago, felt so strong an inclination to ascend in a balloon, that he endeavoured to prevail upon a well-known aëronaut to be permitted to accompany him in one of his excursions, for which a moderate sum of money was tendered. The price demanded for the indulgence of his whim was, however, so exorbitant, that he was, reluctantly, compelled to forego its gratification. The circumstance is noticed here merely as a clue to some of the fantasies about to be recorded.]

THE DREAM.

I thought that a celebrated aëronaut who was about to ascend in his balloon from my native town, had agreed that I should be his *compagnon de voyage*, and that the day fixed upon for the excursion had arrived. An immense and countless multitude was assembled to witness the splendid spectacle, and the weather was as propitious as could be desired for the purpose. The hour fixed upon for the ascent approached, and as I watched the process of inflation, my spirits began to falter as I contemplated the dangers to which I might be exposed for the mere gratification of an idle curiosity. Had not vanity come to my timely aid, I know not what might have been the result of my cogitations at that moment. I had, however, gone too far to recede; I fancied that the eyes of the multitude were intently fixed

upon me; that I was the object of their peculiar scrutiny; and that if I should shrink from encountering the risk I had voluntarily courted, I should render myself contemptible in the opinion of the public. This reflection banished every other consideration, and by an effort, of which I scarcely thought myself capable, I succeeded in concealing those fears which I could not surmount. I was in the situation of a person involved in, what is termed, an affair of honour;—confronted, face to face, with his antagonist, and in the presence of seconds to mark his conduct at the critical moment, how bitterly soever he may repent the rash step he has taken, he dare not retreat, and he passes the fiery ordeal with the reputation of a man of unsullied honour and unquestionable courage. I was precisely in this predicament; it was impossible to skulk at such a moment, without becoming the laughing-stock of all who might witness or hear of my pusillanimity:—fear absolutely gave me courage, and I stepped into the car with a palpitating heart, but with an assumed air of gaiety and *non-chalance* which completely imposed upon the by-standers, who so loudly cheered me, that I almost fancied I was, in reality, the hero I wished to personate.*

After this frank avowal of my fears and misgivings, I shall leave the reader to imagine what were my sensations when the trying moment actually arrived,—surrounded by anxious friends, bidding me a temporary, perhaps a final adieu; strains of martial music floating in the air, and gay colours fluttering in the sun. The awful signal gun was discharged, and the balloon ascended majestically amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the most deafening

* “For men as resolute appear,
With too much as too little fear,
And when they’re out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying.”—*Hudibras*.

cheers of the assembled thousands. The shouts of exultation were, however, soon converted into cries of lamentation, by a terrible and unlooked-for catastrophe. The balloon, immediately on quitting the earth, took a diagonal direction, which brought the car into such violent contact with a stack of chimneys, that my friend was, in an instant, precipitated from his seat, and dashed to the ground with a force which must have occasioned his instant death, although the imminent peril and the novelty of my own situation prevented me from ascertaining his fate. The agonizing shrieks of the women and children at the sight of this frightful scene, added to the peculiarity of my own situation were appalling beyond all possibility of description. The sounds of woe, however, gradually grew fainter and fainter, as the balloon, disencumbered of half its intended freight, ascended with such rapidity, that on fearfully casting my eyes below, it appeared to me that the earth was falling from under my feet into an immense yawning abyss below, which soon closed upon it, leaving me in a state of mind which baffles all attempt at description.*

“The earth recedes!—it disappears!”

It is hardly possible to conceive any situation more hazardous, forlorn, and apparently hopeless, than that in which I was now placed:—bereft of the companion and guide, whose skill, experience, and well-known presence of

* It was, no doubt, to the recollection of poor Sadler's fate, as noticed in page 6, that this incident in my dream may be traced. The minute particulars of the shocking event may be found in the *Liverpool Mercury*, from which we transcribe the following passage:—

“The cause of his lamented death was his coming in contact with a chimney, which was completely thrown down by the violence of the collision. Poor Sadler's head was dreadfully bruised by the shock, which must have made him completely insensible; the next moment he was seen hanging to the car by one foot, with his arms extended. In that situation they drove on about 150 yards, when he dropped to the ground from a height of about thirty yards.”—*Mercury*, Oct. 1, 1824.

mind in the hour of danger had emboldened me to commit my life to his care, I was hurried I know not whither, at the caprice of the elements, without chart, rudder, or compass.

I could form no idea of the altitude I had attained, although I conceived that it must be very considerable, from the excessive cold I experienced, and the great oppression I felt at my chest in consequence of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere.*

Several hours elapsed whilst I was in this state of utter helplessness; till at length, exhausted in mind and body, I found myself seized with an unusual and irresistible drowsiness, which I had been taught to believe was the sure precursor of death.† Offering up a short but fervent

* The greatest elevation of a balloon, which we recollect to have read of, was that of Guy Lussac, who ascended to the astonishing altitude of 23,040 feet; or, 4 miles, 1920 feet.

Professor Robertson, in one of his aerial expeditions, recorded in the *Philosophical Magazine*, relates a most extraordinary instance of the rarity of the atmosphere, to which he was exposed. It was so extremely rarefied, that birds, and even butterflies, could not sustain themselves, on the wing, but were obliged to betake themselves to a lower and more dense stratum of air. We shall here transcribe a passage from the interesting original:—"When the thermometer indicated one degree above freezing, and the barometer stood at 15 inches, Mr. Robertson set at liberty two pigeons, which descended with the rapidity of lightning without moving their wings, and in a plane slightly inclined; when the barometer stood at 14 inches, he let off a third pigeon, which, having fluttered about for a moment, with difficulty, perched on the net-work, and would not quit it. Two butterflies, let go at the same time, tried to use their wings but in vain, as the air was too rare; they never quitted the car, but fluttered in a very feeble manner."—*Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. xxvi. p. 370.

† The tendency of excessive cold to bring on drowsiness, which, if not resisted, will terminate in death is well known. "An instance of this was seen not many years ago at Terra del Fuego, where Dr. Solander, with some others, having taken an excursion up the country, the cold was so intense that one of their number died. The Doctor himself, though he had warned his companions of the danger of sleeping in that situation, could not be prevented from making the dangerous experiment himself; and though he was awaked with all possible expedition, his body was so much shrunk in bulk, that his shoes fell off his feet and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was recovered."

prayer to the Sovereign Disposer of all things, and wrapping myself up in my cloak, which I had a sad presentiment would prove my shroud, I stretched myself out, and, in utter recklessness, awaited the issue. Sleep soon came to my relief, and it must have been sound, and of considerable duration, as it was quite dark when I was aroused by a loud and strange noise, occasioned by the rattling of a tremendous hail storm upon the surface of the balloon. This was the only sound which had saluted my ear since I quitted the earth, and its effect was indescribably awful.

The lightning played around me in almost incessant flashes, rendering "darkness visible." The form of the balloon was discernible through the gloom, and the rumbling of the thunder beneath me was grand and terrific. By degrees the storm abated, or I had left it behind. The lightning was fainter, and less frequent, and the thunder had subsided into a low, distant, under growl, which soon ceased altogether, and all around was dark as pitch, and as silent as the grave.

I journeyed on for a considerable time through dreary, and, apparently, interminable masses of dense clouds; no sight or sound varying the dismal monotony of my solitude. At length I thought I descried a faint light beneath me, at a great distance, and I could not imagine from what cause it could proceed. I must have been impelled forwards at a very rapid rate at this time, as the light upon which I kept my eye fixed increased every instant, and soon appeared immediately beneath me. The sight was terrific in the extreme!—I could no longer doubt that it was the volcano of Mount Etna or Vesuvius over which I was now hovering. A huge cauldron of liquid fire was boiling with intense fury, while the red hot lava, overflowing its crater, rolled sluggishly down the sides of the mountain, as if some huge fiery serpent were winding its

way into the valley beneath, spreading death and devastation in its course. I was soon hurried away from the contemplation of this grand and terrific spectacle; the light subsided as rapidly as it had appeared, until it was completely lost in the distance. By this time the dark clouds, by which I had been so long enveloped, had disappeared, and the moon and stars shone forth with a dazzling brilliancy I had never before witnessed.

At the sight of these heavenly bodies, with which I had been familiarized by my excellent father, in my boyish days, my mind, by a natural association of ideas, reverted to the happy period when—

“No sense had I of ill to come,
No cares beyond the day.”

I could not refrain from tears as I thought of the days gone by, when my beloved parent used to exhibit to my eager gaze the wonders of

“The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky.”

I dwelt with mingled affection and reverence upon the recollection of the earnestness with which he taught my ardent and youthful mind to “look from nature up to nature’s God;” I thought too of the delight I experienced on returning home to our snug fireside, where we used to retrace upon the globe the mimic configuration of these celestial phenomena. The mournful contrast between my comfort at that period, and my present forlorn and almost hopeless condition, brought involuntarily to my mind these lines in Haydn’s exquisitely pathetic canzonette,

“Ah, days too fair, too bright to last,
Are you, indeed, for ever past?
The fleeting shadows of delight
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace.
But, ah! I wake in endless woes,
And tears the fading vision close.”

I passed several hours in these painful reminiscences, watching the stars as they set; and as they disappeared I felt a mournful presentiment that I had beheld them for the last time. Still I did not absolutely despair, so true it is that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast :"

"————— For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity ;
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide tomb of uncreated night?"

I clung to the forlorn hope that I might yet be spared to recount to my family and friends the

"Hair-breadth 'scapes and imminent dangers"

to which I had been exposed.

Whilst I was musing upon my strange and unprecedented situation, I thought I heard, at a distance, a faint, strange, and mournful sound, which appeared to proceed from below, and which augmented every instant. As it approximated I distinctly heard the distant surging of the sea, and the dreadful conviction rushed on my mind that the gas was escaping from the balloon, and that I was rapidly descending to a watery grave in the vast and unfathomable ocean. The prospect of such a catastrophe appeared to me infinitely more appalling than any peril I had yet encountered ; it was inevitable death ; and I was on the point of abandoning myself to utter despair, when I suddenly recollected that there was in the car abundant ballast, which, if ejected, would restore the buoyancy of the balloon. There was not an instant to be lost ; the dashing of the waves grew louder and louder, and a very few minutes' delay would have been fatal. I succeeded in my first efforts to lay my hands upon the sand bags, which I threw over the side of the car, as quickly as I could seize them. The effect was instantaneous ; the awful noise of

the waters gradually subsided; the balloon re-ascended, and all was again perfectly still. Completely exhausted in mind and body by this last terrific trial, as a desperate resource, I emptied my brandy flask at one draught, and muffling myself up once more in my cloak I commended myself to my Maker's care, and soon sank into a deep sleep.

My sleep must have been of a very protracted duration, as it was day-light when I awoke; the sun was majestically advancing above the horizon, diffusing around a splendour and brilliancy I had never before beheld. In the midst of my destitution and solitude I was somewhat revived at once more beholding the glorious source of light, heat, and life. I poured out my gratitude in thanksgiving to that Power who had sustained me in safety through the perils of the preceding awful night. For the first time since quitting the earth, I now partook of the food with which the car was abundantly supplied, and I felt greatly refreshed and invigorated. I had then recourse to my telescope, in the hopes of discovering some spot of earth in the distance, but, alas, I could discern nothing around me but the sky—nothing beneath me but the boundless ocean. I renewed my observations, from time to time, without success, until at last, to my unutterable joy, I discerned a small speck on the far distant horizon, in the direction in which I was moving. I gazed at it intently, with breathless eagerness, but it was so distant and undefined that it might be a barren rock, an island, or a continent for any thing I could ascertain. By degrees, however, it evidently increased in bulk, until, at length, I could clearly discern verdant plains, hills and valleys, varied with thick groves of the most luxuriant foliage. This discovery was like manna in the wilderness, or springs in the desert to the thirsty and exhausted pilgrim; and I instantly resolved to attempt a descent upon

this *terra incognita*, as the only chance of deliverance from my perilous situation. I was, as I have already stated, entirely ignorant of the art of manœuvring the balloon; but there was no time to be lost. I might be drifted beyond the island to which I was so rapidly approaching, and might never be cheered with another prospect of land. In this dilemma I seized, at hazard, upon one of the cords connected with the upper part of the balloon, and succeeded in opening the valve; upon which I began to descend with such frightful rapidity, that I dreaded lest I should meet with death where I looked for deliverance. I certainly must have been destroyed by the violence of the rebound, which the *aéronaut* dreads as the most perilous risk he has to encounter, had not I fortunately alighted in the midst of a thick grove of lofty trees, whose slender and elastic branches, clothed with leaves as soft as down, received me into their welcome bosom. I speedily disengaged myself from the car, and the balloon rapidly re-ascended, and soon soared out of sight. From my lofty and commanding eminence I had a bird's eye view of the surrounding scenery, which, for beauty, variety, and sublimity, infinitely surpassed all that I had previously seen, or that my imagination had ever conceived. It brought forcibly to my recollection the following description in Scott's *Guy Mannering*:—

“The scenery was such as nature brings together in her sublimest mood;—sounding cataracts; hills which rear their scathed heads to the sky; lakes that, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead, at every turn, to more romantic recesses; rocks which catch the clouds of heaven: all the wildness of *Salvator Rosa* here—and there the fairy scenes of *Claude*.”

My mind was for some time wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the novel and fascinating scene before me, and I yearned for the society of some fellow-being to sym-

thize with me in my feelings; but it was a vain hope, and I began to reflect upon the peculiarity of my situation, cut off from all intercourse with my friends and fellow-creatures, and cast upon an unknown coast, which, beautiful as it was, might be a wilderness, never trodden by the foot of man. My suspicion was confirmed upon a more close examination, as I could no where discern any trace of human habitation.

I soon discovered, however, that this romantic island was any thing but a solitude, although it was evidently not the sojourn of man, for on casting my eye downwards I perceived, beneath the shade of the capacious grove, amidst which I had alighted, a vast assemblage of animals of every species with which I was acquainted, and a variety of others which I had never before seen, or read of in the works of any of our naturalists. There were the stupendous elephant, the majestic lion, the gaunt tiger, and other creatures which I had never before beheld, except in a state of confinement within the narrow bounds of the menagerie cage. These creatures, and the countless tenants of this happy spot, apparently divested of their ordinary ferocity and savage instincts, were frisking and gamboling together with all the playfulness of kittens or lambkins. So extraordinary a scene forcibly brought to my recollection the passage in Isaiah, where the prophet anticipates the period when—
“The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together.” All I saw around me led me to the conclusion that the beautiful island upon which I had descended could be no other than the Paradise, or the Elysium of Animals, where, as the amiable Cowper says—

“The lion, the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks;—all bask at noon
Together; or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream;
Antipathies are none.”—*Cowper's Task.*

Whilst I was earnestly contemplating the interesting scene before me, a beautiful bird of the most brilliant and variegated plumage, and apparently of the pheasant tribe, alighted upon one of the branches of the tree where I was seated; but no sooner did it perceive me than it precipately flew off in apparent terror, exclaiming "A man! a man!"

This was a very unpropitious omen for me, and I watched the motions of the fugitive with intense anxiety. It flew directly to a beautiful valley, which I had previously remarked as the most picturesque spot on the island. It was somewhat in the form of a horse shoe, with hills on three sides, clothed with verdure to their summits, and open to the ocean on the other side by a channel, through which the sea flowed up to the centre of the amphitheatre, forming a deep and capacious lake, whose waters were as transparent as the purest crystal, and where fish of every description appeared to be enjoying themselves without dread of annoyance from each other, or from the treacherous arts of the angler.

When the bird which had discovered me, where I had hoped to remain an unseen spectator of what was passing below, had arrived at the amphitheatre I have just described, it remained hovering in the air, apparently communicating with a majestic elephant, which seemed to me to be regarded by the other animals as their chief or leader. After a brief intercourse, the elephant, raising its huge trunk, emitted a shrill and powerful cry which re-echoed throughout the island. At this signal, which struck terror to my heart, as I was convinced that I was about to be summoned into the presence of the creatures on whose solitude I had unintentionally intruded, there was a general commotion in the island, and beasts and birds of every kind were seen repairing to the

amphitheatre, where they soon assembled in countless myriads, forming the most awful convocation I had ever beheld.

The elephant, by its gestures, appeared to be addressing the meeting, pointing from time to time with his trunk to the tree where I lay more dead than alive. I had, however, a very brief interval for reflection;—an immense bird, probably a condor, or one of the rocs, so often mentioned in the eastern tales, came flying to me with the violence of a hurricane, and pouncing upon me, bore me off in its talons in a state of insensibility. When I was somewhat recovered I scarcely dared to look about me, surrounded, as I found myself, by a countless multitude of animals, many of whom I had never, until that day, beheld, except in the cages of a menagerie. After surveying me with a look, in which were eminently blended dignity and mildness, the elephant, amidst the most profound silence, thus addressed me.

(To be Continued.)

IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO A SPECULATIVE ACQUAINTANCE, WHO WAS BUILDING
FOR HIMSELF RATHER TOO DASHING A COUNTRY SEAT.

Dash built a snug box in a village hard by,
But soon had occasion to rue;
For building was costly, and wages so high,
His money was fairly run through.
One day says his spouse, "Let us christen our cot
SANS SOUCI."—"No, (says *Dash*) that won't do;
It has made me so poor, I shall soon go to pot,—
It had better be call'd 'SANS SIX SOUS.'"

LETTER

Addressed to a Radical Friend, who contended that Women, as well as Men, should not only possess the Elective Franchise, but be eligible to sit in Parliament and in the Cabinet.

Women, you say, should have a vote,
 And I, who on the fair sex doat,
 Should not object to such a scheme,
 Nor call it a Utopian dream ;
 But still I hold it not quite fit
 Women in Parliament should sit ;
 And I shall briefly tell you why
 That privilege I would deny :—
 In the great council of the state,
 The inns and outs in fierce debate,
 By endless unproductive talk
 The country's expectation balk ;
 And if the women should be sent
 As well as men to Parliament,
 How could their introduction tend
 The present system to amend ?
 Their volubility of tongue
 Would public business so prolong,
 That such a Parliament, my friend,
 Would talk and talk on—TO NO END.

Besides, on other grounds than those
 Your proposition I oppose ;
 With reason people now complain
 Of undue influence—the nation's bane !
 And if that be so great a curse
 Your plan would make the matter worse ;
 Might not a lovely Premier's smile
 The firmest patriot's heart beguile ?
 Would not the tears of suppliant beauty
 Seduce him from the path of duty ?
 While a fair Chanc'llor's sparkling eyes
 Might metamorphose NOES to AYES ;
 And thus, my friend, your proposition
 Might put an end to opposition,
 And opposition in debate
 Is necessary to the state.

These are the grounds of my decision,
 I trust I've made out my position ;

Still should your plan be ever carried,
 If none but women that are married,
 Grave spinsters of about threescore,
 Or, if you will, a few years more,
 Should take their seats in Parliament,
 To that condition I'd assent ;
 But once permit the young and fair
 To gain a legal footing there,
 Mark what I say, and I have done,
 (Believe me I don't mean a pun,*)
 Reform will thereby be prevented,
 And we be still MISS-represented.

 EPITAPH,

*On poor Sam. Patch, who having a drop too much, was killed by leaping
 down the Falls of Genesee, a height of 125 feet.*

*Dedicated to Thomas Hood, Esq. Principal Professor of the Art of Literary
 Squinting, and Ingeniously Tormenting.*

Beneath this *patch* of earth lies PATCH,
 They *lie* too who say he'd his match.
 Ye *divers* he surpass'd you all,
 Who *divers* times plung'd down this fall,
 A height of sixscore *feet*, or more ;
 Who ever saw such *feat* before ?
 'Twas *brandy*, some say, with a sneer,
 Brought Sam. to his untimely *bier* !
 But why with *drunkards* is he class'd ?
 He stuck to *water* to the last.
 Oft Jockey with his Jenny here
 At his sad *fall* shall *drop* a tear ;
 She'll cry, " Alas, poor Patch !" while he
 Cries, " Jenny, look at *Genes-see* !"
 Each passing *beau* and *passing belle*
 In these sad strains his fate shall tell :—
 " Poor Patch here lies so *low*, for why ?
 Because he rashly jump'd so *high* !
 There's none alive will ever match him,
 Ah, cruel Death, thus to *dis-PATCH* him !"

* It is plain from the typographical liberty which our printers have here used, that they do not believe our author's disclaimer.

OBITUARIES AND POSTHUMOUS PUFFS.

[ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY OF AUG. 16, 1811.]

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN,—As you profess yourselves decided friends of reform, I hope this letter will find a ready admission into your *Mercury*, as I have the same object in view; our only difference is, that whilst you aim at reforming the *living*, my object at present is to effect some little reform amongst the *dead*; and give me leave to say that mine is, of the two, the more practicable task. To come to the point, I am very much out of humour with the obituaries of newspapers in general, and was in hopes that, as the plan of your journal possesses some claims to originality, you would have departed from the stupid and impertinent routine in this respect.

What in the name of patience have the public to do with the manner in which John or Thomas Such-a-one bore a painful or lingering illness?—or what care I, whether Mary Thing-a-my, or Polly What's-her-name, went off with pious resignation or not?—that such persons go off at all is enough for me, no matter how;—and when I see these fulsome and disgusting details, I am almost tempted to wish, in the feeling language of Mr. Windham, that they had all been “killed off” long since, and never heard of more, particularly when I find this stuff is too often the means of excluding matter of *living* interest.

You will perhaps think me a churlish kind of fellow, and probably censure me for paying so little respect to departed merit; but you know most people have their antipathies: some cannot endure spiders; some faint at a Cheshire cheese, which others would jump at; some are

said to have been so affected at the sight of a cat, that (as if it were to verify the saying, that one extreme produces the other) their hair has suddenly turned gray; and it is actually related of one of these anti-feline martyrs, whose hair had thus turned gray, and who in consequence wore a wig, that this very wig changed colour, whilst he was passing under the sign of a cat! Now, my antipathy is an epitaph; and think what a hardship it is upon me that I cannot take up a newspaper, without being forcibly dosed with these nauseous prose epitaphs: indeed, so strongly is this antipathy rooted in me, that, had I occasion for an emetic, I could find the prescription written in stone in any neighbouring church-yard.

I do not remember to have met with more than one or two of these compositions which my stomach could endure, one of which ran something like this,

“ Here lieth one, was born, and cried : —
Liv’d a few years, and then he died.”

The other, if I remember well, ran as follows,—

“ Here lies the body of John Oakes,
Who liv’d and died like other folks.”

However, as we reformers are often taxed with crying out against abuses, without proposing any remedy; and as I am really interested in the successful introduction of your *Mercury* into the corrupt body politic, I shall propose two modes of effecting a reform in the management of these obituaries.

My first remedy, which I shall term a radical reform, would be to leave them out altogether; but this you will say would displease some of your readers, and probably it might do so; such is the silly vanity of mankind, that they delight to see themselves or friends in print,—a gratification they would be frequently denied did not the bankrupt’s column or dead list offer the ready means.

My next remedy, therefore, which may be called a moderate reform, is to establish a descending scale of prices, which may be styled the Puffometer, and of which the following hasty sketch may serve as the ground-work:—

If the name and age of the defunct, simply, <i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
are inserted	0 0
If the defunct is to have a good character..	0 6
If he is to be <i>deeply regretted</i> by <i>numerous</i> <i>and inconsolable friends</i>	1 0
If the untimely fate of the defunct is to be <i>universally lamented</i> , and <i>never</i> to be for- gotten	1 6

Pious resignation, manly fortitude, &c. might furnish separate items.

My last plan, which would be very simple, is to affix a figure and letter to the name of the defunct, as they do in designating ships at Lloyd's. A 1, 2, 3, &c. This mode would leave each man his single line, and the obituary would run thus,

Thursday, 13th ult. John —, aged 70,—A 1.

A 2 would stand for a second rate, 3 a third rate, and so on till you come to a good kind of body, where it might be proper to leave off, remembering "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

I am afraid that, after all, you may still be compelled to follow the beaten track; and, indeed, when it is considered that one of old Mercury's office was to conduct the dead across the Stygian Lake, perhaps young Mercury cannot, with propriety, leave off the custom. I shall, however, conclude with suggesting that there is no occasion to permit the passengers to the shades to carry over any proportion of luggage on the journey, without paying accordingly. I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

ANDREW ANTIPUFF.



JANUS SECUNDUS.*

"Tam Martis quam Minerve."

"Great on the beach, great in the saddle,
Be some ruts, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water."—HODGKINS.

Here on his throne the modern *Janus* see :
Britons approach !—and, trembling, bend the knee
To this successor of the two-faced god ;
Like Jove, he'll rule us with imperial nod ;
In his right hand the unsheathed sabre see,
And in his left the massy Treasury key.
The first to overawe the "swinish crew,"
Should they forget what passed at Peterloo ;
The other arm'd with power more deadly still,
To tempt men's souls, and mould them to his will.
One "eye like Mars to threaten and command,"
The other smiling, courtier-like and bland,
With powers like these, nothing were wanting now,
Did but a mitre glitter on his brow ;

* Written at the time when it was suspected that the Duke contemplated uniting the joint offices of Commander-in-chief of the Army, and First Lord of the Treasury, in his own person.

The throne upon which his Grace is seated is a barrel of gunpowder.

With that adorned, unrivalled he would stand
 A three-eyed Cerberus, to guard the land.
 One eye to watch the army he commands,
 The other fix'd on tithe-pigs and church lands,*
 While the third eye should, unremittingly,
 Turn to the portals of the Treasury.
 Ye boroughmongers, here due homage pay
 To him who is your champion, hope, and stay ;
 Lords of the soil! monopolists of grain !
 Put up your fervent prayers for Janus' reign,
 While recreant Britons bow down at the nod
 Of Arthur Wellington,—the demi-god !



DESCRIPTION OF A NEW, SIMPLE, CHEAP, AND IMPROVED OPERA-GLASS.

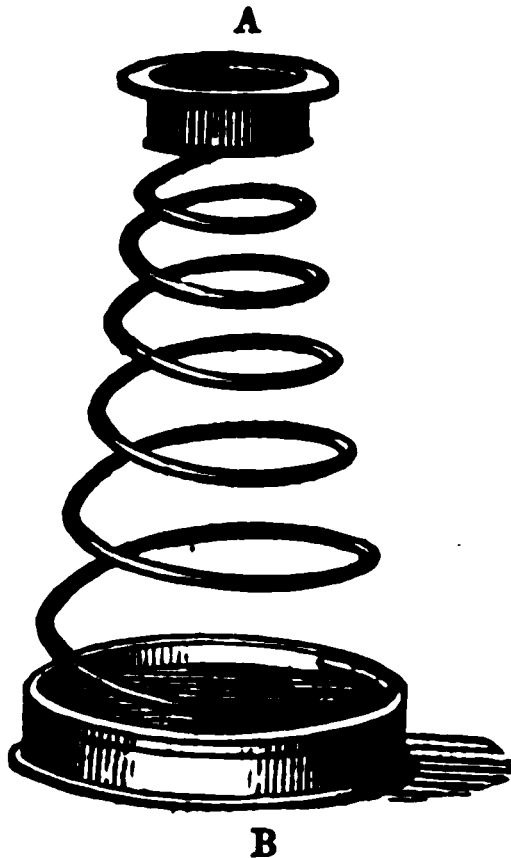
[FROM THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY, IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The best constructed opera glasses now in use are subject to a defect which materially detracts from their utility, and which is completely remedied by the simple means which I am about to communicate.

The principal use of the opera glass is to trace the varying expression of an actor's countenance, upon which much of the interest and effect of the performance depends. Every step he advances or retreats on the stage renders a corresponding alteration in the adjustment of the sliding tubes necessary. It is neither easy nor always practicable by means of the ordinary opera glass to make these necessary transitions with the requisite readiness and precision without removing the instrument from the eye. The tubes are apt to move stiffly, or in jerks, in consequence of the moisture to which they are necessarily exposed in the atmosphere of a crowded theatre. To remedy this defect, I many years since constructed the simple instrument I am about to describe, which not only obviates the objections

* The Duke of York was a bishop; then why not his Grace the Duke of Wellington?

just adverted to, but also possesses several other advantages over the best opera glasses of the ordinary construction.



A simple inspection of the annexed engraving will render the principle of this instrument obvious to every reader. No tubes are necessary, their place being supplied by a neat slender elastic conical spring, into the upper extremity of which the eye-glass is inserted; and the object glass is fixed to the other extremity. The two glasses must, of course, be kept parallel to each other when in use; but this is very easily effected, as has been proved

by myself and other persons. In using this instrument, the finger and thumb of one hand rest on the rim of the object glass, B, whilst the thumb and finger of the other hand hold the rim of the eye glass. In this position the spring tubes may be elongated or collapsed instantaneously to the thousandth part of an inch. The ordinary sliding tubes, as I have already observed, are entirely superseded in this opera glass, neither is any external covering necessary, as the hand in grasping the instrument serves the purpose. If, however, a covering be preferred, a piece of light silk may be easily sewed to the spirals of the spring.

It only remains to add, that, independent of the superiority already adverted to, this kind of opera glass may be made very cheap; besides which it may be compressed into a very small space for the pocket, merely by pressing the object and eye-glass together. It is also very elegant in its form.* I am, Gentlemen, yours,

E. S.

* The specimen instrument in my possession, which is between three and four inches in length, is not one inch when shut up in its case.

RAILROAD TRAVELLING IN 1850.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”—*Campbell.*

Copy of a letter written by a traveller to his grandmother residing in Edinburgh :

Manchester, Oct. 30, 1850.

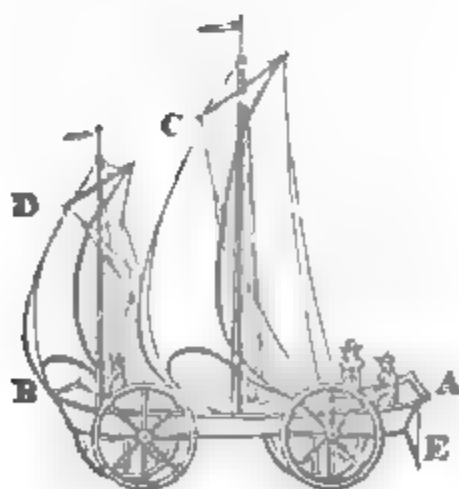
MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—I arrived here safe and sound wind and limb, notwithstanding your apprehensions that I should be blown to atoms, or scalded to death if I set foot in the *Sky Rocket*. You, my dear Madam, who once told me that you journeyed from Edinburgh to London in ten days by the *Flying Phenomenon*, as the vehicle was called, will scarcely credit your dutiful grandson when he assures you that he travelled from Liverpool to Manchester within the hour, so easily as to be unconscious of motion. The only objection I have to this rapid mode of conveyance is, that we have no time to see the country through which we are whisked with such velocity. We met another locomotive, called the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, about Chat Moss, but we could not see it distinctly as it flew along; as for the passengers, it was impossible to know man from woman. Our steersman hailed the helmsman of the *Wisp*, but we were out of hearing before an answer could be got.

However, if we cannot dwell upon external objects, we are amply compensated by what is to be seen and enjoyed in the interior of these flying vehicles, which I will briefly describe to you. The *Sky Rocket* is an elegant carriage, about two hundred feet in length; it is fitted up with every species of accommodation, except beds, for which there is no occasion, as you would hardly have time to say your prayers and put on your nightcap before you were at the end of your journey. No cattle are conveyed by this vehicle, as there is a separate carriage for cows, sheep, pigs, and their drivers.

But what will you say when I tell you that I danced all the way from Liverpool to Manchester? I fancy I see you lift up your hands, and hear you exclaim, "Sure the chiel maun be clean daft!" It is true, however, I assure you. The ball-room is upwards of fifty feet long, and we had a merry set of quadrillers footing it all the way to music worked by machinery, and by the most *esteemed* masters. Besides the ball-room there is an elegant billiard-room, lighted, in the evening, by gas; and such is the evenness of these rail-roads, that a person may play with as much nicety as in any billiard-room in the kingdom. The game, instead of being 21 up, is only 11. This is a very good regulation, as the players, previous to its establishment, were often caught in the middle of the game.

There are now twelve steam carriages plying, and one on the old Dutch plan, with sails; and, with the wind in the right quarter, this carriage outstrips them all.* There is

* With a favourable wind there is no saying at what rate wheel carriages would travel on a railway, as they have been propelled on common roads upwards of twenty miles in the hour. The following article on the subject is from Hooper's Rational Recreations :—



"This is to be effected by the means of a sailing chariot, or boat, fixed on four wheels, as A B, which is driven before the wind by the sails C D, and guided by the rudder E. In a chariot of this kind the wheels should be farther asunder, and the axle-trees longer than in other carriages, to prevent

another, however, constructing on an entirely new principle, without steam or sails, which, in my opinion, will surpass them all in speed, economy, and security. I am bound in honour not to throw out any hints on the subject, for fear some advantage should be taken of the ingenious projector.

You, my dear grandmother, ought to be as much delighted with these improvements as any person I know. You were always very careful to impress on my mind the useful lesson that "time was a man's estate," and that his success in life depended upon the use he made of it. Now, when you spent ten days in journeying from Edinburgh to London, you lost no trifling portion of your estate. The roads were so execrable, and the vehicles so unsteady, that it was not easy to keep up any conversation, and quite impossible to read or write, so that the ten days were utterly thrown away. Your body and mind were equally harassed, and, in short, the journey was so beset with perils, dangers, and delays, that I do not wonder that people used to make their wills and settle their worldly affairs before they set out on such a pilgrimage. Now, however, we can travel twenty or thirty miles an hour without being conscious of the motion. We can play a rubber at whist, and read and write as conveniently as you can in your favourite elbow chair.

it overturning. A machine of this sort was constructed in the last century by Stephinus, at Scheveling, in Holland, and is celebrated by many writers. Its velocity, with a strong wind, is said to be so great, that it would carry eight or ten persons from Scheveling to Putten, which are forty-two English miles distant, in two hours. Carriages of this kind are said to be frequent in China; and in any wide level country must be sometimes both pleasant and profitable. The great inconvenience attending this machine is, that it can only go in the direction the wind blows; and even not then unless it blows strong; so that after you have got some way on your journey, if the wind should fail or change, you must either proceed on foot, or go back. The Hollanders have, or had, small vessels, something of this kind, which carry one or two persons on the ice, having a sledge at bottom instead of wheels, and being made in the form of a boat, if the ice break, the passengers are secured from drowning."

In my next I will give you some description of a superb locomotive carriage now preparing for the grand railroad between Liverpool and London. It will be the admiration of the world. It will contain hot, cold, and vapour baths, a ball-room, a gymnasium, a library, and every accommodation calculated to render the few hours of transit agreeable and instructive. But I must break off abruptly; the steam trumpet (a substitute for the old guard's horn) has sounded the signal, and the *Comet* will start with the north mail in a few minutes. Believe me to be, my dear Grandmother, your affectionate grandson,

TANGENT.

MILITIA RETURNS.

[WRITTEN IN 1824.]

I here declare, as true as I'm alive
That I am somewhat turn'd of forty-five,
That in my house there is no other male
Except a dog—but "*thereby hangs a tale.*"

Loving Epistle to Edward Felton, Constable, Overseer's Office, Fenwick Street, who is every now and then leaving Militia Schedules at the Writer's House.

My friend, you should by this time know,
(Because I told you long ago,)
That you need write no more to me;
Zounds!—why, I'm almost fifty-three,
Then, prithee, pester me no longer,
And, if perchance I should get *younger*,
I'll let you know, my friend, forthwith,
Meanwhile, I'm truly yours—

E. SMITH.

TO MR. EDWARD FELTON, CONSTABLE.

DEAR TEDDY,

Your annual schedule lies before me,
 But, why from year to year thus bore me
 When I have passed, as you must know,
 The grand *Climact'ric* long ago?
 Mayhap you keep me on your books,
 Because my bloom and youthful looks
 Bespeak me in my vigorous prime,
 By no means past my fighting time:
 But, Mr. Constable, were it e'en so,
 And, crab-like, could I backward go;
 Or, could I in the far-famed mill,
 Be ground down into youth at will,
 You still would have to pass me by,
 As I'm exempt,—I'll tell you why.*
 Your schedule says "Dissenting Teachers,
 Who have been twelve months licensed Preachers;"
 "Practitioners of Medicine," too,
 Are both exempt:—if this be true
 I claim exemption as my right,
 And on both grounds decline to fight.
 For, Sir, I'm a Dissenting Teacher,
 And of reform a zealous preacher,
 Denouncing drones and idle placemen,
 Informers, spies, and all such base men
 As Sidmouth, Pitt, and Castlereagh,
 And Bolton F*****, kept in pay;
 I preach, too, against Brunswick factions,
 Against the tithing man's exactions:—
 'Gainst standing armies during peace,
 I preach, and never mean to cease:—
 I preach 'gainst editorial quacks,
 Unprincipled and sland'rous hacks,
 Who, destitute of sense or wit,
 Dare on the critic throne to sit,
 Prating of fine arts or *belles lettres*,—
 They'd grace the stocks or pillory better.
 Sermons I preach, you ought to read 'em,
 On civil and religious freedom;

* By the schedule it appears that Dissenting Teachers and Medical Practitioners are exempt from serving.

Teaching that all men, black or white,
 Are equal in their Maker's sight.
 'Gainst boroughmongers and oppressors,—
 Against those brazen sly assessors,
 Who force themselves into men's houses,
 To peep at windows, and their spouses ;*
 I teach and preach this *con amore*,
 By which you'll guess I am no Tory.
 If you're still at a loss to see
 How I can dub myself M. D.,
 Mercurial doses I compound ;¹
 And though, by some, they're nauseous found,
 They do the Constitution good,
 And purge corruptions of the blood.
 So now, as you must clearly see,
 By physic and divinity,
 I am exempt from your militia,
 Which is, you know, the point at issue ;
 Therefore, good Sir, be pleas'd forthwith
 No more to trouble yours—

E. SMITH.

P.S. This is by far the longest return I ever made you ; but if you continue to pester me with any more of your waste paper, I intend to re-pay the compliment with a double dose of doggerels, worse, if possible, than any of the preceding.

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing that a true Bill had been found against a certain Assessor, for using improper liberties with the Wife of a person whose house he had entered in virtue of his office.

Take warning ***, from what has pass'd,
 Keen as you are, you're caught at last ;
 Instead of studying quirks and flaws,
 You'd better study *Moses'* laws,
 Mind *his* commandments, mend your life,
 And "covet not your neighbour's wife."

* The conduct of a certain Assessor, who was very troublesome in Liverpool a few years ago, is here adverted to. The two following pieces have a reference to the same individual.

PAT AND THE WINDOW-PEEPER, OR A NEW GAME AT CHUCK.

There's a certain Assessor, an amorous man,
 Whose name we shall leave you to guess if you can,
 Renown'd for distraining, surcharging, and squeezing,*
 Though still to the fair sex he strives to be pleasing.
 T'other day this Lothario got into a scrape,
 From which, with his life, he was glad to escape;
 The story runs thus:—Our Assessor, so gay,
 March'd into a house, window-peeping that day,
 And finding a fine jolly damsel within,
 And alone, as he thought, chuck'd her under the chin,
 And said, with a simpering, amorous leer,
 "What a roguish black eye you have got, pretty dear!"
 Her father, who near at hand happen'd to be,
 And thought *Peeping Tommy* was making too free,
 Burst into the room on the poaching aggressor,
 And with mutton fist floored the frightened Assessor,
 Roaring out, "Arrah, honey!—(for he was a Pat,)
 What the devil, man, is it that you would be at?
 My girl has a pretty black eye, you say true,
 But, my jewel, you see, I have given you two."
 By the waistband and nape of the neck then he swung him,
 And through the room-window head foremost he flung him.
 'Twas well for Lothario a corporate mud heap
 Lay under the window at least a foot deep;
 Into which he plump'd souse over head, and lay sprawling,
 Half stifled with filth, and for aid loudly bawling;†
 While Pat scream'd with laughter to hear his sad moan,
 And struck up, "Barney, boy, let the wenches alone!"

ON A PEDAGOGUE.

Pomposo boasts that he can speak
 Latin as fluently as Greek;
 You may believe him, for, in troth,
 The pedant's ignorant of both.

* With one hand squeezing the long lever of taxation, and with the other squeezing the hands of the fair sex.

† This man's neck having been saved by the intervention of a corporation feather-bed, affords another reason against permitting such nuisances to remain in the streets, and we beg to press the subject upon the attention of the Commissioners of the Watch, Lamp, and Scavengers.

GYMNASIA

No. I.

[WRITTEN FOR THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE.]

"How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting, lent its turn to play;
 When all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art, and feats of strength, went round."

Goldsmith.

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have long had it in contemplation to put forth a little work, illustrated with figures, descriptive of various feats of strength and activity, on the expert performance of which, I confess, I was too apt to be vain-glorious in former days, when, like other hair-brained madcaps, "I carried more sail than ballast;" and when to be tripped at football, to be distanced in the race, or, in short, to be second-best in any gymnastic exploit, was held by me in more dread than a broken head or a fractured limb, the which that I should have escaped I hold to be next to a miracle. As I entertain some little regard for the editor of the *Kaleidoscope*, I inclose you a specimen of a work from which I anticipate more renown than profit. You were the first to introduce to the British public the celebrated Geoffrey Crayon, whose *Sketch Book* originally appeared in your little "*utile dulci*." I now make you the first offer of *my Sketch Book*, for such it may be called, as it will abound with a variety of *sketches*, similar to that which accompanies this first section.

If you choose to usher my *Gymnasia*, piecemeal, into the world, I promise you, that whenever I publish the whole

in one volume, as I intend to do, you shall "go snacks," should any profit accrue therefrom.

I shall commence the series with one of the most simple and least hazardous feats to be found in my collection; one in which, should the pupil fail, he will not endanger life or limb: but I give timely notice that I shall have to describe certain exploits which the weak or timid must not venture upon, as there is no little peril in their accomplishment. I shall, however, never fail to put your youthful readers on their guard on such points, in imitation of the learned author of one of our books on cookery, who, after describing certain dishes which make one's mouth water, informs us, by way of caution, that the gout will be the probable consequence of indulging in such dainties. But it is time to introduce you to my first posture-master, who is here at your service, going to perform a very simple feat.



He holds his right toe in his left hand, and, springing up, must leap over his right leg, still keeping hold of his toe. He must then leap back again, regaining his original position. Many persons can accomplish the first part of this feat, who cannot manage the return leap, which is much more difficult.

The best mode of rehearsing is, to take off the shoe or boot, and to hold a piece of the stocking foot, instead of the toe, which gives more scope for the left foot to pass.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR MR. RYLEY, AND SPOKEN BY HIM AT HIS BENEFIT AT
THE THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL, IN JANUARY, 1826.

[The following piece, hastily written on the spur of the moment, is introduced here solely with a view of calling the attention of the public to the present situation of the author of the "Itinerant," now verging upon his 80th year, and severely labouring under the "*Res angusta domi*."]]

Once more, my friends, before you I appear,
O'erwhelm'd with gratitude, with hope and fear ;
Thankful for favours past, bestow'd on him
Whose life has been the sport of Fortune's whim ;
But who, whate'er his errors may have been,
Through every trial in life's chequer'd scene
Has been enabled, by your fostering hand,
Against adversity to make a stand.
To thank you as I ought, words are too weak ;
I feel, believe me, more than I can speak ;
Mine is not now the mimic actor's part,
My gratitude's deep seated in my heart.

I own I have been somewhat of a rover,
But now I mean to turn a new leaf over ;
And some kind friends have a proposal made,
That I should settle in the banking trade !
I own the calling somewhat strange appears,
For one who's been insolvent forty years.*
" At fourteen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week ;"
So says our own immortal bard ;—but I,
In life's decline, once more my luck will try ;
For though I own to threescore years and ten,
And oft have fail'd—you've set me up again.
'Tis odd to think of banking, you will say,
When *Panic*† is the order of the day ;
And late I own I felt that panic here,
But you this night have banished every fear.
Without your aid, I should have had a run
Upon my *bank* by many a clamorous *dun* ;
Had not *my* bills been *taken up* this night,
They'd *ta'en me up*,—or I had taken flight ;
However, thanks to you, all now is right ;

* A very common expression with the author of the *Itinerant*.

† Alluding to the financial panic, which was about this time at its height

For I can prove that my new speculation
 Is free from risk as any in the nation :—
 The bills I offer to my friends to-night
 Are merely *playbills*, payable at sight.
 No **CHECKS** in my establishment have I,
 Save *checks* for Boxes, Pit, and Gallery ;
 And here, instead of cursed *local* notes,
 My singers mean to give you *vocal* notes ;
 Then why should the Itinerant be dejected ?
 See how his bills are honoured and accepted !—

[*Looking round the house.*]

And now, my noble, generous benefactors,
 By your permission, one word for my actors ;
 Some friendly *amateurs* have volunteer'd,
 Who ne'er before on any stage appear'd.
 I shall not here appeal in vain to you,
 To make allowances for their *début* ;
 For amateurs, however apt or willing,
 Can only be made actors by long drilling.

[*Prompter's bell rings.*]

But hark ! the prompter rings—I must away ;
 Yet ere I go, permit me this to say :—
 “ May happiness await you through your lives,
 As fathers, husbands, mothers, maids, or wives ;
 And may no cares like those *I've* felt oppress you ;
 This is my fervent prayer—adieu—God bless you ! ”

LINES

ON A PORK CURER, WHO TURNED PRACTITIONER OF PHYSIC.

Since he left off his former trade,
 Porcus has dreadful havoc made
 'Mongst two legg'd patients who employ'd him,
 Not one of whom remains to chide him ;
 All, all are gone to that dread “ bourne,
 From whence no travellers return.”
 But though he kill'd folk by the score,
 Just as he serv'd the pigs before,
 Why should their friends their vengeance vent ?
 What Porcus did was all well meant.
 'Twas but a slight mistake he made,
 Occasioned by his former trade,
 He knew by practice long inur'd,
 Pigs must be *kill'd* before they're *cur'd*.

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 48.)

CHAP. IV.

*Gymnastic Exercises—Mr. Sheldrake's Condemnation of them
—Lamented and sudden Death of Monsieur Beaujeu, of the
Dublin Gymnasium—Hint for procuring Subjects for Dis-
section by unexceptionable means.*

"Pshaw! (exclaimed Ferdinand, with a yawn, as he closed the book he had been reading, and stretched himself,) *le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle*; I wish my excellent friend Asmodeus would come to my relief; his conversation would form an agreeable contrast to the twaddle of this pedant."

In an instant Asmodeus made his appearance, and was heartily welcomed by Ferdinand.

"You have only to wish for my presence at any time, (said the courteous little spirit,) and I shall be at your elbow in the twinkling of an eye. But you seem rather jaded, my friend; have you had another spell at Political Economy?"

"No, thank Heaven, not quite so great a bore as that; for though the essay I have just laid down is abundantly stupid, it has, at least, the merit of being intelligible. Under the title of a Lecture on Muscular Action and the Cure of Deformities, the author, a Mr. Sheldrake, has done all in his feeble power to persuade the public that gymnastic exercises, so far from being salutary, are extremely prejudicial to health and longevity. Before I proceed to consider the logic of this pedant, allow me to give you a sample of the literary pretensions of this enlightener of mankind. In the first paragraph in his lecture, in the last number of the *Lancet*, I find the following precious jumble:—'They adopt,

(says he,) some high-sounding names, which, in ancient times, have, in the *Latin and Greek languages*, been applied to some important matters that were known and practised in *those countries*.' This, you will allow, to be worthy of the renowned Mr. Bother'em; and, in my opinion, Mr. Sheldrake's reasoning is quite on a par with his style.* He sets out on false grounds, by assuming that gymnastic feats are similar to the tricks of posture-masters, or tumbling buffoons of the circus, whose unnatural and extravagant exploits may very probably produce the mischief which he falsely ascribes to these exercises. Every thing taught in the Gymnasium is calculated to invigorate the body, and to correct any tendency to deformity; but the antics of our buffoons have the opposite effect of inducing the very deformity, the successful imitation of which renders such men as Grimaldi and Usher the darlings of the gallery. Such grotesque tricks are useless, because they do not facilitate the performance of any of the common actions of life. Of what utility can it possibly be to acquire the art of making twenty or thirty flip-flaps in succession, or of throwing a somerset over a score of men with fixed bayonets? I can, from experience, (continued Ferdinand,) bear testimony to the beneficial effects of gymnastics, having been, a few years ago, in the constant habit of taking exercise of the most active description. For several years I was in the practice of fencing for at least two hours daily, without interruption, and I have, after playing fives, found my pulse galloping at the rate of one hundred and forty beats in a minute. I may, perhaps, have made somewhat too free with myself, but the experience I have had warrants me in the conclusion that habitual exercise, even of a violent nature, is less detrimental than want of due exercise."

* This is almost a libel upon Bother'em, although there certainly is, in this passage of Mr. Sheldrake's critique, some affinity to this passage in Bother'em's speech, "When a *man* has no religion, then, Sir, that country is in a very bad state."

“ You are right, (said Asmodeus,) and you have argued the point so satisfactorily, that I shall only observe, in addition to what you have advanced, that men in civilized society are in an artificial state of existence, differing so much in condition from that of savage life, that the great majority of you do not use the requisite muscular exertion, and hence proceed various diseases which would be avoided by a judicious use of gymnastics, tending to invigorate the body and exhilarate the spirits. ‘*Mens sana in corpore sano*’ is ‘a consummation devoutly to be wished for,’ and the most certain means of attaining it are those so ababsurdly condemned by Mr. Sheldrake.”

“ I am happy to find that my opinion is sanctioned by your authority, (said Ferdinand,) and I have only to add, that if our posture-masters, buffoons, and pugilists become early victims of disease, it is no argument whatever against the moderate use of gymnastics. These men, independent of their profession, are too frequently dissipated in their habits, and intemperance and late hours often produce consequences which are ascribed to other causes. All the professors of gymnastics with whom I have been acquainted, and who were regular in their habits, enjoyed excellent health and spirits, although they certainly were compelled to use rather more than the proper share of exercise. I was some time acquainted with Monsieur Beaujeu, a professor of gymnastics, who was a young man of fine figure, and excellent constitution. We have frequently conversed respecting his profession, to which he was much attached, and his opinion entirely coincided with that which I have expressed. His treatise on gymnastics, now lying on the table before me, contains copies of certificates in favour of the system, signed by several eminent physicians, who all concur in the opinion that such exercises are calculated to increase the muscular power, without, in the slightest degree, endangering the health. Amongst the names fixed to these

certificates, I find those of the Surgeon-general, of Dr. Macartney, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, Trin. College, Dublin, of George Spottiswood, Major Cam, R. H. M. S. Dublin, of Robert Bell, M. D., and James W. Macanley, M. D. Surgeon to the Royal Hibernian Military School. All this evidence invalidates the opinion of this Mr. Sheldrake, who has done all that impotence can do to bring gymnastics into disrepute. Monsieur Beaujeu went to reside in Dublin, where he was liberally patronised, and it would give me much pleasure to see him once more."

"You shall see him instantly, (said Asmodeus,) but not as you would wish to see him. The sight will grieve you, but as I told you yesterday, whatever information respecting the past you require, shall not be denied, although in the present instance, I almost fear you may regard me as Macbeth did the weird sisters, who, in complying with his demand, exclaimed,

'Show his eyes and grieve his heart.'

And now, (continued the spirit,) if what I have said do not deter you from further inquiry, look here," pointing to that part of the Magic Globe on which Dublin was depicted.

"I almost tremble, (said Ferdinand,) to satisfy my curiosity; but as you only profess to exhibit what is past, and as that cannot be recalled, it would be childish to shrink from knowing the worst."

"What do you see?" said Asmodeus.

"A very strange spectacle, (replied Ferdinand,) which I cannot view without shuddering, bearing in mind the horrid disclosures which have lately been made in Scotland. I perceive a dissecting-room, crowded with surgeons with their implements; what is the meaning of all this?"

"Do you mark the fine muscular form of the corpse which lies naked and exposed on the table?"

"I do," said Ferdinand.

“Regard the countenance attentively, (said Asmodeus,) and tell me if you recognise it?”

“Gracious Heaven! (exclaimed Ferdinand, with horror,) it is the very man I wished to see, and of whom we have just been talking! Is he then no more? and have the violators of the grave been making an unholy traffic of his body?”*

* Mr. Beaujeu was a fine looking, well-formed, and vigorous man, in the prime of his life. His untimely end was recorded in the Nineteenth volume of the *Mercury*, and as it was the result of inadvertence, the re-publication of the letter of our Dublin correspondent may be useful as a caution to others:—

“*Dublin, January 15, 1829.*

“DEAR SIR,—I have made inquiries respecting the death of Monsieur Beaujeu, and from what I have been able to learn it appears to have been purely accidental. Some persons of consequence visited the Gymnasium, and, as was natural, Monsieur Beaujeu was anxious to show the extent of his powers on the occasion. It was his usual practice, before going through his exercises, to examine, carefully, all the ropes, poles, &c.; on this occasion he neglected to do so, and whilst exercising on the cross pole, a sudden evolution of his body caused a great spring in the pole, and one end of it slipped out of the socket in the upright pole, and precipitated Monsieur Beaujeu to the ground. He fell on the back of his head, and, in the vulgar parlance, his neck was literally broken. The injury was received at the lower extremity of the neck, just where it joins the body; but it was so slight, that Dr. Macartney, who attended him, was of opinion, that, if it had been accurately ascertained when Monsieur Beaujeu was alive, his death might have been averted. Monsieur Beaujeu was himself a skilful anatomist, and was well aware of the nature of the hurt he had received. He lingered four or five days and then died from suffocation, the power of the sympathetic nerves of the diaphragm having been rendered inoperative by the injury done to the spine. It is surprising that M. Beaujeu had not the ends of the poles either lashed, or secured by the bolts to the uprights, so as to prevent the cross pole from slipping out of its position; had this been done, the melancholy accident would not have occurred. Monsieur Beaujeu was a most estimable man, and is much regretted. The weak and timid minded will lay hold of this accident in order to denounce gymnastic exercises. Nothing can be more absurd than such conduct. During a conversation with a gentleman who was present at the dissection of Monsieur Beaujeu, I asked him if rupture had any share in his death; he replied that such was the strength and perfection of the muscles of Monsieur Beaujeu, from the long practice of gymnastics, that it would be next to impossible to rupture him.”

"He is dead, (replied Asmodeus,) but there has, in this instance, been no violation offered. When living, your friend and many other enlightened and unprejudiced gentlemen, voluntarily bequeathed their bodies for dissection, with a laudable view of superseding the employment of those miscreants who live by the midnight disinterment of the dead. The example ought to be more generally followed, and then you would hear no more of the horrid outrages which have lately so appalled the public, and which are enough to make even demons shudder."

"Poor Beaujeu! (said Ferdinand, with a deep sigh,) I thought that health and longevity would be your portion. What can have been the cause of this unexpected reverse?"

"He fell a victim, (said Asmodeus,) to his profession, and the gymnasium, which was so lately his pride and his boast, has been the scene of his untimely end."

"I lament this deplorable accident, (said Ferdinand,) and I am so thoroughly persuaded of the great utility of gymnastics and of athletic sports, that it would add to my regret if this unfortunate event should discourage our youth from these salutary recreations."

"It can have no such tendency, (replied Asmodeus,) when it is known to the public that the accident was entirely the result of inattention to an apparently trifling, but really important precaution, and the man who would forswear gymnastics in consequence of such a circumstance, should forswear also the use of stage-coaches and of steam-boats, because deaths have been occasioned by neglect to secure a linch-pin, or a safety valve."

"Your illustration, (replied Ferdinand,) is strictly applicable, and I trust that all persons of common sense will view the matter in the same light."

"Why should you doubt it? (said Asmodeus.) Have people deserted the churches or the theatres, because the

roofs of the Kirkaldy chapel, or of the Brunswick theatre lately fell in, and buried many of the congregation and spectators in the ruins? But good, you know, (continued Asmodeus,) frequently arises out of evil; so the premature death of the professor will not be without its use, as you will find, if you attend to what is going forward amongst the professional men who throng round the body of the unfortunate gentleman in whose fate you seem to take so deep an interest."

Ferdinand again directed his gaze to the painful scene from which he had withdrawn it, and by the aid of his associate's spells, was enabled distinctly to hear the surgical operators express their admiration at the perfect state of the body which they were engaged in dissecting, and which exhibited the most unequivocal evidence that the deceased, when he was so abruptly deprived of life, was in the enjoyment of excellent health and unusual muscular power, arising from the salutary and invigorating exercise which he had been obliged to take for several successive years.

"I fancy, (said Asmodeus,) we need waste no more words upon the dogmatical gentleman of the *Lancet*, who has already occupied too much of our time. But, (continued he,) I must now take my leave; at our next meeting we may, perhaps, find some subject of conversation more interesting and less sombre than that upon which we have been just occupied."

(*To be continued.*)

PUNNING ON ANY SUBJECT.

AN OLD JOE DOGGERELIZED.

Says Joe, "I'll bet a pound I pun
On any subject." Dick cries "Done!
Pun on the King, then; come, be quick."
"The King!—why he's no *subject*, Dick."

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH:

ITS IMPOLICY AND INADEQUACY TO THE ENDS OF JUSTICE.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1828.]

“When we reflect upon the criminal codes of past ages, it may seem extraordinary that any reliance should now be placed upon the efficacy of severe laws; for if severity could have prevented crime, crime would long since have been exterminated, and we might look back with less remorse at limbs torn asunder by wild horses, at burnings, at impalements, at crucifixions, and the many sad barbarities inflicted by man in authority over his offending and unoffending fellow-creatures.—*Some Inquiries, &c. by Basil Montagu, Esq. as quoted in Mr. Roscoe's excellent Observations on Penal Jurisprudence.*

Crimes are more effectually prevented by the certainty than the severity of punishment.—*Beccaria.*

As petitions for a further revision and mitigation of the rigour of the penal laws are now in the course of signature in Liverpool, we cannot avail ourselves of a more appropriate occasion to introduce the following remarks upon this interesting and important subject. The petitioners set forth that those laws are so repugnant to religion, reason, and humanity that they cannot be strictly enforced in the present age;—that laxity in their execution creates great uncertainty of punishment, and thus tends to multiply offenders, as well as to diminish the security of property.

CHAP. I.

The recent executions for forgery have excited a painful interest throughout the country; and the conductors of the public press, in protesting against the injustice and impolicy of our criminal code, only echo the public voice, which will, at no distant period, effect a reform in those penal laws which are disgraceful to civilization and to humanity, and a standing national reproach. Ministers can have no interest nor

passions to gratify, in clinging to laws at variance with the intelligence of the age, and utterly repugnant to the spirit of improvement which has led to many recent changes in the general character of the English jurisprudence. They will not turn a deaf ear to the united petitions of the nation, praying for a more sparing effusion of human blood : neither can any formidable opposition to the change be anticipated in either House of Parliament, as the question is of a civil rather than of a political nature.

In all cases wherein the interests of the borough faction lie dormant, as in that under review, there is an obvious improvement in the moral feeling of the House of Commons, as evinced in the adoption of the legal reforms recently introduced by Sir R. Peel and others, and as exhibited, also, in the pledge given by the House of Commons, when Sir James Mackintosh carried, by a majority of sixteen, the following resolution :—"That it is desirable to take into serious consideration the means of increasing the efficacy of the criminal law, by abating its undue rigour in certain cases."

"*Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari*," may be a very appropriate motto for an ultra Conservative club, but is neither in accordance with the spirit of the age, nor of modern legislation, as is proved by the freedom with which Sir R. Peel has applied the pruning-knife to our cumbrous statute book. Now, therefore, is the time for the people to pour in petitions from all quarters, in furtherance of this work of mercy. Not only ought every philanthropist to bestir himself in the good cause, but every patriot who feels a pride in seeing his country elevated in the scale of nations, ought to exert himself to the utmost to wipe away a foul stain that has, for centuries, been attached to the national character.

An ingenious, but rather eccentric and volatile writer, the Marquis de Langle, in his *Voyage en Espagne*, in a chapter

on the police of Spain, remarks, that at Athens the public edicts were proclaimed aloud by the sound of music, but that in Spain, they were publicly promulgated by the beat of the drum or tambour, the common executioner performing the part of herald on such occasions. The Marquis, who is, in general, prompt enough in his suggestions, declares himself utterly at a loss to conjecture the cause of so extraordinary a circumstance. "What sanction, what respect, (says he,) can attach to laws which have issued from the mouth of so infamous a person?"*

When we read this passage, it occurred to us that the common hangman would be the most appropriate mouth-piece that could be selected for proclaiming to Englishmen the penal code of their country, which is of a more sanguinary character than that of any nation in the world.

We are aware that the spirit of improvement which has of late been introduced into our general system of legislation, has been extended to that most important branch of it,—the criminal code; although we cannot state the precise

* Notwithstanding what we have observed of the Spanish mode of proclaiming the law, their process of execution is much more merciful than ours; and if the punishment of death is to be persisted in in England, we ought, at least, to put the victims to death in the most merciful manner. The guillotine is a much more merciful engine than the halter; but if we have any peculiar predilection for the rope, we should do well to apply it as they do in Spain, as thus recorded in a letter recently published in one of the leading London journals:—"The species of capital punishment it (the proposed penal code) recognises, is the *garrote*:—I was curious to see death inflicted, and I confess I had no notion that it could be caused with so much humanity. A man should witness such a spectacle, as his opinion, as to the best mode of its infliction, may one day or other have an influence. The extinction of life seemed the affair of an instant. The victim occupies a seat which is attached to an upright post, an iron collar is placed round his neck, and strangulation is produced by turning half round a multiplying screw, which brings the collar close to the post. I observed no convulsion, no movement of agony. The *garrote* is as expeditious as the *guillotine*, and it sheds no blood. The power of society over human life has always appeared to me a very doubtful question—if life is to be taken, I can conceive no means more fit for adoption."

number of offences for which the law yet awards the punishment of death. A few years since they amounted in England to two hundred and twenty-nine, while in France the number did not exceed six; but, in Pennsylvania, the life of man is never forfeited except in cases of murder.

Before we proceed further with this important investigation, it will facilitate our progress to ascertain what are the true objects which wise lawgivers ought to seek to attain by capital punishment. They must be

First,—By putting one man to death to deter others from following his example.

Second,—To put it out of the power of the offender himself ever to commit another offence.

Third,—To make some atonement to the violated laws of the country, or to the injured individual; and, in cases where a human being has been deprived of life, to afford some reparation for the loss his family has sustained by his death.

One or all of these consequences must have been in the contemplation of the law which inflicts the punishment of death for any offence, unless the sentence proceed from a thirst for vengeance; and this, we presume, will not be admitted by any rational man.

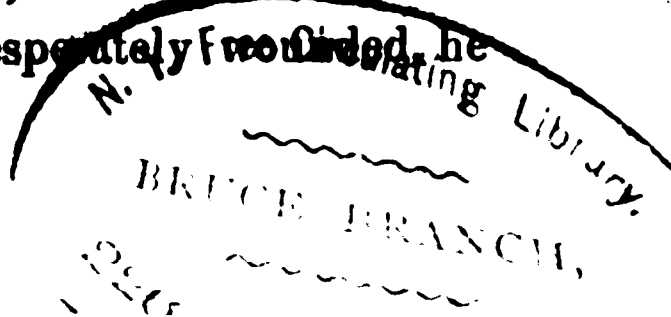
Now, *does* the execution of an offender deter others from committing crimes? We believe that this question has been answered almost unanimously in the negative, by those who have made the subject of our criminal code their peculiar study; and why is the fear of death, the strongest of all human instincts, thus inoperative? The answer is, that the commission of offences and the infliction of punishment are by no means connected. They ought to be inseparable as cause and effect; but, so far from the detection of a capital offence being necessarily followed by the punishment of death, awarded by the law, the contrary is so notoriously the case,

that, if one hundred prisoners under sentence of death were confined together in one prison, it would be a safe speculation, on the part of any one of the number, in consideration of a premium of five or seven pounds, to undertake to pay to the family of each man who actually suffered, one hundred pounds.

At one of the recent assizes at Lancaster, forty-seven persons were condemned by the judge, and only three left for execution. This is a complete mockery of the solemn forms of law. Either these men ought not to have been sentenced to death, or the sentence ought to have been carried into effect.—“*Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*”

Under the present system, the official returns published from time to time bear us out in the belief, that convicted prisoners reckon upon this “glorious uncertainty of the law” with as much confidence as gamblers speculate upon the chances at cards or dice. Thus, the example of the sufferings of one criminal at the gallows fails to produce the desired effect upon another, not because the latter disregards death, or punishment, but because the chances of escape, even after conviction on the clearest evidence, are twenty or thirty to one in favour of each individual.

Thus, the dread inspired by the occasional execution of guilty persons is more than counteracted by the hope of escaping the ultimate severity of the law, and desperate men now pursue their criminal enterprises with something like the feeling that sustains the soldier in the field of battle. A ball may possibly reach him; but, on the other hand, the returns of the killed, in various actions, compared with the number actually engaged, leads him to conclude, that his chance of escape is such as to justify the risk he runs to earn his living in the perilous career he has chosen. If, however, instead of this uncertainty, the soldier was convinced that he must die, or be desperately wounded, he



would never enter the service voluntarily; and, in like manner, if a man about to commit a crime were perfectly assured that punishment, upon detection, would be his inevitable lot, such a persuasion would be much more likely to deter him from its perpetration than the contemplation of the bare possibility of his being hanged, accompanied with the certainty that it is ten, twenty, or thirty to one, that the sentence passed upon him will never be carried into execution. There is not a moral truth better established than the maxim of Beccaria, that "crimes are more effectually prevented by the certainty than the severity of punishment."

We have thus endeavoured to show that the present system utterly fails to accomplish the first object which we have assumed to be in contemplation of the legislature, viz., *by putting one man to death to deter others from following his example.* Not only does it fail to deter men from the commission of capital offences, but it makes a mockery of the law, by compelling a compassionate judge to stultify his own acts by reprieving the majority of those whom he has condemned with those dreadful solemnities of the law, which ought never to be thus trifled with.

CHAP. II.

In our preceding chapter we endeavoured to show that our penal code egregiously fails to effect one of the principal objects which a wise legislature must have in contemplation, namely, to deter men from the commission of crime by a public exhibition of the consequences which inevitably result from a violation of the law. We have shown that the fear of death was more than counteracted by the hope of escape, founded upon absolute calculation; and

the inference we drew from that undoubted fact was, that, if the penal laws were less severe, but more certain in their operation, they would be much more effectual in suppressing crime than they are now acknowledged to be.

One of our fellow journalists, in animadverting upon our reasoning on this important subject, commences his reply with a miserable quibble, which may, perhaps, have been accidental, but which is, nevertheless, a mere quibble. We shall quote the passage:—

“The criminal code he terms disgraceful to civilization and humanity, a standing national reproach, and of a more sanguinary character than that of any nation in the world; and he calls upon the public to exert themselves to wipe away this foul stain, by pouring in petitions praying for a more sparing effusion of human blood. This is strong language, and, in our opinion, not warranted by truth. If ever it were applicable, it was to a former age rather than to the present. The term sanguinary is, indeed, strictly speaking, entirely inapplicable; for, by the only mode of capital punishment in use, no blood is shed.”

We shall not waste any words in combating this notable discovery, that when a man is hanged no blood is shed. The same thing might have been said of the burnings which were in fashion a century or two ago. We shall, therefore, give the writer all the advantage he can derive from such a quibble, while we proceed, briefly, to notice another part of his remarks, in which, after admitting that the list of capital offences may possibly be still greater than necessity requires, and that if so, it ought to be further reduced, he proceeds thus:

“But in considering this subject, the administration of the law should always be taken into the account. If its provisions are rigorous, it is mercifully administered.”

Now, this is the very defect in the system of which we

complained, and we still maintain, that when a sentence has been pronounced, it ought to be carried into execution. It is a mockery of justice, and a dangerous kind of vacillation, thus to do and undo, as if the decisions of our courts of justice were the result of chance and caprice rather than of the mature deliberations of men acting under the awful responsibility of a sacred oath. We, therefore, say again—let no crime go unpunished, but let the offence and the penalty be associated in men's minds as inseparably as cause and effect.

We have dwelt particularly upon this point, because it is the practice of certain writers to attribute wrong motives and feelings to those who condemn the severity of the penal code, as is evinced in the last sentence of the letter on which we are commenting.

“I shall conclude (says the writer) with submitting to the editor of the *Mercury*, whether those violent invectives, which he has thought fit to indulge in against our criminal code, may not have a tendency to encourage crime, by producing an impression, that if rogues are hanged, it is not so much their fault as that of the law, and by exciting a feeling of undue compassion in their favour.”

Now, it is so far from our intention to excite a feeling of undue compassion for offenders, that, as we have repeatedly and explicitly stated, we would not have one single offender escape; and to whatever misrepresentation the suggestion may subject us, we do not scruple to express our opinion that mercy ought never to be extended to any man who has been fairly convicted, unless, as we have before presumed, circumstances should transpire subsequent to his trial to place him in a more favourable light than that in which he stood before the jury.

When a judge reprieves the prisoner whom he has himself

condemned ; or when he relaxes the severity of the sentence he has previously and deliberately pronounced, unless the indulgence arise from the unexpected cause to which we have just adverted, such interposition implies a doubt of the justice or propriety of the verdict of the jury, and also of the decision of the bench, and tends to weaken the public confidence in the law, which is presumed to be the "perfection of human reason."

In reply to our objections to the penal code, on the ground that it defeats the objects of justice, by deterring many humane and conscientious people from prosecuting, the writer to whom we are replying says, "I doubt whether this objection extends much further than to the members of a small but respectable religious sect, whose principles, however amiable, seem scarcely applicable to the condition of human nature."

This is quite a mistake, as we ourselves know many persons, who do not belong to the community of Friends, who have preferred suffering a defaulter to escape rather than adopt legal proceedings, which might possibly deprive a fellow-creature of life.

There is one consideration connected with this subject, which is of such importance, that were there no other argument in favour of a relaxation of the severity of our penal code, it alone ought to induce the legislature to revise and amend the laws affecting human life. Notwithstanding the acknowledged fairness of our trial by jury, the unceasing and paternal solicitude and vigilance of upright and humane judges, and the recognised maxim, that it is better that ten guilty men should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer ;—notwithstanding these advantages, innocent men have been condemned and executed on circumstantial evidence. If these unhappy men had been sentenced to transportation, or to labour and

confinement, some compensation might have been made to them for the outrage they had sustained, if ever their innocence should have been proved.*

* Interspersed through the volumes of the *Kaleidoscope*, under the head "Circumstantial Evidence," there are many authentic cases recorded of the condemnation and execution of men whose innocence has been fully established after their death. At a public meeting held at Exeter Hall, London, on the 2nd of June last, a Member of parliament, whose name we cannot ascertain, before the *Melange* must be put to press, made the following awful statement:—

"I defended three brothers of the name of Cumming within the last ten years. They were indicted for murder; the evidence was most unsatisfactory; the Judge had a leaning in favour of the Crown prosecution, and he almost compelled the jury to convict them. I sat at my window as they passed by after sentence of death had been pronounced; there was a large military guard taking them back to the gaol, positively forbidden to allow any communication to be had with the three unfortunate youths. But the mother was there, and she, armed in the strength of her affection, broke through the guard, which was strong enough to resist any male force. I saw her clasp her eldest son, who was about 22 years of age; I saw her hang on her second son, who was not 20; I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of her youngest boy, who was but 18; (and I ask what recompence can be made for such agony!) *They were executed, and they were innocent!*"

TWO TO ONE, FEARFUL ODDS.

AN ELECTION ANECDOTE DOGGERELIZED FROM JOSEPH MILLER, ESQ.

A barber, who chanc'd to be what's called a freeman,
 (The word, by the bye, should be altered to *fee-man*;)
 Was employed by a candidate one day to shave him,
 Who, generous soul! as a recompence gave him
 Five pounds, with a cordial shake of the hand,
 (What *barber-ous* man could such kindness withstand?)
 Yet the very next day, to his utter surprise,
 At the booth of his rival the shaver he spies:
 "By Jove (he exclaims) this must be a mistake,
 Sure your patron you'll not at a pinch thus forsake;
 You forget that you shav'd me, my good worthy friend!"—
 "Not so, (said the barber,) nor would I offend,
 I did shave you *once*, and you paid a fair price,
 But, then, Sir, I shav'd t'other candidate *twice*."

MORAL.

Our story to this moral tends,
 That barbers sometimes cut their friends.

ON THE REASONING FACULTIES OF THE
BRUTE CREATION.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

Before we proceed further with the *Elysium of Animals*, we shall endeavour to redeem the pledge we gave in the first number of the *Melange*, and for this purpose we must crave the indulgence of our readers while we transcribe, by way of preface, one passage from our introductory chapter.—Adverting to the reasoning of the late Dr. Adam Clarke, who advocated the claim of the brute creation to the enjoyment of a future state of existence, as a recompense for their unmerited suffering in this world, we observed that in the course of our work we should endeavour to prove that it is more accordant with the apparent design and economy of Divine Providence that the lower animals should be gifted with some portion of the reasoning faculty, than be left to the sole guidance of what is termed instinct.

“The horse, the dog, and other domestic creatures, rendered subservient to the use or convenience of man, must all undergo some kind of training or education, without which they would be utterly incapable of that improvement of which we know them to be susceptible. The means employed in training these creatures are the same as those resorted to in the management of rational beings—the hope of reward and the fear of punishment,—stimulants which would be utterly unavailing if they possessed no other faculty than instinct.”

With this preamble as our text, we shall proceed to adduce those facts and arguments which have long since convinced us that those creatures which are generally termed “irrational brutes,” partake more or less of the reasoning faculty. This conclusion, so far from being derogatory to

Intellectual light, we are furnished with a scale by which we are enabled to estimate the mind of man possesses over

The reasoning power of animals, compared with the mind, is as dust in the balance, but altogether distinct from instinct, to ascribe all the actions of the brute creation to the first point to be ascertained is to confound the terms reason and instinct, which are founded together, although it appears that the relation between the two faculties is as that of a voluntary and involuntary action. Johnson, "is the power by which motion is derived from another, or proceeds from consequences." "Instinct, (says the same writer), acting on the mind, without thought or deliberation; the power of determining the actions of brutes."*

Now, if it be admitted that all the

* Buffon and Descartes regarded animals as without a soul, without notions or imagination, even a distinct

other animals must be the result of the one or the other of these faculties, it will follow that such acts as are irreconcilable with the definition of the one must be referred to the other. This is the only admission we require to establish our case, and we do not see how any candid person can withhold his consent from the proposition, unless he can point out some other faculty of the mind distinct from reason or instinct, to the agency of which the actions of animals may be traced. Until such third property be pointed out, we shall therefore take it for granted that all the actions of animals must be prompted by reason or instinct, or by the two combined, and that the definitions we have adduced on the authority of our learned lexicographer are correct.

We shall now proceed to point out some animal phenomena which appear to us to be the result of pure instinct:—Dr. Thornton, in a letter to Dr. Aiken, relates, on the authority of Galen, that “a young kid, taken from its mother whom it had never seen, was brought on the instant of its birth into a room, where there were provided vessels filled with corn, wine, oil, and milk; on which, the animal after smelling at each, rejected all but the milk, which it lapped up.” This preference was no doubt entirely the work of instinct, as the animal could not have known from experience that the milk was more suitable to its nature than the oil or wine: it had had no experience upon which all knowledge is founded.

When a hen sits on its eggs, the operation appears to be purely of an instinctive nature, for if the eggs be removed, and pieces of chalk substituted, she will continue sitting. The young bee affords a beautiful illustration of instinct as distinct from reason; no sooner does it emerge from the aurelia state than it expands and dries its wings, and sallies forth *alone* from its hive to seek the flowers congenial to its nature, and after culling the sweets returns

home with no guide but instinct. Reimar in his treatise on Instinct thus notices the wonderful phenomenon exhibited by this interesting insect :—"The young bee at once springs forth from his cell a master workman; on the same day that gives him birth he appears in the fields a complete artist in wax and honey, and on entering the hive he displays the talents of a finished architect."

Naturalists say that if an eel be found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the sea, to which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. This circumstance affords us another exemplification of instinct entirely independent of reason.

The migration of birds to distant countries, which they have never before visited, and their periodical return, not only to the same places, but even to the identical farm-houses, from which they emigrated, is a most marvellous operation of instinct.*

Having thus, by way of illustration, adduced a few instances of actions which are the pure result of instinct, without the intervention of reason or deliberation, we shall proceed to show that the inferior animals possess some other faculty which precisely corresponds with the definition of reason, as laid down by Johnson and other writers of acknow-

* "It is a remarkable fact that the swallow tribe, and probably many other birds which absent themselves at stated periods, should return annually to the same spot to build their nests. The swift, which for nine months has some distant region to roam in, was selected for the purpose of an experiment to ascertain this with precision. At a farm-house in this neighbourhood I procured several swifts, and by taking off two claws from the foot of twelve, I fixed upon them an indelible mark. The year following their nesting places were examined in an evening when they had retired to roost, and there I found several of the marked birds. The second and third year a similar search was made, and did not fail to produce some of those which were marked. I now ceased to make an annual search, but at the expiration of seven years, a cat was seen to bring a bird into the farmer's kitchen, and this also proved to be one of those marked for the experiment."—*Phil. Trans.* 1824, p. 16.

ledged authority. Before we enter upon this part of the investigation, we shall, however, offer a few observations on the power of communicating intelligence to each other, which the inferior animals unquestionably possess; and of which we should produce some instances from our own experience, if we did not deem it more satisfactory to adduce the testimony of experienced persons who have made natural history their particular study. Nor is the settlement of this point by any means foreign to the subject we are investigating; for, as the interchange of communication necessarily implies some degree of intelligence, it will strengthen our argument, if we can establish the fact that the inferior animals do possess the power of communicating together, by what, for the want of more appropriate terms, we must call language. The curious facts related in our note upon this part of the subject, with our own experience of cases equally unequivocal, justify the conclusion that the dumb creation do possess some substitute for language, by which they can communicate their limited ideas to each other. We lay no great stress, however, upon this point, as it is not absolutely material to our purpose, although its admission will tend to strengthen the arguments of those who think that the inferior animals have some other guide than instinct.*

* The following curious facts are from *Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History* :—

"My bees are a constant source of amusement to me; and the more I study them, the more I am led to admire their wonderful instinct and sagacity. Few things, however, surprise me more than the power which they possess of communicating what I can only call 'intelligence' to each other. This I observe to be almost invariably the case before they swarm. Some scouts may then be observed to leave the hive, and for some time they hover round a particular bush or branch of a tree, after which they return to the hive. In a little while the new swarm quits it, and settles on the branch which had been previously fixed upon by the scouts. The same power of communication may be observed in the ant. I have often put a small green caterpillar near an ant's nest; you may see it immediately seized by one of the ants, who, after several ineffectual efforts to drag it to its nest, will quit it, go up to another ant, and they will appear to hold a

There is one circumstance ordinarily related of the dog, which, if it be true, would alone supply sufficient evidence of the reasoning powers of that sagacious animal. It is said that when he has lost sight of his master, and comes to what may be termed three lane ends, and if, on smelling at the first and second he finds no trace of his

conversation together by means of their antennæ, after which they will return together to the caterpillar, and, by their united efforts, drag it to where they wish to deposit it. I have also frequently observed two ants meeting on their path across a gravel walk, one going from and the other returning to the nest; they will stop, touch each other's antennæ, and appear to hold a conversation, and I could almost fancy that one was communicating to the other the best place for foraging, which Dr. Franklin thought they have the power of doing from the following circumstance:—Upon discovering a number of ants regaling themselves with some treacle in one of his cupboards, he put them to the rout, and then suspended the pot of treacle by a string from the ceiling. He imagined that he had put the whole army to flight, but was surprised to see a single ant quit the pot, climb up the string, cross the ceiling, and regain its nest. In less than half an hour several of its companions sallied forth, traversed the ceiling, and reached the depository, which they constantly revisited until the treacle was consumed. Huber says 'that nature has given to ants a language of communication by the contact of their antennæ; and that with these organs they are enabled to render mutual assistance in their labours and in their dangers, discover again their route when they have lost it, and make each other acquainted with their necessities. We see, then,' he adds, 'that insects which live in society are in possession of a language, and in consequence of enjoying a language in common with us, although of an inferior degree, have they not greater importance in our eyes, and do they not embellish the very spectacle of the universe?' What I have said respecting the power of communicating intelligence to each other possessed by bees and ants, applies also to wasps. If a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. It is, therefore, I think, sufficiently clear that these insects have, what Huber calls an antennal language—a language we can have no doubt that is perfectly suited to them; adding, we know not how much, to their happiness and enjoyments, and furnishing another proof that there is a God—almighty, all-wise, all-good,—who has ornamented the universe with so many objects of delightful contemplation that we may see him in all his works, and learn not only to fear him for his power, but to love him for the care which he takes of us and of all his created beings."

master there, he will immediately proceed up the third lane, without resorting to the aid of the olfactory organ. This circumstance, if it could be substantiated, would establish the fact that these animals do possess some other faculty besides instinct.

It is instinct, certainly, which enables him to ascertain by the scent that his master has not passed up the two first roads, but it is reason which prompts him to take the third road without further examination, and he draws as correct an inference from the facts before him as a philosopher could deduce:—there are but three roads, and having ascertained that his master has not passed the first and second, he knows that he must necessarily have taken the third direction.

(*To be continued.*)

In consequence of our arrangements for the present number of the MELANGE, we find ourselves under the necessity of reserving the remainder of this essay for our next number.

TO THE EDITORS.

[WRITTEN IN 1813.]

GENTLEMEN,—The interesting account you gave of the “Learned Spaniel,” in your Miscellaneous Extracts, last week, though it may stagger the faith of some of your readers, will readily obtain credit with those who have witnessed the extraordinary feats of a fine black Newfoundland dog, now in possession of Mr. Wilkinson, of Crosbie-street, in this town; by whose skill and perseverance the animal has been taught to perform several tricks of so singular a kind, that I could scarcely have given them full credit, had I not been repeatedly a witness to what I am about to relate.

A few months ago I saw this sagacious animal play a game at “All Fours,” with a gentleman who has the reputation of being a pretty good player, when Watch (for that

is the name of the dog) beat his adversary in grand style ; almost what is called a love-game, I believe, for I am so little skilled in the fashionable arts of shuffling and cutting, that I never yet got beyond "Beggar my Neighbour," or "Laugh and Lie down."

When Watch exhibits, his cards are dealt out in a circle upon the floor, by his master, who, of course, directs his movements, although imperceptibly to the bipeds around. One corner of each card is bent a little upwards to enable the dog to take it from the floor with his teeth. As these cards are placed with their faces downwards, it is above my comprehension to discover how the master himself recognises them, which he must do of course, or his pupil, notwithstanding the magic circle, could not play so well as he does.

When the "Lord of the creation" leads off, say the ace of hearts, the master of the ceremony, addressing his Newfoundland friend, exclaims, "Now, Watch, you see the gentleman has played the ace of hearts, what will you do?" upon which, Watch traverses the circle of cards until he arrives at that which it is the most proper to select under such circumstances ; this he takes gently in his mouth, and exhibits to his adversary ; he leads in his turn, proceeding in this way until the game is concluded ; and it is generally admitted that he makes the most of his hand !

Watch has been also taught to distinguish any person in company by some secret signal ; and immediately upon his master calling out the name, he walks up to him, and taking his coat-lap in his mouth, gently shakes it, to the great amusement of the by-standers, and sometimes to the consternation of the person himself.

If a penny be placed on the nose of this sagacious animal, he instantly becomes fixed in the position he may chance to be in at the moment, and will remain as motionless as a statue, until the charm is broken by the words of command,

"Ready, present, fire!" when he instantly tosses up the penny, which he catches in his mouth, and makes the best of his way to some of the neighbouring cellars, where he stands looking the people in the face until a penny-loaf is placed before him, upon which he deposits the cash and carries off the bread to the company he has just left, without attempting to eat a morsel by the way. A hat is then given to him, and he is ordered to beg for the bread, which is distributed amongst the company, to each of whom he pays his court in succession, holding up the hat, looking wistfully in his face, and wagging his tail. When a piece of bread is thrown in, he drops the hat, and after eating what is given to him, he again takes up the hat and proceeds to the next person; but if any one opens the palms of his hands, to show that he has nothing to give him, he instantly turns away to some other person, and when he finds there is no more to be expected from any of them, he lays aside the hat and lies down or marches off as he thinks proper.

His master has told me, and I have no doubt of the fact, that when Watch goes into any of the neighbouring cellars with his penny, if an attempt is made to pass off a stale or hard loaf upon him, he will not, for some time afterwards, visit the same cellar, but remove his custom to some more liberal dealer. He is so convinced too, by experience, of the necessity of prudent caution in dealing with the human race, that he never deposits his money until the bread is laid before him; and in this he evinces his sagacity and love of justice. For being himself a dog of infinite good nature, who never bites any of his neighbours, he takes good care that none of them shall *bite* him.

When the money is placed on his nose, as before observed, he will remain perfectly motionless until the word of command breaks the spell; and although his master has some-

times quitted the room for half an hour or upwards, he has always on his return found Watch in the same attitude.

If any of your readers doubt the truth of any part of my account of this sagacious animal, he may easily satisfy himself of the truth of each particular, which is known to hundreds in this town as well as to

Your friend and correspondent,

AMICUS CANUM.

It may be necessary to state that this dog is not exhibited for money. It is also much to Mr. W.'s credit that he seldom has resorted to any severity in its tuition.

A MODERN MIRACLE, FOUNDED IN FACT.

"He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Last Sunday, when at church, 'tis said,
Collections for the poor were made,
Gripe, with heart heavy as his purse,
And uttering many an inward curse,
Eyeing his shining pieces o'er,
At length selected from the store
Half of a sovereign, short of weight,
And sighing plac'd it on the plate.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING IT SAID OF A NOTORIOUS PERJURED WITNESS, THAT HE
"TOOK GOD'S NAME IN VAIN."

He takes God's name in vain, you say,
But, Sir, I must deny it;
'Tis not in vain, he swears for pay;
He makes a living by it,

MAD JOHNNY BULL'S FREAKS AND THE RESULTS.

"So comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more."—*Æsop*.

John was an honest, blunt, good fellow
When sober,—but when he was mellow
He was a bullying, blustering, blade,*
Who car'd not what he did or said ;
Hot-headed, vain, and domineering,
In all men's business interfering ;
Who never could be kept in compass,
But always must kick up a rumpus ;
With all about him he would fight,
It matter'd little, wrong or right :
Whatever champion threw the glove,
John would set to with him for love ;
Or if the other wish'd for quiet,
John still insisted on a riot.
One day he'd knock his neighbour down,
Next day, shake hands,—the quarrel drown
O'er bowls of punch, to make amends,
They'd swear to be eternal friends ;†
And thus he'd revel night and day,
Regardless what there was to pay ;
Meanwhile the landlord would chalk double,
For broken glasses and for trouble,

John once possess'd good store of wealth,
Sound constitution, vigour, health ;
But forty years of dissipation
Had made a woful alteration ;
Both health and wealth began to fail,
For time we know will "tell its tale ;"
Still John would quaff to keep off sorrow,
And to keep off the bailiffs—borrow ;
He double mortgaged his estate,
Paid interest at enormous rate,‡

* On the eve of the French Revolution, John Bull began to grow outrageous, and continued in a state of constant irritation and dissipation for many successive years.

† The late Mr. Whitbread used to say, that great part of the national debt was incurred in putting down the Bourbons, another great portion expended in putting them up again,

‡ John has made his bargains so improvidently, and managed his estate so imprudently, that it is asserted by some politicians, that if the public creditor should foreclose the estate would not pay a tithe of the sum originally advanced on mortgage.

And often would he make his calls
 At the pawnbroker's triple balls;
 Leaving his tankards, spoons, and plate
 In pledge for paper duplicate.
 Thus he contriv'd to "carry on
 The war," till all his means were done;
 And when, at length, he'd gone his tether,
 He call'd his creditors together;
 Who, to their consternation, found
 There scarce was sixpence in the pound.*

Now if poor thoughtless John, alas,
 Through the Insolvent Act must pass,
 Perhaps, by sad experience taught,
 Some wholesome change may yet be wrought;
 His "wild oats" sown, we'll hope that he
 May still live better days to see.



LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND HER CHILD.

[WRITTEN IN 1817.]

While Albion's genius weeps the untimely fate
 Of her belov'd hereditary great,
 With streaming eyes while she bedews their urns,
 And her own fate in that of Charlotte mourns;
 The muse of freedom, as she marks the blow,
 That lays the mother and her offspring low,
 Whispers—"In pity they are snatch'd from earth,
 And spar'd the pangs attach'd to sovereign birth.
 For, ah! how rarely, in their age or youth
 Are princes train'd in wisdom and in truth;
 From reason's dawning to the closing grave
 Devoted victims of the courtier slave,
 To sycophants, who kneel before the shrine,
 Of pomp, prerogative, and 'Right divine!'
 But ne'er, alas! the wholesome truth impart,
 That a king's strength is in a nation's heart;
 And of all men supremely blest is he
 Who rules beloved, amidst a people free!"

* This is too bad;—it is true he may be obliged to take advantage of the Insolvent Act; but we trust that he will emerge again, "whitewashed," as the term is, and rendered wise by experience, turn over a new leaf, having "sown his wild oats."

PHRENOLOGY, OR BUMPOLOGY.

Previously to introducing the following piece into the *Melange*, we ought, in fairness, to state, that we lay no claim to much skill in the principles of Phrenology, although we have endeavoured to make ourselves acquainted with the leading outlines of the science, as it is styled by the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim. The result of the best consideration we have been able to bestow upon the subject, has been a confirmation of those opinions we previously entertained, and which were the result of a circumstance which we shall here relate.

Several years ago we had some conversation on Phrenology with a gentleman well known in the scientific world, as a man of the first-rate genius, as a chemist, a mathematician, and philologist. He was a profound thinker, and acute reasoner, who investigated every subject thoroughly before he pronounced an opinion respecting it;—never arguing for victory but for truth. We found him an inveterate sceptic on the subject of the *pseudo* science under consideration; but we shall pass over the arguments he adduced in opposition to the theory in order to relate the result of a practical proof of its fallability, of which he was himself at once the witness and the test:—

He had occasion to visit a friend who lived at a very considerable distance from London, which was his own usual residence, and although his name was familiar to every scientific man throughout the kingdom, he was, personally, unacquainted with a single individual in the town where his friend resided, with the exception of that friend himself. The latter, who was a zealous disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, belonged to a phrenological society, and one evening invited his guest to visit the lecture-room with him. The offer was, at first, declined; and

upon being further pressed, our friend observed, that he took no interest in such investigations, having long since made up his mind on the subject. His host, however, urged him earnestly to accompany him, and promised that he should have such evidence of the accuracy of the science as would entirely remove his scepticism. It was ultimately arranged that our friend should visit the society as a stranger, under a fictitious name, as one who wished to put the theory of the science to the test in his own person. On these conditions he was introduced to the learned body, and his host proposed that the head of the stranger should be scientifically examined. Operations immediately commenced,—the admeasurements were taken, and the secretary noted down the result of the experiment. It may be proper here to observe, that although our friend was a man of very extraordinary general acquirements, the most distinguishing trait of his mind was invention. This circumstance was very well known to the gentleman who introduced him, and who, anxious for the reputation of his favourite science, requested the demonstrators to examine the state of those organs which indicated the inventive faculty; but what was his surprise and chagrin at hearing that they were so minute as scarcely to be perceptible! This was an unfortunate verdict, which if not explained or amended, would put a stop to all hopes of making our friend a convert, and his host gave the operators a significant wink, as much as to intimate, “you have made a sad blunder, and for the honour of the science you must repair it if possible.” The learned experimentalist, upon this hint, after a little further examination, announced that although the inventive organs were certainly, as he had already observed, very small, the deficiency was more than compensated by certain other organs which were unusually prominent.

We have related this circumstance as it was communicated to us, without the slightest exaggeration, and it was under the impression of this egregious failure that we wrote the following doggerels :—

A SUGGESTION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF PHRENOLOGY,
BY INCREASING THE ORGANS AD INFINITUM.

ADDRESSED TO THE PROFESSORS OF THE SCIENCE.

Ye votaries of Phrenology,
Twin science to Astrology,—
Or cousin-german, I'll say rather;
For Germany's your foster father,
That land of sentimental rant,
Of metaphysics and of *Kant*;^{*}
Of melo-dramas and romances,
Spectres, hobgoblins, and such fancies;
Of *Faustus* or *Der Freischutz* school,
That bid defiance to all rule;—
Hail, *Spurzheim*, *Combe*, and *Dr. Gall*,
And your disciples, one and all!
Ye metaphysic *organ* builders,
Whose science common sense bewilders;
Who measure morals by men's bumps,
Or organs, as you call their lumps,
And can with certainty divine
The inward man by outward sign,
Decide on character at once
By exploration of the scone;
And often find the empty skull
Of drivelling idiot teeming full
Of bumps of genius, which the sot
In midnight brawls perchance has got,
Or else by whack at cudgel play,
Or in a matrimonial fray.
Before you furnish'd this new light,
Hearing and smell, touch, taste, and sight,
Were all the organs, 'twas believ'd,
Man from his Maker had received;
But now we have above a score,
And doubtless you'll in time find more.
Brave Captain Parry and his crew
Are not to be compared to you;
Their object fail'd, and we deplor'd it,
They miss'd the *pole*, but you've explor'd it;

^{*} *Kant*, a celebrated German metaphysician of that name, very deep if not very clear.

And now in triumph you may tell 'em
 Of your discoveries in *Cerebellum*.
 Then publish these discoveries, pray,
 Without another hour's delay,
 And illustrate your work with charts
 Of all the new found polar parts,
 And all the wonders of the main
 That skirt the regions of the brain;
 Your work will soon be all the fashion,
 For novelty's the ruling passion;
 Folk with mania are so craz'd,
 A joint stock fund will soon be rais'd,
 To work the mines that so abound
 In the new regions you have found.
 Be not monopolists of knowledge,
 But let us have a public college,
 To study humanized Geology
 And all the secrets of Bumpology;
 To teach the rising generation
 To trace the bumps of Veneration—
 Of Musio—or Destructiveness—
 Of Cautiousness—Constructiveness—
 Wit—Wisdom—Casualty—
 Benevolence—Hope—Ideality—
 Of Covetousness—Self-respect—
 And twenty I don't recollect.
 It seems Judge Jeffery the critic,*
 By process keen and analytic,
 Your science has denounc'd: what then
 It only proves, that there are men,
 So sceptical, they won't believe
 In mysteries they can't conceive.
 Shame to the age! that men like you
 Your incubations can't peruse
 Without annoyance;—but some folks
 Can not exist without a hoax;
 Such was the wag, who, some time past,
 Sent to your lecture-room a cast,
 From turnip moulded, which, 'tis said,
 Resembled so the human head,
 That you the specimen receiv'd,
 By the similitude deceived,

*The *Edinburgh Review* for September 1836, there is a very elaborate article gene-
 rated to Mr. Jeffery. It is a review of a system of Phrenology by George Combe
 President of the Phrenological Society. The article extends to about 66 page
 long, and the impression on our minds when we perused it was, that the criti-
 cism demolished the science—that he had torn it to rags and tatters.

Gave lectures on each outward bump
 That grac'd the vegetable hump,
 Where marks of genius were found
 In vast profusion to abound !
 But of such tales we take no heed,
 Sheer envy ail,—so I'll proceed.
 Oh ! that some worthies I shall name,
 In former days well known to fame,
 Could now re-visit earth to see
 The progress of Phrenology !
 As members hon'rary you'd claim them
 Of your new college when I name them.
 Old *Bleton*, first, who play'd such tricks
 With hazel and with willow sticks,
 To point out hidden mines and streams,
 And realize the miser's dreams ;
 Who, when he fail'd the gold to find,
 Could still contrive to "raise the wind."*
 Then *Perkins*, who cajol'd the ninnies,
 By vending tractors at five guineas,
 Form'd of two bits of brass and steel
 Which every malady could heal.†

* *Bleton*. The *Virgula Divina*, or divining rod, was a forked branch in the form of a Y, by the aid of which it was pretended and believed that mines and springs under ground might be discovered.—See *Memoire Physique et Medicinale*, &c. by M. T. Thevenot.

The author thus describes the action of the divining rod in the hands of *Bleton*.—"Whenever *Bleton* is in a place where there are subterraneous waters, he immediately feels a lively impression on the diaphragm, which he calls his commotion. This impression produces an oppression in the anterior and superior part of his breast : at the same time he feels a shock, a general tremor, and chilliness; his legs stagger, the tendons of his wrist become stiff, and grow convulsive, the pulse is concentrated and gradually diminishes. All these symptoms are more or less strong, according to the volume or depth of the water; and they are more sensibly felt when *Bleton* goes against the subterraneous current than when he follows its direction." All the symptoms here described were experienced without the aid of the divining rod, by a kind of sympathy. His exhibitions with the wand were still more surprising. If we are to believe *Thevenot*, *Bleton* discovered several mines by his rod, and actually made a profession of his skill. Bishops, magistrates, heads of colleges, physicians, and hundreds of spectators, bore testimony to his skill. To this day, we believe, that in Cornwall, and some other mining districts, the faith in the divining rod is not yet quite extinct; and our readers may probably recollect *Dousterswevel*, in the *Antiquary*, who was a juggler in this line. Our readers who wish to see more on this subject, may refer to the *Philosophical Magazine* for September, 1802.

† *Perkins*. A person of this name, about thirty years ago, persuaded people that there was great virtue in his metallic tractors, which he sold at five guineas a pair, pretending that they were made of precious metals, compounded by a secret process. They were simply little bits of steel and brass about two inches long, and brought to a fine point. By passing these over, or near the parts affected, they were said to effect an almost instantaneous cure; although we have known the same effect produced by wooden tractors painted so as to look like metal. However, it is most certain that hundreds of persons either derived benefit from their application, or imagined that they did, which was much the same thing.

"These tractors, as they are called, are to cure all sores, swellings, burns, tooth-ache, &c. and that the purchasers may beware of counterfeits, which is the advice always given by this worshipful fraternity, a portrait of the tractor is engraved upon his head-bills, both a front and back one, accompanied with a striking likeness on the leathern case, in which they are contained. Many cures have certainly been performed by them, and how these cures are performed has been as certainly exemplified by some very ingenious experiments which were made at Bath and Bristol. Pieces of wood, and others of common iron, shaped and coloured like the tractors were tried upon some paralytic patients

Great *Doctor Katterfello* too,
 Should come and fraternize with you,
 And bring with him his old black cat
 And lecture upon "*dis* and *dat*."*
 What pity *Hohenlohe* is gone,
 He of your college had made one ;
 Although, perhaps, on after thought,
 The miracles he would have wrought,
 By *spirit*, might have caus'd a schism,
 In your school of *Materialism*.
Johanna Southcote, *Brothers*, too,
 Should both have join'd your motley crew ;
 And *Shilo*, had it so pleas'd fate,
 Might have been under-graduate.
 But there is one more potent still
 In all the tricks of mystic skill,
 Whose presence would have charm'd the age,
 For mystery is all the rage ;
 Great *Mesmer* should again arise,
 The gaping world to magnetize,
 To make them dance, or laugh, or weep,
 And answer questions in their sleep,
 Or cure by sympathy each ill
 Without emetic, purge, or pill.†
 And now, as some apology
 For meddling with Bumpology,
 My "potent, grave, and reverend" friends,
 One parting hint to make amends :—
 I think, as many others do,
 Your bumps or organs are too few ;
 Your sage expounder, *Combe*, I see,
 Enumerates just thirty-three ; •
 (And for exploring heads a *comb*
 By practice must be quite at home.)

in the Infirmary. The mode of operating consists in nothing more than in gently stroking the part affected with the point of the instrument, according to theory, conducting off, into the atmosphere, the galvanic matter of pain. It is impossible that where there is no sore this can give any pain whatever, yet the patients were in agonies ; one of them declared that he had suffered less when pieces of the bone of his leg had been cut out ; and they were actually enabled to move limbs which were dead with the palsy. False relics have wrought true miracles."—*Southey's Letters of Espriella*, vol. ii. p. 291.

* *Katterfello* was a German or Prussian conjurer, or, as he styled himself, a philosopher. He was celebrated for electrical machines, black cats, and broken English.

† *Mesmer*. Most of our readers must have heard of animal magnetism, the absurdity of which was clearly established by the report of the commissioners appointed by Lewis XVI., of France. Amongst these commissioners were the celebrated Lavoisier and Doctor Franklin. Animal magnetism, however, has had its believers in recent times, and has its votaries still. Acerbi, in his travels in Finland, Sweden, &c. assures us that he saw his companion set to sleep, and made to answer questions in that state, by the agency of animal magnetism. Some time ago an attempt was made in France to revive all the mummery of Mesmer and his followers. But what may we not expect from those who put faith in Hohenlohe's miracles ?

But truce with puns, they ill beseeem
 So philosophical a theme ;
 Let me proceed with my suggestion :—
 With some I say it is a question,
 Whether your organs are enow,—
 I think myself they are too few ;
 So if you wish as many more,
 To set you easy on that score,
 I have a plan, the thought is clever,
 Knock all your learned heads together,
 I'll answer for it, you'll not split them
 How hard soever you may hit them ;
 But if with force enough you smite 'em,
 You'll organs have *ad infinitum*.

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 92.)

CHAP. V.

Tavern Scene—A Peep behind the Curtain—Gentlemen of the Broad Sheet—Original Critiques—A Roland for an Oliver.

It was evening when Asmodeus rejoined his adopted friend, Ferdinand, whom he found, as usual, with his book open before him.

“Your studies this evening are, I perceive, somewhat more lively than heretofore, (said the affable little spirit,) and our interview may not be the less interesting on that account.”

“By the bye, my good friend, (said Ferdinand,) when I had the pleasure of your company last night, I forgot to ask you who and what this Mr. Sheldrake is, whose stupid essay on gymnastics engrossed so much of our conversation? Perhaps his profession may afford some clue to his motive for this deliberate attempt to deprive professors of the art of an honest and honourable livelihood.”

“Perhaps it may, (replied Asmodeus,) as his business is

to manufacture artificial legs, arms, and other limbs or cripples."

"Egad, then, (said Ferdinand,) we need seek no further for the animus which stimulated him

———"in spite
Of nature and his stars to write."

Gymnastics have a direct tendency to counteract and prevent deformity; and to expect that one who lives by deformity should approve of that which interferes with his emoluments, would be as absurd as to expect a grave-digger to approve of the *elixir vitæ*. Let us waste no further words upon him, but turn to some more edifying or amusing subject."

"With all my heart, (said Asmodeus, taking his usual station near the globe,) I perceive a choice party assembled together in the club-room yonder, at the Hummums, (pointing them out to his companion;) I think they will afford you some amusement."

"No doubt, (said Ferdinand;) they seem very merry, and apparently bent upon making a night of it."

"Just so, (replied Asmodeus;) it would be no easy matter, even in London, to select a choicer specimen of jovial fellows than you see there. They have amongst them all the physical and metaphysical ingredients for the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' which, by the bye, they maintain to be a false reading, the true version being, 'The feast of reason and the flow of bowl.' There are amongst them a few dull dogs, but these serve only to give additional zest to the party; to borrow a simile from the bowl around which they are performing their orgies, the stupid and insipid may be considered as the water and sugar, which are as essential to the punch as the arrack, lime, or spice, which, mingled together, form so palatable a *tout-ensemble*."

"Pray tell me, (said Ferdinand,) who and what they are?"

"With the exceptions at which I have hinted, they are, (replied Asmodeus,) gentlemen of liberal education, to whom the literary, political, and fashionable world, the grave and gay, in short, the public at large, are indebted for much amusement and some instruction."

"Then I fancy, (said Ferdinand,) they are in some way connected with the press: I know no class that so well answers the description you have just given."

"You are right, (said Asmodeus;) they are literary *bons vivants*, who adopt the poet's motto:—

'All night we drink, and study hard all day;
Bacchus and Phœbus hold divided sway.'

They are pioneers in the march of mind; and if the press, in Shakspeare's time, had had the power and influence it now possesses, that matchless poet would have said of those gentlemen, as he did of the stage players, 'They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times; after your death, you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.'"

"Who is that saturnine looking gentleman, (said Ferdinand,) who is now singing

'What has night with sleep to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you?'

"He is rather a favourite with me, (said Asmodeus.) You are aware that I have, in despite of myself, somewhat of a *penchant* for mischief, and Caustic, for so that gentleman is called, has been nicknamed *le bon Diable*. He has an inexhaustible fund of sarcastic humour, which he plays off right and left, to the amusement of some and the annoyance of others. It is but justice, however, to add, that he generally selects the vain and ignorant pretender as his victim. There is a fellow named Scraps who is his constant butt.

Scraps is a shallow, pert, unprincipled pedant, with barely the superficial requisites for a paragraph spinner and penny-a-line accident maker; and yet he is not without readers, as he has some tact in serving up scandal, defamation, and inuendo, which the success of some of your newspapers proves to be congenial with the taste of a portion of the public. As Caustic is prone to indulge in epigrams upon his associates, he has necessarily made some enemies, for you know, '*le monde pardonne plutôt une mauvaise action qu'un bon mot.*' His lampoons, however, are generally directed against folly or conceit in some shape, although he occasionally descends to personalities. I will give a touch of his humour. The odd-looking gentleman with the rubicund nose yonder, to whom they have given the nickname of Bardolph, and who is as dull as he is dissipated, is a slave to his pipe. One night, a gentleman who sat near him, appeared so annoyed with the smoke, that Bardolph, who is a goodnatured simple soul, offered to lay down the pipe, upon which Caustic taking out his pencil wrote these lines, which he passed across the table,

‘Puff on, puff on with all your might.
Until you’re fairly out of sight;
For though your pipe’s a cursed bore,
Your phiz annoys us ten times more.’

Caustic, who, during the sitting of Parliament, reports for one of the leading morning journals, is engaged now, during the recess, upon an evening paper, and has, therefore, ample leisure to indulge in his propensity for turning night into day, which is one of his besetting sins. But suppose we listen to what is going forward; I have a notion it will repay you for the trouble.”

Ferdinand took the hint, and a scene followed which we shall here briefly sketch.

“Your health, friend Caustic, (said the Chairman, filling

a bumper ;) thank you for your song ; and now allow me to inquire whether you saw the ' American Roscius ' make his *début* at Drury-lane this evening ?”

“ I did, (replied Caustic,) but I quitted the theatre after the second act, as I was eager to join your party. I have, however, notes of the two first acts, and as for the remainder the reports of the morning papers will help me out.”

“ And what is your real opinion of Cooper's *Macbeth* ?” said the president.

“ Why, to speak the truth, (replied Caustic,) I think it a very clever performance, but as our journal is at present at war with the Drury-lane manager, and in the interest of Kean, my cue is to hunt down the Yankee intruder, and I accordingly hissed the poor devil most unmercifully, though it went against my conscience ; but you know we can't ' quarrel with our bread and cheese ; ' I must, therefore, lash the fellow in to-morrow's *Moon*, but I will make some amends in the *Comet*, with which I am connected on terms which leave me independent. Thus, if I administer the whip with one hand, I shall apply a plaster with the other, and so ease my conscience.”

“ Och, by the powers ! (exclaimed Mr. O'Rafferty, who sat opposite to Caustic,) you'd better be aisey talking about conscience, if you're going to trate the poor fellow after that fashion. Fait, if you have any conscience at all, it must be made of India rubber.”

“ That sneer (rejoined Caustic, with a sarcastic look) comes mighty well from one who is every day writing philippics against the Catholics and their friends, though we all know that he is friendly at heart to their cause, and though, as any one may tell by his brogue, he is himself an Irishman.”

“ Do you mane to insult me ?” (said O'Rafferty, assuming an attitude which portended immediate hostilities.) The chairman, however, in an authoritative tone, insisted upon

order, and called upon three of the company for a glee, who immediately struck up

“A bumper, a bumper, a bumper of good liquor,
Will end this contest quicker
Than jury, judge, or vicar,
So fill the sparkling glass.”

The President then ruled that Caustic and O’Rafferty should take wine together and not fall out about a trifle, which is all in the way of trade; and thus the affair ended.

“Bardolph, (said the Chairman,) favour us with a toast; something lively, if you please.”

“Egad, (said Quiz,) it is whimsical enough to call upon a sleeping man for something lively. Friend Bardolph is dreaming, I presume, of his mistress, for the poor fellow has lately fallen a prey to the tender passion. Before he closed his eyes he communicated the secret to me in confidence, and told me, with a sigh, as he swallowed off a half pint tumbler of brandy, that the flame his Delia had lighted up within him, would never be quenched until he was in his grave. Egad! Bardolph’s plight reminds me of the verses,

‘Love is a fire that burns and sparkles,
As naturally in man as charcoals.’

What with the flame Delia has lighted up in his heart, and that which Bacchus has lighted up on his nose, our poor friend, like a vessel between two fires, is in a hopeful way.”

“Bardolph, however, is not so entirely devoted to the lady as absolutely to abandon his glass, it seems, (said Caustic;) like the renowned Captain Wattle,

‘He is all for love and a little for the bottle.’

This sally caused a general laugh at the expense of poor Bardolph, who joined chorus with the nasal organ which had been the subject of their merriment.

"I wonder, (said the President, looking at his watch,) what detains Scraps so unusually long?"

"He'll be here presently, (said Caustic,) or I shall be disappointed. I owe the fellow a grudge, and mean to be even with him. I have a capital hoax prepared for him, which is sure to answer if you don't spoil the sport. You know that Scraps will be obliged to get up a critique on Cooper's *Macbeth*, for to-morrow's *Luminary*, as his precious morning paper is whimsically called. I guessed how it would be with him, as I know the fellow's tact and his capabilities. I accordingly popped in upon him just before the play began, and found he had been toiling ever since dinner at his critique, which is, by this time, arranged for the paper, although Scraps has never stirred out of his own room. He has been rummaging the American papers for comments upon Cooper's performance, which have enabled him to string together a column of patchwork, to be headed 'original strictures.' If Scraps did not thus prepare his critiques in advance, if he were obliged always to attend the theatre to see what he attempts to describe, the *Luminary* would seldom be out before noon, for no drudgery can surpass that which it costs the driveller to prepare a few score lines on the spur of the moment."

"You are out there, friend Caustic, (said Quiz,) for though I grant it may be a severe toil to compose the critiques for the *Luminary*, it is ten times severer to read and comprehend them. By the bye, I have often thought that same *Luminary* ought to be called the *Dark Lantern*, seeing that the editor's wit is, as Swift says, 'like a dark lantern which serves his own turn, and guides him in his own way, but which is never known, according to the Scripture phrase, either to shine forth before men, or to glorify his father in heaven.'"

"By Jove, a good thought! (exclaimed half a dozen voices

together;) let us from henceforth dub our bright friend the knight of the *Dark Lantern*."

This proposal produced a general laugh, during which Scraps entered the room exclaiming, "Egad, gentlemen, you seem very merry; some silly joke let off by Caustic, I presume?"

"It was, as you say, a silly affair that we were laughing at, sure enough, (said the Chairman;) but be seated, Scraps; you are late, and seem to have got a wet jacket."

"I never was out on a much worse night, (said Scraps;) as we say in France, *Il pleut d'averse*."

"A plague on your outlandish lingo, (said Bardolph, who had by this time finished his nap;) the pedant is always boring us with his scraps of French; why don't you say at once, in good English, 'It rains cats and dogs?'"

"Ay, and puppies too," said Caustic, pointing at Scraps, who was so accustomed to being laughed at, that he pocketed the affront, and consoled himself with a pint tumbler of whiskey punch.

"Has any gentleman here seen Cooper's *Macbeth* this evening?" said Quiz, who had taken the cue from Caustic.

"No one (said Caustic,) could possibly have seen *Macbeth* to-night, because it was not acted; as the matter-of-fact Governor, in Sheridan's *Critic*, profoundly observed to his romantic daughter,

'Daughter, thou can'st not see the British fleet,
Because it is not yet in sight.'"

"Are you really serious? (said Scrap, in the greatest trepidation;) or are you at your old tricks again? If what you say is true, I must be off instantly to be in time to cancel my critique upon Cooper?"

"Your critique? (said O'Rafferty,) and so you have been cutting up the poor stranger without seeing him; d——I fly away with me if that's fair play."

"The fact is, friend Scrap, (said Caustic, with the most persuasive gravity,) Cooper being indisposed, the play was

changed, that's all; but Liston's Paul Pry is a good apology at any time for a Yankee Macbeth."

"Then by Jove (exclaimed Scraps,) if it poured a second deluge I must be off,—*coute qui coute*, I must be in time to cancel my critique, which unluckily was arranged for the early form." As he said this, he tossed off his heel-tops and precipitately retreated, to the no small amusement of all the party.

"And now, Master Scraps, (said Caustic,) I think I am even with you. The fellow lately played me a scurvy trick, for you know the most insignificant vermin can pester us occasionally. When the *Luminary*—pshaw! I mean the *Dark Lantern*,—appears in the morning, the public, who receive their illumination from its beams, will read, to their astonishment, that Macbeth was put off; and that in lieu of Cooper's performance, Liston, who is now at Brighton, amused the London audience with the humour of Paul Pry. Add to this, that Scraps has lost his supper, his pay for his cancelled critique, and got soaked to the skin in the bargain. I think I have given him a Roland for his Oliver."

"I think, (said Ferdinand,) we have now had the cream of the joke. The company are getting fuddled and noisy; we had better leave them to themselves. I thank you for this peep behind the curtain, although I have been disgusted rather than amused, at the exposure I have witnessed. I neither relish quackery, hoaxing, nor late hours; and what I have this night witnessed will put me out of humour with critics and criticism for the rest of my life."

"If you would profit by my temporary fellowship, (said Asmodeus,) you should see things as they are, not as you wish them to be. Have a little patience, and I will, to-morrow night, initiate you still further into secrets worth knowing, if you still retain your opinion that 'the proper study of mankind is man.'"

Ferdinand and his Mentor then separated for the night.

CHAP. VI.

Whimsical Incident at an Auction—Necessity of Confidence and Good Understanding between Man and Wife—Graspall, Newsmonger, or Speculator in Newspaper property—Either-side and his Editor—Blowing hot and cold.

This evening, after the usual salutations between Ferdinand and his tutelar spirit, Asmodeus, thus unexpectedly addressed his highly-favoured *protégé*:—"It has occurred to me, my friend, that you must be naturally curious to know how I dispose of myself during my absence from you, and I fancy that delicacy alone has prevented you from making any inquiry upon the subject. I will, therefore, reveal a part of the mystery; for, although I must not divulge all that passes during my invisible peregrinations, there are occasional incidents which I may communicate without subjecting myself to the awful displeasure of my mysterious taskmaster. I have already informed you that such is my nature that I require neither food nor repose; although I thus differ from mortals in nature and habit, I am by no means indifferent to what is passing on this earth, and my friendship for you may convince you, that although I am a spirit, I am not destitute of sympathy for the race of Adam. The chief pleasure, however, of which I am susceptible, arises from marking the peculiarities of the human character. I dwell with the most interest upon such incidents as partake of the ludicrous. I need scarcely add, that so abundant is human folly and eccentricity, that I have ample materials for speculation in my daily and nocturnal rambles. You would, I am sure, have been highly diverted had you been present at a whimsical scene of which I was an invisible witness this very day, and which I will relate to you as it is not without a moral. In my walks, I not unfrequently

visit your auctions, which, I can assure you, abound with incidents quite to my taste. The company, on this occasion, was so numerous, that it filled the front and back parlours, the pulpit being placed between the two, so that the auctioneer might be heard by all present. The bidding was generally performed by a nod, or significant sign to the auctioneer, whose head was on the constant turn, like that of a chimney-piece Chinese mandarin, as he politely acknowledged the biddings in the two apartments. At length a lot was put up, for which there were only two bidders, a gentleman in the back parlour, and a lady in the front, who could not see each other, but kept the auctioneer's head in a constant state of vacillation as he politely acknowledged their respective nods, with "Thank you, Sir;" "Much obliged to you, Madam." The competition was kept up until the biddings considerably exceeded the value of the article when new, and the gentleman gave up in despair. — 'May I beg the favour of your name and address, Madam, in order to send the lot home,' said the auctioneer as he announced her triumph with a tap of his hammer.

'Mrs. Spriggins, of Islington,' was the reply.

'Mrs. what!' exclaimed the gentleman in the back parlour. 'Mrs. what!'

'Mrs. Spriggins, of Islington, Sir,' said the auctioneer.

'Mrs. Spriggins, of Islington!' exclaimed the gentleman with a tone of mixed surprise and vexation. 'Why, zounds! have I been bidding against my own wife all this time?'

"This *éclaircissement* (continued Asmodeus) was followed by a roar of laughter, in which all heartily joined, except the mortified couple."

"This incident is truly whimsical, (said Ferdinand,) and we will hope it will be a warning to this married pair to act in future, in concert, rather than in rivalry."

"That was precisely the moral to which I just now

alluded, (said Asmodeus,) and I can tell you of a still more striking instance of the bad effects of the want of confidence, or union, between man and wife. Lord and Lady Wrangle, although they contrived to live under the same roof, might virtually be considered as divorced *à mensa et thoro*. They never even exchanged a word with each other, but communicated, when absolutely necessary, through the medium of a third person, or by written note. This state of things, which was pretty notorious, was turned to good account by a very accomplished swindler, who, having the address and appearance of a man of fashion, introduced himself amongst other company at a rout given by the Wrangles. No one in the company knew him;—the Lady concluding he had been invited by my Lord, while his Lordship took it for granted that he was her Ladyship's friend; and as the guests never suspected that he had introduced himself, he contrived to carry on the game, until waiting a fit opportunity, he decamped, and took with him several valuable articles of the family plate."

"But suppose, (said Asmodeus,) we return to the gentlemen of the press. Game is so abundant in that quarter that we need not beat the bushes to rouse it. Do you observe two persons yonder in a small room, with newspapers and manuscripts scattered in confusion on the table before them. The elder, fat, pursy, gentleman, ensconced in his arm chair, whose name is Graspall, is a trading politician. I do not mean a member of Parliament, who buys his seat and sells his vote, but a speculator in newspaper property. He is the sole or joint proprietor of several journals conducted some on one principle, some on another; whilst others, like himself, have no principle at all. He cares no more for Whig or Tory politics than a draper cares for the colour of the cloth in which he deals, his only object being to sell the article, and pocket the profit. The middle-aged

man opposite to him is his editor, and a precious life he has of it, as he is in the daily habit of writing *pro* and *con* on every subject."

"Now do I from my soul pity that poor slave (said Ferdinand) if he has any political predilections, any feelings, or any moral conscience."

"You may make yourself perfectly easy (replied Asmodeus) on the score of Eitherside, for that is his name. He does not take the matter so much at heart as you imagine. His employer selected him from an excellent school for his purpose. He was once editor of a joint stock newspaper, the political tone of which, on all important subjects, was decided by a majority of the proprietors, who, after discussing which side of a question would be most palatable to the majority of their readers, issued their orders accordingly to their subservient tool, who set about his task without caring any more for the merits of the question than a journeyman tailor cares about the colour or quality of the cloth he is engaged to cut out for his master's customer. It is astonishing with what shameless effrontery some of your public journalists eat their own words."

"I recollect a notable instance of the fact (said Ferdinand) when Cobbett, within a week or ten days, bedaubed Mr. Daniel French with fulsome panegyric and with coarse abuse."

"A very good illustration (said Asmodeus,) but you may not, perhaps, be aware that Caustic, with whose satirical vein you were amused at our last interview, once commemorated the event in the following doggerels:—

About a fortnight since I said
That Daniel French had got a head
So stor'd with brains and classic lore
As never mortal's was before ;
That, Hudibras-like, he'd talk Greek
"As naturally as pigs do squeak ;"
That not a man in this our age,
Like him was virtuous and sage.

But French is now no more my friend,
 My admiration's at an end,
 And whatsoever I might say
 In praise of him the other day,
 I view him now with different eyes—
 The blackguard has been telling lies ;
 And from my soul I so detest
 All lying, even though in jest,
 That, though inur'd to public strife,
 I never lied in all my life.
 'Tis true, about a month ago,
 When this same French was not my foe,
 I said he was the first of men,
 But matters are quite changed since then ;
 So now I publicly denounce him,
 And an egregious dunce pronounce him.
 What I once said must be no rule,—
 The fellow's now both *knave* and *fool*.
 No doubt that stupid creature *Bott*,*
 Will call this "blowing cold and hot ;"
 No matter—blow which way I will,
 Cobbett will have his followers still;
 Who, should he say that black is white,
 Would cry out "Bravo ! Cobbett's right !"

"Suppose, my friend, (said Ferdinand,) we now return to Graspall and his Swiss editor. Pray tell me how are they engaged at this moment."

"Most readily, (said Asmodeus,) you will admire the process ;—it is equally ingenious and economical. Amongst the journals under the management of Graspall is an evening paper of Whig principles, and a morning paper of high Tory politics ; and the difficulty is, to so modify and so remodel the contents of the one as to render them suitable to the other. This, when practicable, is, as you will perceive, no small saving in printers' wages, and in transcription also ; and the tact and experience of the *ci-devant* special pleader admirably qualifies him for a task from which a person troubled with a very nice conscience would revolt with loathing.

"There is now lying on the table before them Graspall's

* Cobbett's nickname for the editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*.

evening paper, in which there is a political article strongly commending a recently published pamphlet, entitled 'A Defence of the Whigs.' As they will have to speak of the same pamphlet in terms of condemnation in the Tory journal of to-morrow, Eitherside has just remodelled the paragraph, which he is reading to Graspall, while the latter is checking it by the original. A portion of these two paragraphs, here placed in juxta-position, may serve as a specimen of Eitherside's tact.—

EVENING PAPER, Monday.

"Our editorial duties have seldom *subjected* us to a more *agreeable* task than the perusal of this *masterly* attempt to prop up the *liberties* of our sinking *country*.—Its style and logic are worthy of each other; and the writer throughout *evinces a thorough knowledge* of the constitution of England, and of that of *every* other country in Europe."

MORNING PAPER, Tuesday.

"Our editorial duties have rarely *entailed* upon us a more *disagreeable* task than the perusal of this *abortive* attempt to prop up the cause of a sinking *faction*.—Its style and logic are worthy of each other; and the writer throughout *betrays* an utter *ignorance* of the constitution of England, and of that of all the other countries of Europe."

(To be continued.)

 PORTRAIT OF AN AMIABLE CHARACTER.

FROM THE LIFE.

Old Skinflint's base soul is wrapp'd up in his pelf,
And no themes are to him so amusing
As to boast to the world what he's *getting* himself,
Or else what his neighbour is *losing*.

 EPITAPH ON AN OLD FRIEND.

(THE HINT TAKEN FROM AN EPITAPH ON A DOG.)

Here lies a friend, who never lied before,
Nor heard a falsehood utter'd while on earth,
You'll think this strange, as he was full threescore;
Know then, my friend was deaf and dumb from birth.

RECONCILLATION OF ST. GEORGE AND CAROLINE, OR THE
DOWNFALL OF THE BOROUGH FACTION.

A LOOSE PARODY OF "ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE."

[WRITTEN IN OCTOBER 1820.]

A warrior so bold,* and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat o'er their wine;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight;
St. George was the name of the pot-belly'd knight,
The maid's was the *Fair Caroline*.

And "Oh!" said in rapture, the amorous beau,
As of Champagne he tipp'd off a quart,
The passion's so ardent with which I now glow,
That ne'er on another a thought I'll bestow,
You shall share both my throne and my heart.—

"Then hush all suspicion," the Cavalier said,
"Believe me, this heart's all your own;†
For whilst I am living, if you be not dead,
I swear by these whiskers,‡ that none in your stead
Shall sit by my side on the throne."

But, alas! by caprice or intrigue led aside,
His recreant affections soon roam;
He spurn'd the fair damsel who late was his pride,
E'en access to her own belov'd infant deny'd,
And the poor childless mother, the sad widow'd bride,
An exile became from her home.

To Palestine journey'd the lady so bold;
The country lamented her sore,
Whilst spies watched her footsteps; and shortly, behold,
The Baron Ompteda, for lucre of gold,
Arrived at fair Caroline's door.

* Lord Stewart, at a dinner in Ireland, gave, as a toast, "The health of the Prince Regent of England, the first Cavalry Officer in Europe!" His Lordship is so high an authority on such a point, that we should as little think of disputing the propriety of the compliment, as of questioning his disinterestedness and sincerity.

† It appears from this passage, that the lady had her misgivings from the first; and, indeed, if report can be believed, she was marked for a victim before she arrived in this country to give her hand to the heir apparent of England's throne.

‡ Whiskers have in all ages been considered of great importance. We read, that, in the reign of Catharine, Queen of Portugal, when the brave John de Castro took the castle of Diu, in India, he borrowed from the inhabitants of Goa 1,000 pistoles, as a security for which he sent them one of his whiskers. If people, now-a-days, could raise the wind in the same way, our monarch might obtain double the amount, as it would be no inconvenience to him to spare both whiskers, as they are movable and renewable at will.

Admitted at once to her friendly domain,
 He prowled like a thief all about,
 To worm out some secret he puzzled his brain;
 Broke open her locks, but 'twas labour in vain;
 And a brave British tar kick'd him out.*

For the grand coronation, now see the Archbishop
 Prepare; for at hand was the day.
 At a Cabinet dinner, they'd just serv'd the fish up,
 And the waiter had brought a *spare rib*† the top dish up,
 When a *belle*‡ struck them all with dismay.

* * * * *

Then, Oh! with amazement, the courtiers found
 'Twas fair Caroline stood by their side;
 St. George was confounded, he utter'd no sound;
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, nor dar'd look around,
 Lest his eyes should encounter his bride.

Her mien was majestic, her aspect so bright,
 That her enemies shrunk from the view;
 All their pleasure and laughter were hushed at the sight,
 Callous Canning and Castlereagh shrunk in affright,
 Pious§ Eldon and Sidmouth look'd blue.

But her presence the people inspir'd with delight,
 She was hail'd by them all far and near;
 Whilst her foes she address'd thus:—"I stand on my right;
 I dare you to bring your foul charges to light;
 And for that purpose I've journey'd here."

Tho' sore 'gainst their will, they were forc'd to comply,
 And the mouth of the bag was unclos'd.
 O heavens! what a sight met all honest men's eyes,
 What words can express their disgust and surprise,
 When the perjury stood all expos'd!

The people now utter'd a terrible shout,
 And the Ministers shrunk from the scene,
 As Brougham turn'd the witnesses all inside out,
 And the vile Cotton-garden squad put to the rout,
 When thus spoke our much-injur'd Queen:—

* Lieutenant Hownam challenged the traitor, who snuffed and swaggered; but, notwithstanding the pains taken by that ministerial toad-eater, the *Courier*, evidently had "no stomach for the fight."

† A spare-rib is said to be a dish for which St. George has a very high relish, but his state physicians pronounced it as their opinion that it would be imprudent to indulge in it at his time of life, as it might endanger the constitution, and produce internal commotions.

‡ The great Russian bell, which weighs about half a million pounds, never produced such a sensation, nor made half so much noise, as the *belle* lately imported from St. Omer, for the purpose of tolling the funeral knell of the ministry.

§ The author has directed us to print the word pious in "Italic" characters, for what reason we know not, except it be that he alludes to "Italian" piety.

"Begone!" to the base borough-faction she cry'd ;
 "Your malice and hatred I brave:
 To deceive England's monarch, all arts you have try'd,
 He has sworn that none else, but his own lawful bride,
 At the grand coronation should sit by his side,
 Unless I should be in my grave.

"Round the soul of your sovereign your dark spells you've wound,
 And his subjects' hearts fill'd with dismay.
 In this land once with freedom and happiness crown'd,
 Now soldiers, and taxmen, and paupers around
 Are the signs of your pestilent sway.

"But your hour's come at last, tho' deferr'd for a time ;
 No more on your minions presume ;
 Truth and innocence triumph, by order sublime ;
 And the Queen, whom your perjuries branded with crime,
 In justice pronounces your doom.

"Each midnight, some horrible demon or sprite,
 When honest men slumber in peace,
 Shall haunt you as you've haunted me in despite ;
 Your consciences never shall slumber at night ;
 Nor awake shall your miseries cease."

All England rejoic'd, as if snatch'd from the grave ;
 Peace and liberty once more combine ;
 John Bull, o'er his pipe and his jug, sings this stave,
 "May England no more be the land of the slave,
 Huzza to the health of our monarch so brave,
 And his consort the fair Caroline."

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE SPEECH OF A RANDOM ORATOR, AND NOTORIOUS PLAGIARIST.

Says Tom to Dick, "This fellow's speech,
 I own, is far beyond my reach ;
 Its meaning I can't comprehend,
 What do you think of it, my friend ?"
 "I think," quoth Dick, "you'll vainly seek
 For any parallel ;—'tis quite unique ;
 There's nothing *new* in it that's *true*,
 And nothing *true* in it that's *new*."

THE TOP.

MR. SERSON'S AND MR. TROUGHTON'S EXPERIMENTS.

When first we called the attention of the public to the singular phenomenon of the top which continued spinning for fifty minutes, we had to encounter the sneers of sundry small wits, who endeavoured to be very smart upon the occasion, and affected to regard the experiment a frivolous waste of time. Such cavillers might, with as much propriety, ridicule the experiments made by Dr. Franklin, because they were made with a child's kite. We informed these gentlemen that one of the most celebrated mathematical instrument makers in Europe, has made several experiments on the top, with a view of rendering its protracted motion subservient to the purposes of science, and we showed that the Liverpool top with which we had made our experiments, had been kept in circulation a quarter of an hour longer than Mr. Serson's top, described in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Since the time when we first noticed the subject, many inquiries have been made respecting the top, and its construction, dimensions, &c. by very intelligent and scientific gentlemen; and our reply has always been that we should take some early opportunity to give so minute a description of it, as would enable any person to have one constructed. The *Melange* affords us the opportunity of redeeming this pledge, and of inserting the experiment which has excited very considerable interest.

The top we are about to describe was presented to us by Mr. Sanders, of this town, a very ingenious gentleman, who has now retired from business, but who was formerly

a wood-turner. He has made a great variety of experiments upon tops, but he never succeeded in constructing one which was capable of so prolonged a motion as that which he was so polite as to present to us; and which we believe has never been equalled.

We shall now proceed to select one from several articles which appeared on the subject in the *Mercury*.—

PHENOMENON OF THE TOP.

“I rejoice to find you at so classical a pastime,” said the Vicar, as he approached Tom, who was busily engaged in spinning his top. “The top, my boy, is a subject which the great Mantuan bard did not consider beneath the patronage of his muse.”—*Philosophy in Sport*, Vol. i. p. 263.

We have selected this passage from a charming little work, in order to show the small-wit scribblers who have been, as they in their vanity no doubt suppose, very smart in their quizzical comments upon our experiment, that eminent men have deemed the spinning of a top a phenomenon worthy of their notice. For their edification it may be necessary, perhaps, to add, that the Mantuan bard was the immortal Virgil. For this information we shall reckon upon their gratitude, if they will have the candour to acknowledge the obligation, which, however, by the bye, we somewhat doubt.

The most eminent mathematicians have deemed the motion of the top worthy of their speculations, although we have good reasons for believing that none of them ever witnessed the actual spinning of the top for the period of fifty minutes, a phenomenon which we have lately recorded from our own experience.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* there is a very interesting paper on the subject, which we have traced with some

pains, and which we shall transcribe for the amusement of our readers, and for the especial edification of the "small wit" editors, to whom we have already adverted.

We stated that the celebrated philosophical instrument maker, Troughton, had conceived the idea of effecting an artificial horizon by means of this toy; and it appears from the article which we are about to copy, that the experiment was previously made by another ingenious person so far back as the year 1752. We shall give the account from the *Philosophical Transactions*, and shall afterwards offer a few remarks of our own.

"Read, Feb. 6, 1752.—'The horizontal top, the invention of Mr. Serson, who was unfortunately lost in his Majesty's ship the Victory, is pretty well known. This ingenious person found, that when this top was set agoing in the proper way, its upper side, which is polished, about two minutes after it was set up, moved in such a manner as to give a true horizontal plane; and that this plane was not at all disturbed by any motion or inclination given to the box in which it was placed, and therefore might be proper to be used aboard a ship; by which means seamen may be enabled to take the altitude of the sun or stars in order to find their latitude, even though they cannot see the horizon in thick hazy weather.

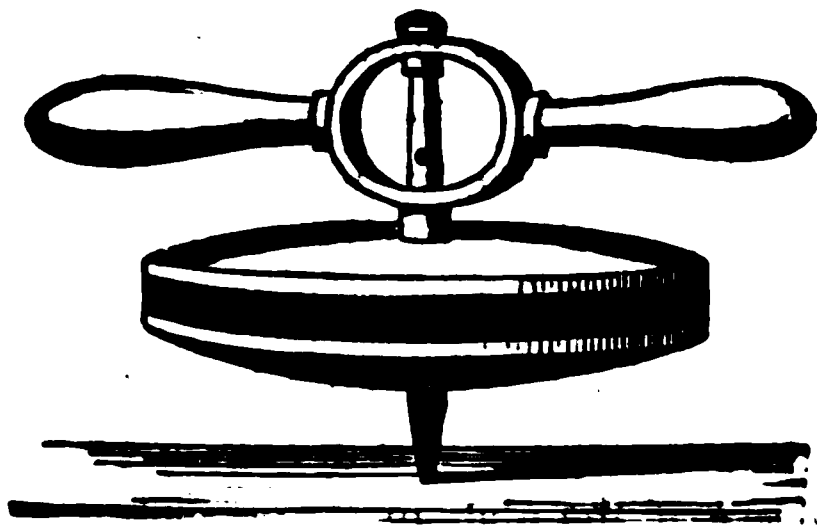
"Some gentlemen of my acquaintance were of opinion that the air had some share in the cause of this horizontality. I therefore applied to Mr. Smeaton, who has the best air-pump I ever saw, all of his own invention and construction. The pump being at this time in the house of Mr. William Watson, who had desired the use of it for some electrical experiments, we went thither, and having set the top agoing, we put a receiver over it, and immediately exhausted the air. By repeated trials it had been found that the top, when set agoing in the open air, played or spun during the space of 36 minutes of time, from the instant of its being set up till

it had ~~lost its circular motion~~; but we found that in the exhausted receiver it played or spun during the space of *two hours and sixteen minutes*, preserving a perfect horizontality for the space of three quarters of an hour; and, therefore, that the air has no share at all in the cause of its horizontality, and that the air is a great impediment to its motion." *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xlvii. p. 352.

Upon reading this account we have a right to feel proud of our Liverpool top, because Serson's top, which has thus had the honour of a place in our *Philosophical Transactions*, did not spin so long as ours, in the open air, by a *quarter of an hour*; and as it moved for two hours and sixteen minutes in vacuo, we have a right to conclude that ours would, under the same circumstances, continue in motion for the astonishing time of *three hours and nearly a quarter*!—"according to Cocker." As we have not yet had any means, however, of trying the experiment, we shall not take upon ourselves to state that such would be the fact; but we have a right to conclude, *cæteris paribus*, that it would necessarily be so.

The attempt of Mr. Troughton to obtain an artificial horizon, by means of this kind of top, with mirrors fixed into its upper surface, appears to have been copied from this experiment of Mr. Serson. We have been informed by a scientific friend who saw the top, that Mr. Troughton took a voyage to Ramsgate in order to have practical experience of the effect of the ship's motion upon its parallelism, and the result was, that it was quite steady except when the vessel pitched violently.

We have before observed that in our opinion that defect might be entirely counteracted by slinging the top in gimbals; and we merely throw out the hint, in the hope that those who are practically skilled in such matters may be induced to renew an experiment the success of which would be most important to nautical science.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOP MADE BY MR. SANDARS.

The top, as may be seen by the annexed engraving, is in shape somewhat like a narrow Gloucestershire cheese, rather thicker at the centre than at the sides; the centre part through which the spindle passes, being about an inch in thickness, and the sides about five-eighths of an inch. It is put in motion like a common humming-top, by means of a yard or more of cord passed through the circular hole in the spindle. The top, the diameter of which is about four inches and a half, is turned out of wood, with a girdle of lead round the circumference, as represented by the shaded line in the sketch. This lead is inserted into the wood about three-quarters of an inch, and is about four pounds weight, and half an inch thick. The iron or steel pivot on which the top spins, is about seven-eighths of an inch long, and ought not to be brought to too fine a point, as in one experiment, when spinning on glass, it fairly drilled a hole through it.

The spindle, which is of wood, is about one inch and seven-eighths long. The handle, which is moveable off and on, is about seven inches long, shaped and used exactly like that of the common humming top. When the top is used the cord ought to be wound pretty tight round the spindle. One person ought to hold the two handles firmly, while the other draws out the cord to its full tether. The cord

should not be drawn out too rapidly at first, but with an increasing speed. The plane upon which we made the experiment when the top spun for fifty minutes, was the smooth surface of an enamelled plate or saucer, which ought to be as smooth as possible, as the motion of the top will be much impeded if the point of the spindle should get into any small hollow. The plate or saucer ought to be so placed, as to be steady, which is very well effected by putting a napkin under it several times folded. It only remains to add that the surface of the plate or saucer should be oiled with a very small portion of good oil.

GYMNASIA.

No. II.



TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I apprized you in my first communication that I should commence this series of Gymnasia with some of the most simple exploits, the performance of which is unattended with danger or much difficulty. The feat which is explained by the present figure is one of this character; and it differs from the former in this circumstance, that it admits of great scope for competition, as I have known some persons who could chalk many inches further than others of precisely the same stature and length of limb. A straight line may be

chalked on a floor, or the division line of the planks may suffice; or if there be a carpet a line may be obtained from its figure. The right foot must be brought up to this line, and must so remain. The left foot must also be brought to the same line, with the legs distant from each other at option from twelve inches to two feet, or more, according to the convenience of the party. The right arm must then be passed under the right knee, as far as possible, and a mark to be made on the floor with a piece of chalk held between the first and second finger; or if the trick be performed on a carpeted floor, a piece of money, &c. may be deposited from between the first and second finger. The person who can chalk or place the money the farthest, of course is the victor. In performing this feat, the left knee ought to be brought down as near the floor as possible, in which case it will necessarily overhang the line,* but the two feet must never pass the boundary line.

RAILROAD TRAVELLING IN 1840.

“Upon my word it's true; what will you lay it's a lie.”—*Major Longbow.*

In our last we published a letter from Mr. Tangent, to his grandmother, describing a recent jaunt on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and concluding with a promise to give some account of the great National Railroad in a subsequent letter.† The huge locomotive carriage intended to ply between Liverpool and London was not quite ready when the former letter was dated; however, it will be seen by

* The right knee will also overhang the boundary line, although not so much as the left knee.

† *Erratum.*—The date of Tangent's letter, inserted in page 75, ought to have been 1840, not 1850.

the annexed communication that it is now in successful operation.

TO MRS. PRISCILLA PRIMITIVE.

Liverpool, Nov. 20, 1840.

MADAM,—In consequence of a slight accident, to which I shall more particularly advert in the course of the letter I have now the honour to address to you, my friend Mr. Tangent finds writing rather a painful operation, and has, therefore, requested me to communicate to you a description of the new and immense locomotive carriage of which he promised to give you some account in his last letter.

To take things in their proper order, I shall first say a word or two about the railroad itself, which is a most prodigious undertaking. From bank to bank it is about one hundred feet, affording free scope for ten rows of carriages. The time occupied in the journey from Liverpool to London is about six hours. The smaller locomotives occupy the road between the hours of six in the morning and six in the evening, making in that time two trips each; after which the road is entirely monopolized by the *Colossus* steamer, which performs two trips. No carriage could travel on the road while this huge vehicle is at work, because such are its dimensions that its breadth extends nearly from bank to bank. Its length is in proportion, being six hundred feet; so that you will agree, Madam, that its name is very appropriate, being, as we may say, a real *Colossus of Roads*,* which, like its decayed predecessor, may be considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It sets out from Liverpool at six every evening, reaches London at twelve at midnight, and immediately sets out on its journey back, reaching Liverpool at six in the morning, when it is removed for twelve hours, whilst the lesser carriages ply. I cannot

* Query.—Ought not this to be *Colossus of Rhodes*?—*Printer's Devil*.

even guess how many travellers it would accommodate, but I can assure you that two regiments of soldiers made the trip with me, and there was ample room for as many more.

There is one clever contrivance for ascertaining precisely whereabouts you are in the night, which can be known to a foot, by a simple reference to a dial with several faces, the fingers of which, moved by the machinery, point out the number of revolutions the wheels have made, and these, by reference to a printed table, give you the precise number of miles and yards you have passed over, and consequently the precise spot where you are. There is a very neat little theatre; and those who choose to incur the expence may while away the time with one of Shakspeare's plays, which are very well got up by the locomotive company. A wag the other day observed, that their tragedy must necessarily be very impressive, it was so *moving*. There are several billiard tables, warm and vapour baths, a library consisting of light reading and "*fugitive* pieces," a gymnasium, a ball-room, card-rooms, and every other kind of accommodation that can be imagined. The music is performed on a grand organ, on the principle of the panharmonicon, inflated by means of cranks connected with the bellows. This is a great improvement over the ordinary method, as the inflations are regular.

With the exception of the accident which occurred to my friend and your worthy relative, Mr. Tangent, our jaunt was performed with equal safety and celerity. With common care such accidents may easily be avoided; and as there are now precautionary placards posted in different parts of the *Colossus*, I feel confident that we shall hear of no similar disaster in future. But it is high time to inform you what has really happened, lest you should apprehend something more serious than what has befallen our friend. The fact is then, Madam, that when we reached a part of the road

where there is a remarkably fine echo, Mr. Tangent requested a bugleman belonging to one of the regiments I have already mentioned to permit him to sound his instrument to ascertain the effect. Unfortunately, we had at the time what sailors call a strong head wind, which, owing to the velocity with which we were flying in an opposite direction, was tantamount to a hurricane to those who ventured to face it.

I have somewhere read of a tornado at sea which was so furious that it required several men to prevent the captain's hat and wig from being carried overboard as he stood upon the deck to give the necessary orders. Whether this be true or false, I shall not stop to inquire, but proceed to inform you that when Mr. Tangent applied his mouth to the bugle to prove the echo, he unluckily faced the wind, which instantly rushed into the mouth of the instrument with such violence as to force three of his front teeth down his throat, and to prostrate him on the floor, by which accident he so severely sprained his right hand that he has been obliged to employ mine in communicating the fact to you. This, as I informed you, Madam, was the only serious affair that occurred, although we had some whimsical accidents which were rather the subject of mirth than of alarm.—One gentleman in the attempt to wave his hat as he passed a village where a group of persons, whether men or women we could not ascertain, were assembled to get a flying glance at us, had his *chapeau* whisked out of his hand with such velocity that it was out of sight before you could say "Jack Robinson." As the wife of one of the engineers of the *Colossus* keeps a hat store on board in anticipation of such accidents, the gentleman's loss was repaired at a moderate rate. My little misfortune was not so easily remedied: I was imprudent enough to exhibit to a fellow passenger one of the new one pound Bank of England notes, which have been re-issued since Peel's bill was repealed; this shared the fate of my

friend's hat, and it will prove a caution to me how I meddle again with paper currency in a high wind.

Before I conclude this long and rambling letter I must not omit to inform you of the object of our journey to London, as our complete success affords as striking a proof of the utility of steam travelling and railroads 'as can be adduced. You know that the *Liverpool Mercury*, of which Mr. Tangent is editor, is published every Friday, and it so happened that the Thursday preceding the last day of publication was fixed upon for a most important debate in the Commons on the reduction of the national debt, which, in the opinion of our leading politicians, has become inevitable. The attention of all the country was so completely engrossed with this subject that it was absolutely necessary for Mr. Tangent to have a report of the Thursday night's debate in the *Mercury* of the next morning. This great object we were able to accomplish, thanks to our friend the *Colossus*. Mr. Tangent and I, accompanied by six compositors, with their type boxes, repaired to London on the Wednesday to be in readiness. We attended a long and stormy debate, which lasted until eleven o'clock, when it was adjourned until another day. We then drove to the National Railroad Office, paid 7s. 6d. each for our trip home, and at midnight precisely, at a signal by the steam trumpet, we shot off like an arrow from a bow, having previously engaged a small apartment for our compositors, who, *en chemin*, set up in type the different speeches as Mr. Tangent and I supplied them with copy from our short-hand notes. We arrived at Liverpool precisely at six in the morning, and as our report was all ready cut and dry, it was immediately arranged in the columns of the *Mercury*, and by eight o'clock, in consequence of our new steam press, the whole of the debate, which had terminated at eleven o'clock the preceding evening, was circulated all over Liverpool.

I have already so far exceeded the limits I had prescribed myself, that I shall now conclude by apologizing for withholding my signature to the letter I have the honour to address to you. I am naturally very diffident and averse to obtrude myself on the public notice, and as I perceive you have published the letter of my friend Tangent in the last *Liverpool Mercury*, I hope you will not take it amiss if for my real name I substitute the *nom de guerre* under which I have now the honour to subscribe myself,

Madam, yours, respectfully,

P. S. I forgot to inform you that every species of eatables and drinkables is to be had in the *Colossus*, and that the humble traveller and the opulent tourist may find something to his taste. There is one refinement in preparation for the summer which I ought not to pass over; I allude to a very simple and ingenious method of producing ice, to cool the wine or water. The water will be suspended in jars and exposed to the open air, and a small jet of ether will be made to pass over the surface of the jar, which, together with the perpetual current of wind to which it will be necessarily exposed, will convert the fluid into ice very rapidly. I merely mention this to show you that no pains will be spared to render steam travelling as agreeable as it is safe and expeditious.

IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO A CONCEITED FREQUENTER OF THE LIVERPOOL
ACADEMY OF PICTURES.

Yon prating connoisseur, *Verté*,
Freely each living artist blames,
So would he serve the ancients too,
Did the vain puppy know their names.

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 68.)

“Audacious descendant of Adam, how and wherefore hast thou dared to pollute with thy unwelcome and odious presence, this our peaceful retreat, which the all-wise Creator of all things has been pleased to provide as the immortal abode of those animals who have consummated their earthly career in that world which a too indulgent Providence has committed to the capricious and mischievous control of thy unfeeling race? Know, rash mortal, that this happy island is the elysium of those creatures which man, the self-styled ‘Lord of the Creation,’ in the vanity of his heart, calls ‘Irrational brutes.’ Instant death ought to be the penalty for this unhallowed intrusion into our blessed sanctuary; but, that thou mayst know that our race do not, like thine, inflict pain or death out of mere wantonness, it has been unanimously resolved by the immense multitude by which thou art surrounded, that thou shalt be permitted to plead thine own cause, and if possible to extenuate the crime thou hast committed in thus breaking in upon our happy sanctuary where we daily offer up thanksgiving to our Maker, that we have escaped from a world where the cruelty of man rendered our lives one prolonged scene of suffering and sorrow. After we have heard thy explanation, it has been further determined that some of the creatures which have suffered persecution from thy race in their former state of existence shall publicly relate their history, in order to prove to thee that the aversion and horror in which we hold thy race is not a groundless prejudice. The wrongs which many of my fellow-creatures who are here assembled

have endured during their earthly career, are so manifold, that it would be an endless task to enumerate them, or to expatiate upon their enormity. It has, therefore, been resolved that a few instances only shall be cited, after which it shall be submitted to the decision of this meeting, whether "man is deserving of any mercy from those animals which have been subjected to his domination during their earthly pilgrimage?" Before we proceed further in this investigation, inform the court in what part of the world thou wert born, what was the object of thy unwelcome visit to our happy island, and what were the arts thou employedst to effect thy purpose? It is of the utmost importance that we should ascertain the means by which thou hast succeeded in tracing out our retreat, in order that we may guard against the possibility of a similar intrusion; speak, therefore, without hesitation or equivocation, as thou lookest for our mercy or darest our vengeance, which any deviation from the truth will most assuredly call down upon thy head."

The elephant paused for my reply, and the eyes of the countless multitude were directed towards me, while the most perfect silence prevailed. As soon as I became sufficiently collected to obey the summons, I thus addressed myself to the extraordinary court before which I was called to plead:—"Mighty president of this numerous assembly, standing here before you in a novel and unprecedented situation, I trust to your indulgent forbearance if I should fail to acquit myself to your entire satisfaction, in my attempt to reply to the questions you have just been pleased to propose to me; relying on your clemency, I will endeavour to merit it by a strict adherence to the truth. Allow me, in the first place, to plead not guilty to the charge of having wilfully or knowingly intruded upon your sanctuary; as my arrival in this island was the result of pure

accident." Here I recounted the particulars of my aerial voyage, which were listened to with great apparent interest; and when I had concluded that part of my narrative, the elephant thus addressed me:—

"Stranger, thy story is so extraordinary that it would have been altogether incredible, had we not happened to observe, mounting into the sky just before thou wert discovered, that balloon, as thou callest it, which bore thee to our shores; if thy story be true, and the sight of that singular vehicle is circumstantial evidence in thy favour, we must acquit thee of deliberately intruding upon our happy retreat. Proceed with thy address, and rely upon a patient and impartial hearing."

Somewhat relieved by the gentle tone in which these words were delivered, I proceeded as follows:—"You require me to declare the place of my birth, and I blush to own, in the face of this meeting, that if I had my choice I would rather have been spared this disclosure, as it is with shame and sorrow I am obliged to confess that my countrymen, distinguished as they are amongst the nations of the earth for superior refinement and intelligence, have much to answer for on the score of wanton cruelty to those animals which are under their control. After this avowal I fear you will have anticipated my reply that England is my native place." I had no sooner uttered these words than a general murmur arose from the different animals around me; and, although I could not clearly ascertain the precise import, I thought it an unpropitious omen.*

* This may be thought an unmerited reproach, but we fear an examination into facts will confirm the disgraceful distinction; let any man peruse the shocking details which are recorded in that excellent work, "The Voice of Humanity," and deny it if he can that the English, in their conduct towards inferior animals, are most wickedly abandoned. Look at our bull, bear, and badger baitings, duck hunting, cock and dog fighting, skinning cats, dogs, eels, and plucking fowls while living! Nor should we

My suspense was not of long duration; the elephant raised his trunk aloft as a signal for silence, upon which the murmurs immediately subsided, when the president addressed me in the following words:—"Son of Adam, it is fortunate for thee that thou hast to plead before a mer-omit to mention our horse races, which are often, perhaps always, attended with the infliction of much torture.

It has been confidently asserted that thorough-bred race horses take great delight in the competition of the course; but we cannot easily be persuaded that they can be delighted at having their flanks gored with the spur.

The following anecdotes have been recorded in evidence that the race horse takes a pride in excelling his rival:—

Mr. Quin's Vicious Horse.—In the year 1763 Mr. Quin had a famous racer, which entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his opponent gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs, and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals who were engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict: they were got apart with much difficulty.—*Brown's Biographical Sketches of Horses.*

Forester had won many a hardly contested race; at length, over-weighted and over-matched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him; he neared, and eventually got abreast;—they continued so till within the distance. They were parallel; but the strength of *Forester* began to fail him. He made a last desperate plunge, seized his adversary by the jaw to hold him back; and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. *Forester*, however, lost the race.—*Ibid.*

The following extract is from the work of a celebrated writer:—

"They who have seen the races at Newmarket, tell me it is a fine sight; the horses are the most perfect animals of their kind, and their speed is wonderful, but it is a cruel and detestable sport. The whip and spur are unmercifully used. Some of the leading men of the turf, as they are called, will make their horses run two or three times in as many days, until every fibre in them is sore, and they are disabled for ever by over exertion. Whatever pleasure, therefore, a man of clear conscience might lawfully have in beholding such sports, when they are instituted, if such was their origin, for the sake of improving the breed, and were purely trials of swiftness, is at an end. The animal, which evidently delights in the outset, and ambitiously strains himself to his full length and speed, is lashed and gored till his blood mingles with his foam, because his owner has staked thousands upon the issue of the race; and so far is this practice from tending to the improvement of the breed, that at present it confessedly injures it, because horses are brought to the course before they have grown to their full strength, and are therefore prevented from ever attaining to it."—*Southey's Espriella's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 241.

ciful and impartial tribunal, or thy avowal would materially prejudice thy defence. In our retreat, the happy tenants of this favoured spot frequently commune together on the subject of the sufferings to which they were doomed in their former state of existence, and the concurrent testimony of all my fellow-creatures, who have had the opportunity of judging of the fact during their sojourn upon the earth, is, that in England there are more acts of wanton barbarity perpetrated than in any other country on the face of the globe. I would not say one word to prejudice this vast assemblage against thee while proceeding with thy defence; I know my associates too well to fear that they will visit the sins of the guilty upon the heads of the innocent.

There are some cruelties practised in England which we believe are unknown in many other countries. The skinning of cats alive, which is agonizing to think of, is an every day practice, to which we shall have occasion unwillingly to revert, in the course of this work. We shall, for the present, confine ourselves to one communication on that painful subject, which recently appeared in the London papers:—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

“ Sir,—It is impossible for any one possessing common feeling to read without inexpressible horror, the accounts of the increasing cruelties towards the brute creation, and most especially towards domestic animals, that are constantly appearing in the public prints. I am led to these observations especially by proceedings at Guildhall on the evidence of a bricklayer, named Cox, against a woman named Down, for skinning cats alive. I shall not attempt to express the feelings that must arise in the mind of any human being possessing a heart to feel, on the perusal of such crimes committed by man or woman; feelings that must be increased in no small degree in this case, when the sex of the perpetrator is considered. My object in writing to you is to express an earnest hope that the public generally will, by some demonstration of disgust, endeavour to prevent a recurrence of such hitherto unheard-of cruelties. If a profit is to be derived from burking children, from skinning cats, sheep, and other animals alive, and from other enormities that have lately come to light, disgraceful to human nature, England will soon become a country unfit for civilised beings to exist in.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

April 14, 1833.

HUMANITAS.”

Surely the furriers may help to prevent cats and dogs being skinned alive. The superiority of the fur, it seems, points out the manner in which it has been obtained.

In thy country, barbarous as it is, I have heard of many exceptions to the general depravity; thou mayest, thyself, be one of the number, and if thou canst prove that fact to this assembly, thou hast nothing to fear, and every thing to hope from our justice. My fellow-creatures here regulate their conduct by an excellent precept which is often found in the mouth of man, but which our experience proves has but very little influence over his conduct. Our rule is to 'Do unto others as we would that they should do unto us,' if, therefore, thou canst shew that thou hast not been thyself one of the persecutors of those defenceless and unoffending animals over whose destinies thou hadst control in the days of their earthly purgatory, thou has nothing to dread from the sentence of this just tribunal."

Deriving comfort and courage from this reiterated assurance, I thus resumed my defence:—"I have already admitted that you all have but too much cause to detest and

We shall lay no stress upon the pugilistic exhibitions for prizes, which disgrace this country, because, if two ruffians choose to pummel each other black and blue for a sum of money, rather than earn their livelihood by honest industry, we care nothing for the sufferings they may inflict upon each other, whatever we may think of the taste or good feelings of those who encourage and delight in such exhibitions. But what shall we say of the depravity of those who relish such scenes as that which is described in the following paragraph?—

"On Tuesday evening, the 17th instant, a boy about twelve years of age, called Billy, celebrated as a rat killer, gave a most extraordinary proof of his skill before an assembly of sporting characters, at the Green Dragon-yard, Holborn, in a ring ten feet square. He undertook to destroy 17 rats with his teeth, *alias* to munge them to death, in the short space of two minutes and a half. He set-to with his numerous antagonists in the boldest manner imaginable, and performed execution upon them all with great ease, comfort, and address, within the time. He had a knack of gripping them by the back of the neck, and immediately transferring them to his jaws, where each of them expired without a groan, *instantly*, to the delight of the spectators, some of whom are going to back him against Westminster Billy for any sum. His mouth was washed with a glass of Hodges', after which he appeared perfectly well qualified to encounter as many more *varmint*. So wonderfully dexterous was Billy the boy, that he received but one scratch—a boast which, we believe, Billy the dog cannot make."

condemn my countrymen for their wanton abuse of the power with which they were invested for a very different purpose, by a beneficent Providence, during your sojourn in that world from which you have been happily released; but permit me to urge, in palliation of the general delinquency of man, that there are very numerous and honourable exceptions to the prevailing depravity, which, I feel confident, will have much influence upon your verdict. I have the pleasure to know many amiable Englishmen who contemplate the wrongs of which you have so much reason to complain, with sorrow and indignation; and who, not only have never perpetrated any acts of wanton cruelty themselves, but have done every thing in their power to prevent such outrages and to bring those who were guilty of them to justice. There are, in my native country, several societies established for the express purpose of suppressing wanton cruelty to animals, and many laws have been enacted by our legislators to promote the laudable object. Situated as I am, as a presumed culprit at this awful bar, I trust I may be permitted, without unpardonable egotism, to disclaim any participation in that horrible persecution of your race, against which I have never ceased indignantly to protest. I take no merit to myself in affirming, that from my earliest youth, admonished by my excellent parents, I beheld with pain and disgust the cruel spoliation of birds' nests, which are too often regarded as the legitimate booty of any youth who can lay hands upon them. I have ever held in abhorrence those

‘ Detested sports,
That owe their pleasure to another’s pain.’

I have never participated in the guilt and contamination of the cock-pit; nor in the detestable and cowardly practice of bull, bear, or badger-baiting, or any similar outrages upon the feelings or lives of those animals which were created by

the same God who endowed me with life and reason. It affords me some comfort to recognise in the vast multitude before me, several animals to whom I have been attached, and which, I believe, were also attached to me during our temporary association on that earth, which they have exchanged for this paradise. I feel confident that I may appeal to them to bear out my assertion, that I never have been amongst the persecutors of your much injured race."

When I had finished my address, the elephant thus accosted me in very gracious accents:—"Stranger, thou hast fully acquitted thyself of the charge of wilful intrusion into our community; and if it be true, as I am disposed to believe, and shall soon endeavour to ascertain, that thou hast been merciful to those of our race who have been under thy care during thy earthly pilgrimage, thou hast nothing to apprehend from the sentence of this court. It will be necessary, however, that we should proceed as at first proposed, as I wish thee to hear the details of some of those enormities which are practised by man upon those defenceless and unoffending creatures which have been subjected to his control. If thou shouldst ever be restored to thy native country, thou mayst perchance serve the cause of humanity by publishing to thy countrymen the result of the inquiry with which we shall forthwith proceed. My friend the horse, I believe, has had more experience of the disposition and conduct of man than any other of my fellow-creatures in this assembly; I request, therefore, that he may open the proceedings by recounting his own experience during his sojourn on earth."

At a summons from the elephant, a beautiful and majestic horse advanced from the multitude, and stationing himself opposite the president, spoke to the following effect:—

(To be continued.)

A TOUCH AT THE TIMES
IN DOGGEREL RHYMES;

BEING THE COPY OF A LETTER LATELY ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

[WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 1828.]

For your welcome epistle accept of my thanks,
And as I have by me a few members' franks,
And the times are so dull, that I've little to do,
I'll devote a few minutes, my good friend, to you.
I have one piece of news will be quite to your mind,
His Grace, our grand premier, at length has resign'd
The command of the army; and no one can doubt
That the Duke was by public opinion shamed out,*
Though long us'd to jobs of all kinds, yet John Bull,
For once in his life, has not prov'd such a gull,
As to witness, without some alarm and displeasure,
The command of the troops, and control of the treasure,
Concentrated in one, who, on some future day,
The part of Napoleon, or Cromwell might play.
But his Grace will, no doubt, find the Treasury afford
A passport to fortune more safe than the sword;
And finding he could not monopolize both,
He relinquish'd the latter, though cursedly loth.
In choice of two evils, the proverb advises
The lesser to choose, and the council most wise is;
Nor was it less prudent, it must be confess'd,
In his Grace, of two good things, to stick to the best.†

From the speech of the king which I send you to read,
You will see that whatever the practice or creed
Of some nations may be, 'tis no matter at Court,
For you'll find they are charm'd with the infidel Porte;
And while Irish subjects at home are disgrac'd,
With obloquy branded, with fetters debased,

* The Duke of Wellington admitted, in one of his speeches, that he was prepared to retain the premiership and the chief command of the army. It is nothing but public opinion that has shamed him out of the latter.

† Of his Grace's perfect competency to the duties of premier, some people seem to doubt, who do not know that his Grace is

"Great in the forum—greater in the fort."

Mr. Brougham, the other night, paid the following compliment to his oratorical attainments:—"When last session I heard him make that speech, in which he had the modesty and candour to declare that he knew himself incapable of speaking before their Lordships as the First Minister of the country ought to be able to speak, he expressed himself with so much clearness and propriety, that I thought I had never heard a better speech, nor one more suited to the occasion."

The Sultan, who Christians would, living impale,
 As our dear and our "ancient ally" we can hail.
 Of this contradiction, to give the true reason,
 Might subject a man to the charge of high treason.
 "*Ex sociis noscitur*,"—you know the school phrase,
 —Or, "birds of a feather" as our adage says.

* * * * *

In the divan of Turkey each despot may find
 A legitimate precedent, quite to his mind;
 It stifles complaints and remonstrances too,
 By the edge of the sword, *à-la-mode* Peterloo;
 The Greeks too, are rebels, who've thrown off the yoke
 Of that "ancient ally," of whom Majesty spoke;
 And should such refractory spirits succeed,
 The consequence would be "untoward" indeed,
 As millions at home who are still more oppress'd,
 Might, by force, seek to get their long sufferings redress'd.

'Tis a maxim with governments, Christian and Turk,*
 That subjects are born to pay taxes and work;
 That popular meetings in country or town
 Are "ridiculous farces," which should be put down.

Our newspaper wiseacres lately pretended
 That his Grace's new ministry really intended
 Some boon to poor Ireland her sufferings to heal,
 And silence those brawlers O'Connell and Sheil,
 But none will believe the report but a fool,†
 Who knows not the creed of the Wellington school;
 A liberal policy, not in their way,
 Some may say that it is, but I answer—"nay—Ney!"

You must know that on Tuesday we'd Huskisson down,
 To offer himself once again to the town,
 As its member; when after a few hours' jobation,
 He resum'd, as a matter of course, his old station.
 To hear his long speech, did not fall to my share,
 As our close smothering hustings I never could bear;
 The hole at Calcutta could scarce be so hot,
 But I fancy there's no better place to be got.
 I'm much pleas'd that Huskisson was not rejected,
 But came off much better than could be expected;

* Mr. Hume, on presenting several petitions from Ireland against the penal laws, very manfully and truly observed, "that the conduct of Turkey to Greece was the only parallel to the treatment which Ireland received from England. He hoped the liberality of the age would, at length, shame England out of a continuance of the system by which Ireland was governed."

† In answer to a question put to Ministers by Viscount Clifden, the Duke of Wellington distinctly answered that "Government had no intention to repeal the whole, or any part of the penal laws affecting the Roman Catholics of Ireland."

For though his associates in power I can't bear,
 He's a man that the country just now cannot spare ;
 As a statesman, there's not one amongst them can match him,
 However, 'twere wise, pretty closely to watch him ;
 And should he prove false to the pledge he has given,
 Let him be from his station indignantly driven.
 Meanwhile, let us cherish the fond hope that he
 Will turn out as honest as statesmen can be,*
 While England is curs'd with the pestilent sway
 Of "corruption notorious as sun at noon day ;"†
 And now I'll conclude my long rigmarole letter,
 With wishing the times and my rhymes were both better.

 LINES

ON VIEWING THE CORPSE OF A VALUED FRIEND IMMEDIATELY BEFORE
 INTERMENT.

Ye fading traces of mortality !

When life's brief chequer'd scenes are past ;
 The grave, the gay, the bondman, and the free,
 "To this complexion come at last !"

The livid lips that once this portal grac'd
 Have oft the pledge of love imprest,
 While o'er these pale unconscious cheeks were trac'd
 The varied feelings of the breast.

No more these eyes, whose fountains now are dry,
 The haunts of misery shall explore ;
 Nor longer smile to see the tear of joy,
 Where tears of anguish flow'd before !

Mute is the tongue, whose accents once would charm,
 Nor e'er the suppliant's prayer deny ;
 And ah ! how cold this bosom, once so warm
 With freedom and philanthropy !

All now is chill, and motionless, and dark,
 Whose mortal destiny's to die ;
 But still the Godlike soul's ethereal spark
 Lives, and shall live to all eternity.

* Mr. Pitt once emphatically and truly observed, that under the present system, no honest man could be minister of the country; and he forfeited his own character, by remaining himself minister after such declaration.

† The Speaker of the House of Commons admitted, that trafficking in seats in Parliament was as "notorious as the sun at noon day."

DEFENCE OF CERTAIN INDEPENDENT FREEMEN.

WRITTEN IN 1830.

'Tis said, "the value of a thing
Is just whatever it will bring ;"
If so, what shipwright, sweep, or carter,
His precious liberty would barter,
For quarts of ale, or pints of rum,
When he can get a good round sum,
In shape of five or ten pound note
For his most independent vote ?
Of old, when Faustus sold his soul
To Beelzebub, and sign'd the scroll
In his own blood, he took good care
To stipulate for sumptuous fare ;—
Then why not, Independent Freeman,
When you make bargains with the Demon,
Pursue the self-same, prudent plan,
And get the highest price you can ?
Your rights, we know, are *dear* to you,
And should be *dear* to others too ;
Then follow an old friend's advice,
And bargain for the highest price :
Make those who buy you pay you well—
Don't for a trifle go to h——.

 THE COLOUR OF THE DEVIL.*

The white man paints the devil black,
The black man paints him white ;
And Mungo's lacerated back
Proves that *his* notion's right.

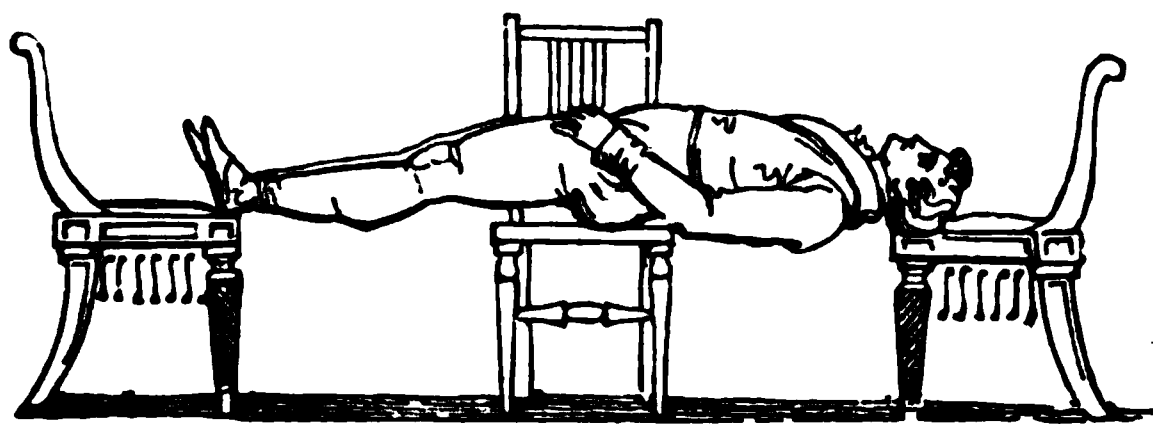
 EPITAPH ON A NOTORIOUS LIAR.

Beneath this stone here *lies* his head,
Who living *lied* to get his bread,
The force of habit, let those doubt who will,
He living *lied*, and now he's dead *lies* still.

* A negro being asked what colour he supposed the Devil to be? replied, "You white men think he is black, the black men think he is white, but from his great age I think he must be gray."

GYMNASIA.

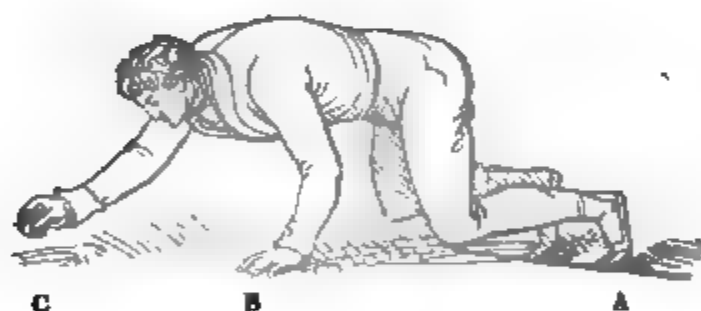
No. III.



TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may have seen a trick occasionally introduced at the Circus, which never fails to produce thunders of applause, and exclamations of astonishment, although nothing can be much easier to accomplish. I allude to the feat of supporting an iron anvil on the body, whilst one, and sometimes two persons, strike upon it with hammers, the person who sustains the anvil lying stretched out stiff, with his head (not his shoulders) resting upon one chair, and his heels upon another, with no support whatever for the rest of his body. Any man of moderate strength may perform this feat, by giving fair play to the powerful muscles of the neck, elevating his chest a little, and keeping the shoulders well down, when he will find himself able to sustain a person of light weight sitting across his body. As for the anvil and hammer, singular as the experiment may appear, the blows are quite harmless, and indeed scarcely perceptible to the person upon whose breast or body the anvil rests; this will be readily ascertained by making the trial, first with the anvil in the hand, in which position a blow may be sustained from a hammer, which, if made without the intervention of the elastic metal anvil, would bruise and hurt the hand.

After this digressive preface, I shall describe the gymnastic feat No. III, in performing which, the anvil is discarded as superfluous and vulgar. The figure represents a man with the back part of his head resting on one stout chair and his heels upon another: a third chair, which ought to be of a lighter make, (a cane one if it is to be had,) is placed under him, as represented in the annexed sketch. He must then stiffen his body and limbs as much as possible, throwing up the chest and keeping down the shoulders, and disengage the middle chair, which he must carry round over his body until he deposits it again under him on the opposite or left side.

No. IV.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just been informed that a young lady has received divers bruises and bumps in attempting the exploit described in my last. I am much more concerned than astonished to hear this news; and I hereby caution my fair readers at their peril, not to attempt to follow me through all the antics I shall have to describe; some of which are ill adapted for the *weaker* sex. That the young lady should fail in the experiment with the chairs, is not surprising. It requires strong muscles in the neck, and we should be sorry to find the gentler sex distinguished as a “stiff-necked race.”

The feat I am now about to describe is extremely safe and simple, although it is perhaps too well known to have much claim to novelty. It is, however, one of the series, and I do not profess to describe nothing but what is new or original; although some of the gymnasia may perhaps merit that epithet.

A line (A) is to be marked on the floor, to which both feet, or rather the toes of both your feet are to be brought, and beyond which they must not pass. One hand (B) either right or left, at option, is then to be thrown forwards (without touching the floor on its passage) so far and no farther than you can spring back again from the horizontal position to the original upright position of the body, without disturbing the stated position of the feet, or scraping the floor with the hand in the back spring. The distance at which different persons can thus spring back from the hand will, of course, differ according to their length of arm, or their strength and activity. In the figure, I have supposed the distance of the hand from the feet to be about equal to the length of the leg and thigh of the person making the experiment. This distance is chosen because almost any active person can recover from such position; but I have known those who could spring back from a much greater distance.

When you have ascertained the distance at which you can recover without scraping the hand, or changing the original position of your feet, you must stretch forward as far as possible, and whilst your body is supported by the hand on the floor, you must chalk as far as possible with the other, C, after which, you must, as before observed, rise up, from your hand, and recover your original upright position.* There is great scope for skill and activity in this feat, and there are persons not exceeding five feet, or five feet

* Instead of chalking, if the trick be performed on a carpet a piece of money may be deposited from between the fingers.

and a few inches, who will chalk considerably further than others of six feet high.

The great art is, to bring your body as near to the floor as possible; for which purpose, it is recommended, (and allowable,) to move the feet backwards from the line of demarcation, as far as you can, which will bring the body much lower than it is in the figure, and enable you to chalk, at least, the full length of yourself, which is considered pretty good chalking; although there are persons who will exceed that distance very considerably.

Those who perform this trick the best, contrive, when on the stretch, that the body rest upon the elbow.

In this figure, the left hand rests upon the floor; the chalking is performed with the fingers of the right hand.

LINES

Occasioned by a unanimous resolution adopted by the Common Council of London to erase the inscription from the Monument of London.

“Where London’s column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.” — *Pope.*

ADDRESSED TO THE COUNCIL.

Nobly resolv’d!—but justice still demands
More ample retribution from your hands;
Uproot at once that execrable pile,
Too long the deep reproach of Britain’s isle;
That monument, which, as our poet said,
“Like a tall bully lifts” its lying head!
And on the site some Christian pile erect,
For widows or for orphans of that sect,
Which yon vile fabric, rais’d by some foul fiend,
Regardless of historic truth, malign’d;
So shall a monument of love, not hate,
A nation’s past transgressions expiate.

FREE TRANSLATIONS FROM SOME FRENCH EPIGRAMS,
EPITAPHS, &c.

IMITATION DE MARTIAL, PAR M. BOILEAU.

Paul, ce grand médecin, l'effroi de son quartier,
Qui causa plus de maux que la peste et la guerre,
Est Curé maintenant, et met les gens en terre—
Il n'a point changé de métier.

LINES ON A CURATE WHO HAD BEEN A PHYSICIAN.

(Altered from the French of Boileau.)

Paul, as physician, fear'd by all around,
Deadlier than pestilence, or war was found ;
His trade, as priest, has little chang'd, I trow,
Killing was then his practice—burying now.

—
EPIGRAMME, PAR M. BOILEAU.

Ven pour mettre au bas d'une méchante gravure qu'on a faite de moi.

Du célèbre Boileau tu vois ici l'image ;
" Quoi, c'est là," diras-tu, " ce critique achevé !
D'où vient ce noir chagrin qu'on lit sur son visage ?"
C'est de se voir si mal gravé.

Behold the portrait of the fam'd Boileau ;
" What ! the great critic ?" It is even so.
" Well may the poet look so grim,
If he believes it looks like him."

—
EPITAPHE D'UN VIEUX GARÇON.

Ci-git, qui fut Célibataire,
Et n'eut que vices et défauts.—
Plut à Dieu qu'on eût pu sur le tombeau du père
Jadis écrire aussi ces mots :
" Ci-git qui fut Célibataire !"

A childless old bachelor lies here,
Whose example all people should shun ;
His neighbours exclaim, with a sneer,
What a pity his sire had a son !

EPITAPHE D'UN MAGISTRAT.

Ci-git Cléon, ce Président avare,
 Qui vendit la justice à chaque citoyen ;
 Croyant qu'une chose si rare
 Ne doit pas se donner pour rien.

Here, mouldering in his native dust, is
 One, who, when living, dealt in justice ;
 Which he so precious did consider,
 He sold it to the highest bidder.

Another version.

A well-known magistrate doth here lie,
 Who justice lov'd so very dearly,
 'Twere pity, he would often say,
 To give so rare a thing away.

EPITAPHE D'UNE AIMABLE FILLE.

Ne cherche plus en ces bas lieux,
 Celle qui fut toute divine ;
 Lucille est retournée aux cieux :
 Tout retourne à son origine.

Seek not the fair Lucillia here,
 She's left this for a happier sphere,
 From earth on seraph wings she flies,
 Back to her native paradise.

EPITAPHE D'UN PHILOSOPHE.

Ici-git l'égal d'Alexandre
 Moi, c'est à dire, un peu de cendre.

Alexander the Great, of the Macedon state,
 Though the mightiest man of his day,
 Is no greater than I now, who here rotting lie now,
 We both are resolv'd into clay.

ON THE REASONING FACULTIES OF THE
BRUTE CREATION.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

(Concluded from page 109.)

We shall now proceed to relate a case which occurred within our own experience, and which, in our opinion, is very strongly in favour of the position we are endeavouring to establish. We had in our possession a very fine and sagacious dog, of the shepherd breed, which happened to be tied up one day when a friend called upon us, who was eating a bun, a piece of which he threw down to the animal: it fell on the floor, a few inches beyond the reach of his fore paw. After several ineffectual efforts to get at it, the dog, to our surprise, turned round, and scraped the bread within his reach by his hind paws. We taught this same animal a trick, which, although it is very common, we may adduce as evidence in support of our argument. Placing a piece of meat upon his nose, we trained him to wait until we had given the signal "one, two, three," or "ready—present—fire!" when he would toss it up, catch it in his mouth and eat it. It is impossible to doubt that the reasoning faculty, is concerned in such a performance as this;—the animal "deduced one proposition from another, and proceeded from premises to consequences," which is a characteristic of reasoning, according to the definition we have quoted from Dr. Johnson. In teaching a dog to perform this feat, we uniformly find that at first he will seize on the meat, without waiting for the signal; he will have the prize before he has won it. After a little experience, however, he discovers that his best policy is to wait patiently for the signal, as by this forbearance he avoids chiding or chastisement, and secures the *bonne bouche*.

Instinct and reason are here at variance;—the former prompts the animal to seize the food without delay, but reason steps in and checks the impulse.

It has been urged as an argument against the position we are maintaining, that if the lower animals did possess the reasoning faculty, they would improve, and that one generation would be wiser than another, whereas Reimar says, “time neither improves the arts of the whole species, nor matures the talents of the individual.”

“The bees of the present day (says that writer,) construct their combs and collect their honey precisely as they did in the time of Virgil, nor have the birds or the beavers of the eighteenth century struck out the least convenience in the structure of their nests and cabins, which was not found in the works of their forefathers in the first ages of the world.”

This passage is more plausible than sound;—it is not true that “time neither improves the arts of the whole species, or matures the talents of the individual.” The surprising performances of horses at our amphitheatres, and of the dog *Watch*, described in the letter of Amicus Canum, prove that animals are capable of great improvement. It is true, indeed, that bees construct their combs and hives as they did when Virgil wrote his *Georgics*; but the reason may be, that as they then formed them upon the most correct principle, they could not vary the operation without degenerating, instead of improving.

It has been admitted by mathematicians that the combs of the bee are constructed on a most admirable principle for combining lightness with strength. These indefatigable artists were instructed in their tiny architecture by the Almighty, who created them for his own wise but inscrutable purposes; and if we do not discover any improvement in the structure of their habitations, it is because, as we have

before intimated, being perfect, they are incapable of improvement.

It is well known, however, that the inferior animals do occasionally vary those operations which are usually ascribed to instinct; or, in other words, adapt themselves to circumstances. Barrow, in his travels in Africa, informs us that the swallows and sparrows, which in England build open nests, construct them very differently in Africa, where they have to dread the attacks of monkeys and snakes, which they guard against the one by forming its nest with a long narrow entrance or tube, and the other besetting its nest with strong thorns. This adaptation of manner or habits to circumstances appears to be something very closely approximating to reason, and it affords a triumphant answer to the observations of Reimar to which we have just adverted.*

* We have heard scientific gentlemen maintain that Mr. Barrow's authority on this point is not entitled to much weight, and that the swallows and sparrows of Africa, which construct their nests in the manner he describes, are of a different species from those of this country. However this may be, we can dispense with the illustration altogether, as the other instances we have adduced are quite sufficient to establish the point for which we contend.

In the commencement of this essay we observed that the means we adopt in training or educating animals are precisely the same as those we employ in educating children, namely, the hope of reward, and the fear of punishment, "stimulants which would be utterly unavailing if they possessed no other faculty than instinct." In addition to the instances we have already adduced to show that animals are susceptible of improvement, in consequence of their faculty of drawing correct inferences, we shall here relate a very extraordinary but well authenticated account of a pig, which by patient training became an excellent staunch pointer:

"Toomar, the gamekeeper of Sir Henry P. St. John Mildmay, broke-in a black sow to find game, back, and stand to her point, nearly as steadily as a well-bred dog. This sow was a thin long-legged animal, one of the ugliest of the New Forest breed. When young, it manifested a great partiality for some pointer puppies, then under the care of the keeper at Broomy Lodge. It often played and fed with them. And it occurred one day to Toomar, that, as he had broken many an obstinate dog, he might also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal willingly cantered along

A friend, upon whose veracity we can implicitly depend, lately related to us an anecdote so much to our present purpose, that we shall here avail ourselves of the fact in furtherance of our argument. He had instructed his dog to shut the door at the word of command, a feat which the sagacious animal one day, to the surprise of his master, took upon itself to perform without his bidding. The day was cold, and as the door was open the draught from the lobby annoyed the animal, he deliberately arose, closed the door, and resuming his place, enjoyed a snug nap,

We have somewhere met with an anecdote, the truth of which was confidently vouched for, but which we relate from memory:—Two goats happened to meet in a very

with him a considerable distance from home; he enticed her still farther by means of a kind of pudding, made of barley meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. His other pocket was filled with stones, to throw at the pig whenever she misbehaved, as she was too frolicsome to allow herself to be caught and corrected like dogs. She proved, however, upon the whole to be tolerably tractable; and he soon taught her what he wished, by this system of rewards and punishments. She quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood stock-still when she came upon game, and backed dogs with great steadiness. When she came on the cold scent of game she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So staunch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards on her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned to Toomar, grunting very loud for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomar died, his widow sent the pig to Sir Henry Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage-net, and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park; and the sagacious animal never failed to point it in the manner above described. Sir Henry was obliged at length to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life:—A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped, and a person being sent to watch the flock, detected this sow in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they fed. Sir Henry sent her back to Mrs. Toomar, who sold her to Mr. Skyes, of Broakwood, in the New Forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.”—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

narrow pass of a mountain, where there was barely a footing for one of them, and no possibility of turning without the certainty of being precipitated into an immense abyss below. In this perilous predicament they stood still for a while, as if musing upon the line of conduct to be adopted, when one of the sagacious creatures was observed to lie down very cautiously, and cowering as low as possible, permitted the other to pass in safety over its body.

We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* to shew that the inferior animals, as they are styled, can adapt themselves, like rational beings, to varying circumstances; that they can sometimes draw as correct inferences as man himself, and perform acts which cannot be accounted for on the theory that they have no other guide than instinct, if the definition of that faculty which we have laid down be correct. We do not deem it necessary to adduce any more facts in support of the theory we have advanced; as it is impossible to account for some of the acts we have described without admitting that the inferior animals do possess a portion of the reasoning faculty; and as all their voluntary acts must be the result either of instinct or of reason, it appears to us to be a logical inference that such of their actions as are irreconcilable with the recognised definition of the one of these faculties must be ascribed to the other, or to the joint operation of both.

In conclusion, we would address one observation to those who may deem it a matter of very little importance whether animals do or do not possess some spark of intellectual light. It has often been urged as an apology for, or, at least, an extenuation of, negro slavery, that the black man is inferior in intellect to the white man, from which gratuitous and very questionable assumption, the act of keeping the negroes in bondage has been justified or palliated. Although we have very little respect for the head or heart of any man

who can arrive at such a conclusion, and can avail himself of so flimsy a sophism to gloss over a gross infraction of the first principles of justice, and the precepts of religion; yet knowing that such a defence has often been set up for the continuance of negro slavery, and that it has some influence over the opinions of many persons, we need not, be surprised if an apology of a very analogous nature should be urged in defence of tyrannizing over "irrational brutes." A popular belief, therefore, that animals partake more or less of that reasoning faculty which man possesses in so eminent a degree, would, in our opinion, have a tendency to render man more considerate and humane in the treatment of those creatures which are subjected to his domination, and which are the work of the same God who formed himself.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND AFTER HIS RECOVERY FROM
A SLIGHT INDISPOSITION.

The choicest of blessings is health,
Which Heaven in its bounty bestows,
For titles, distinction, and wealth,
Are oft but the source of our woes.

Yet this precious boon from above,
I'd forego, at least once in my life,
The genuine value to prove,
Of that best of all nurses—a wife.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Says Dick to Jack, "Your neighbours say,
You wrangle with your wife each day."
"Poo, poo!" says Jack, "they only joke,
'Tis full a fortnight since we spoke."

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 135.)

CHAP. VII.

The Benighted Traveller—A strange Ghost come on a strange Errand.

When Asmodeus rejoined his friend this evening, Ferdinand had just finished Sir Walter Scott's tale of the Tapestryed Chamber.

"It would, I fear, be trespassing too much upon your accustomed indulgence, (said Ferdinand,) to ask your opinion of stories of this description."

"I could certainly offer an opinion, (said Asmodeus,) as to the literary merits of such works; but I must be as mute as the grave respecting every thing connected with the world of spirits. If, as I surmise, you would question me therefore as to the existence of supernatural beings, I should say, with the ghost of Hamlet's father,

—————' But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold.'

"I will trespass no further upon forbidden ground, (said Ferdinand,) but allow me to observe, *en passant*, that Shakspeare, in the very piece from which you have quoted those lines, calls death

'That bourne from whence no traveller returns.'"

"True, (said Asmodeus,) but did it never occur to you that your incomparable poet and philosopher has here been betrayed into a remarkable solecism; for, if death be 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' how came it to pass that the ghost of the murdered King of Den-

mark communicated with his son, and revealed that secret to him which forms the main incident in one of the finest productions of your matchless dramatist?—But to resume the subject which led to this digression. Although I dare not satisfy your curiosity on the subject of supernatural visitations, I may, without reserve, relate to you a story, not about a real, but a sham ghost, which may perhaps divert you. The incident occurred during one of my late nocturnal rambles; and, if you think it worth communicating, you are at liberty to transcribe it as I relate it.”

Ferdinand thanked the courteous spirit for his obliging offer, and having made the necessary arrangements, took down the following narrative from the lips of his communicative companion:—

“If I had not formed a favourable opinion of your taste and judgment, (said Asmodeus,) I might commence my story in the phraseology of the Minerva press as thus:—Night, with a lowering scowl, was putting on her mantle of the deepest sable; or, in more ordinary parlance, night was coming on apace; a piercing east wind wildly scattered before it the thick flakes of snow, which descended in such profusion as completely to obliterate all traces of the intricate and lonely path through a dreary moor over which a benighted traveller was journeying, with the forlorn hope of reaching a distant village, where he intended to remain for the night. He was an entire stranger in those parts, and such was the nature of the country, that, under the most favourable circumstances, he would have experienced some difficulty in threading the mazes of the wild district he had to traverse. In this dilemma, as his only resource, he committed himself to the guidance of his horse, concluding that the instinct of the noble animal was much better adapted to the emergency than his own reason, bewildered as it was. The faithful and sagacious creature fully justified the confi-

dence reposed in him; he pursued his course steadily, but cautiously, and in a few hours the traveller, to his indescribable joy, discerned a faint glimmering light in the horizon in the direction he was pursuing. By this time he was almost an icicle, and was frozen so fast to his saddle that horse and rider, like the fabled Centaur, formed one body. Had you seen him, covered as he was a foot thick with the snow, which had congealed around him as it fell, you would have been reminded of the description of the polar bear, by one of your favourite poets:—

‘ Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn,
Slow paced, and sourer as the storms increase.’

The noble brute, to whose superior sagacity a ‘ lord of the creation ’ on this occasion was indebted for his safety, continued to pursue his course, until at length the traveller, more dead than alive, arrived at a venerable looking and spacious mansion, which appeared to have been, in former days, a castle, as some of the battlements, the deep moat, and the ponderous Gothic gateway were still remaining. However, as lights appeared in the windows, and sounds of mirth and revelry were heard from within, the stranger did not hesitate to avail himself of the ponderous knocker to announce his arrival; and, after a short interval, the massive door was opened to him. Judge of his surprise and satisfaction on finding himself ushered into a spacious area, the scene, probably, in ancient days, of tilts and tournaments, but which had, by modern improvements, been converted into a stable yard for the accommodation of horses. Some parts of the castle itself, for such it had been, were transformed into comfortable accommodation for travellers, many of whom were now safely housed, secure from the pelting of the pitiless storm. Our traveller was with difficulty detached from his horse; and was shown into the spacious kitchen, in the

ingle nook of which he became gradually thawed down to his natural shape and dimensions, but not before his grotesque appearance had afforded ample merriment to the guests, who were carousing there. As our hero was a wag and a humorist, he vowed to himself that he would be even with them for their mistimed jokes; and he was as good as his word, as you will presently find. The landlady had by this time accommodated him with some good warm clothing belonging to mine host of the castle, and, as our traveller was a light-hearted blade, he soon lost all recollection of his late pitiable plight, and began to make himself as merry as the best of them. After paying a visit to his trusty steed, and seeing him well fed and foddered, he inquired from the landlady whether he could be accommodated with a bed for himself; but what was his vexation on hearing that all the rooms were engaged except one apartment, which no traveller ever chose to enter, as it was reputed to be haunted by the spirit of an unfortunate barber, who had there cut his throat some weeks ago; since which catastrophe the room had been regarded with so much dread, that not a servant in the house could be persuaded to enter it. Our traveller was not a man to be terrified by idle fears of ghosts, and as it was out of the question to budge that night, he expressed his determination to sleep in this haunted chamber, and a thought which crossed his mind at the moment confirmed his resolution. The difficulty was to prevail upon the servants to venture into the room to make a fire and to prepare the bed; but by dint of a certain argument, the efficacy of which is proverbial, the traveller persuaded them to enter in a body, heading and encouraging them himself, and at length every thing was arranged for the accommodation of this rash and presumptuous stranger, as he was considered by every one in the house, from the landlord to the boots. Our traveller, after partaking of a hearty

supper, ordered his bottle and pipe to be carried up stairs, observing, that it was his intention to sit up awhile to await the coming of the spirit, and to question him about the dreadful secret which preyed upon his mind, and prevented him from resting quietly in his grave. The landlady, who admired the courage of her guest, while she regretted his rashness, bade him 'Good night,' with 'Heaven bless you, Sir;' which she uttered in a tone rather of misgiving than of hope, as if she doubted whether she should ever see him more. Our traveller, although quite at his ease on the score of the ghost, suspecting that some trick might be played off to alarm him, placed his pistols before him on the table, lighted his pipe, and awaited the issue very composedly, as, like Tam O'Shanter,

'Fair play,—he car'd no deils a boddie.'

"The clock struck twelve, the high 'Change hour of ghosts, but no spirit appeared; and as that in his bottle was getting low, and as he was not a little fatigued with his day's adventure, he retired to his bed, without taking off his clothes, in order to be better prepared for action. The company had supped in an upper room, only separated from his chamber by a light partition wall, through which he could distinctly hear all that was going forwards. The storm had by this time increased to a perfect hurricane and the guests seemed resolved to sit it out, as they had formed themselves into a party at hazard. Our traveller had, during the course of the night, heard frequent allusions made to himself, some of the company, to use their own phraseology, wondering 'what would become of the poor devil in the haunted chamber, when the castle bell should toll one;' which was the signal for the ghost to make its appearance. This, for our traveller, was news, which he did not fail to turn to immediate advantage, by setting about the execution of his pre-

conceived design of acting the part of ghost himself. With this view he contrived to convert one of his sheets into a very appropriate spectral robe; round his neck he tied a red garter, to represent the ghastly wound inflicted by the deceased barber on his own throat. A piece of burnt cork enabled him to disguise his face and render it sufficiently hideous; and, to crown all, a night cap with a large tassel, with death's head and cross bones represented in front, by means of the aforesaid burnt cork, made up a *tout-ensemble* altogether irresistible. It was now on the stroke of one, and as if to second his views, the company were just then eagerly intent on their game; there was not a minute to be lost; something, however, still remained to be done to complete his costume;—the spirit of the barber could not, he thought, be more appropriately equipped than with a razor in one hand and the shaving-box in the other. His portmanteau soon supplied these requisite appendages, when it suddenly occurred to him that it would greatly heighten the effect if burning spirit were substituted for the ordinary lather. As the remnant in his bottle was not what is called 'parliamentary whiskey,' it readily furnished him with the inflammable lather. Conceive him now ready for action, awaiting the awful signal from the castle turret. It sounded at length, and our ghost having lighted up the ethereal contents of his lather-box, stalked out of the room with a heavy tread, like that of the spirit in *Don Juan*. The strange sound and the ominous toll of the bell, instantly put an end to all noise and revelry amongst the terrified gamblers. With one stroke of his foot the spectre forced open the doors, and presented himself to the horror-struck company.

'The guests, as they view'd him, shrunk back in affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.'

The ghost deemed it prudent not to allow them time to rally

their senses, but as a climax to the scene, holding up the razor in one hand, and the blazing shaving-box in the other, said, in a deep and hollow voice, 'Will you be shaved?' There is something sufficiently disagreeable in the sight of a naked razor brandished in a menacing attitude; but the idea of being shaved by a ghost, and brushed with inflammable lather from below, is too much for human nerves. The company all rose in one instant, *en masse*, and as there was fortunately in the room a back door leading to the kitchen stairs, through which they precipitated themselves, neck and heels, never stopping until they reached the bottom, where they lay sprawling, in speechless agony. Meanwhile the ghost was not idle, his *robe de nuit* served as an apron into which he collected all the money on the table. He then extinguished the candles and retired to his own bed, chuckling at the complete success of his scheme. How the routed guests recovered from their fright, it would be superfluous to relate; suffice it to say, that they at length retired in fear and trembling to their beds, without once thinking of the money they had left behind them in the apartment, where the ghost so unexpectedly interrupted their revelry. Next morning our traveller in vain rang his bell for the waiter; not a soul in the house dare answer the summons, and when he at length made his appearance below, all seemed to shrink from his presence as if it were a second supernatural visitation. He called for his breakfast, but no breakfast was forthcoming, and he was surveyed, at a distance, with glances of suspicion and dread; at last, however, he succeeded in persuading the landlady, who was a woman of good understanding, that he was the identical stranger who had slept in the haunted chamber, and that he was really flesh and blood and no ghost, which assurance he confirmed by a cordial shake of the hand, accompanied with a good-natured laugh at the fears which his appearance had occa-

sioned. The good dame at length summoned courage to enter into conversation with him, and inquired how he had passed the night. 'Never better,' was his reply. 'Did you hear nothing?' said she. 'Nothing,' was the reply. 'Nor, see any thing?' said she. 'Why, yes,' said he, with an air of indifference, 'an impudent scoundrel of a barber popped his head into my room at one o'clock in the morning, and asked me if I wished to be shaved. I suppose, (continued he,) the fellow must have been drunk, and so I kicked him down stairs, and fell asleep again.'

"As the weather continued tempestuous, the guests remained in their quarters to dinner; and our traveller, who by this time had persuaded them that he was no spectre, joined them at the table. The conversation naturally turned upon the strange occurrence of the preceding evening, and the hero of the tale was highly amused at the different accounts given of the ghost.—One insisted upon it that it was that of the barber most unquestionably, as he was very well acquainted with him. A second observed, that although he had never seen the barber while living, he had seen a capital portrait of him, painted in his usual style of excellence, by Mosses, of Liverpool, and that it was as like the ghost as two peas. Another protested that flames of fire issued from his mouth and nostrils; and that his voice although somewhat more sepulchral, resembled that of the unfortunate man who had committed suicide in the chamber which his troubled spirit nightly revisited. At length our traveller requesting permission to be heard, thus addressed the company:—'Gentlemen, I love a joke as well as any man living, but a joke may be carried too far; and as the belief in ghosts is as absurd as it is mischievous, I should be sorry that we should part without an explanation. Behold, here before you, gentlemen, the identical ghost which spread such consternation amongst you! When I entered this inn,

last night, you were pleased to be very merry at my expense, and, as I always give a Roland for an Oliver, I vowed I would be revenged; and the idle report of the ghost in the haunted chamber suggested to me the scheme I practised with such success. If you doubt my word, gentlemen, behold the money which you left behind in your hurry, and which I bore off, with the intention of restoring it to you, as I now do.' As he said this he unfolded a handkerchief and deposited the gold on the table. The explanation, accompanied as it was with the unexpected recovery of the cash, produced a universal roar of laughter. 'The guests shook the traveller by the hand, heartily thanking him for a lesson which they should never forget to the latest hour of their lives.'

"And here, (said Asmodeus,) the story ends. What think you of it?"

"I have been vastly amused, (said Ferdinand,) and I am convinced, myself, that none of the ghost stories on record have any better foundation in fact than that you have just related."

CHAP. VIII.

Phrenology and Physiognomy—Craniological Examination of the head of Burke, the Murderer—Phrenological Bumps the Cause of Indecision of Character and other Anomalies.

"Turn your eyes this way, my friend, (said Asmodeus, pointing to that spot on the globe which represented the capital of Scotland;) there is something going forwards in a lecture-room there which may afford you some amusement."

"I see a group of grave looking gentlemen, (said Ferdinand,) surrounding a chair, in which there is a naked man placed in an upright position, and secured by straps, appa-

rently to prevent his falling. Are they going to perform some dreadful surgical operation? if so, I would rather be spared so painful a spectacle."

"You may make yourself perfectly easy on that score, (said Asmodeus,) there will not be the slightest infliction of pain; the naked figure before you is dead. He was hanged this very day for a crime which has appalled the nation; a crime which your journalists term 'diabolical,' although there are no devils in the long list of my acquaintance that could be guilty of such atrocity."

"Then that, (said Asmodeus,) must be the corpse of Burke. I shudder as I gaze on it. Let us turn to some other object which I can contemplate without horror."

"My motive in directing your attention to the scene before you, (said Asmodeus,) was to amuse you, not gratuitously to shock your feelings. Bear with the scene awhile, it will repay you for the sacrifice. Tell me what you see?"

"I perceive, (said Ferdinand,) that some of the persons who surround the body occasionally apply callipers and other instruments of measurement to the head of the murderer, while a secretary is noting down the result of their examination. A phrenological investigation is going forwards, I presume."

"Your surmise is correct, (said Asmodeus;) you see before you some stanch votaries of Gall and Spurzheim, who regard the science, as they call it, of phrenology with as much reverence as the disciples of Lavater regard the twin science of physiognomy."

"I don't think it fair, (said Ferdinand,) thus to class the two together; for, although physiognomy may be extremely fallacious; although, as in the case of Socrates, the countenance may not always be an index to the mind of a man, who, by rigid moral discipline may have counteracted the propensities of his nature, yet there is, unquestionably, some foun-

dation for the inferences deduced from the arrangement and expression of the features. If an actor would successfully portray the character he assumes, he must, above all things, endeavour to feel as he would feel if he were the identical person he represents, and placed precisely in the circumstances imagined by the author. If he can work his mind up to this pitch, his countenance will resemble that of the original he personates. To play the villain to the life, he must, for the moment, become the villain, and in the degree that he possesses this power over himself will be his power over his auditory. This was the spell by which Miss O'Neil so powerfully affected her hearers. She was the identical prototype, not the mere 'counterfeit presentment' of the heroine. Her own eyes were not dry while those of her audience were suffused in tears. I have heard respectable actors, who have borne a part with her in the mimic scene, declare that she entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the author, as, apparently, to lose all present consciousness of her own personal identity. The different effect produced by an actor of this temperament, and an actor possessed of the physical requisites for his profession, but destitute of that intense feeling which is essential to this power of abstraction, is well described in a few lines written upon Garrick and Barry in the character of King Lear:

'The town has found out different ways
To praise their different Lears;
To Barry they give loud applause,
To Garrick only tears.'

"This may be all very true, (said Asmodeus;) but I confess I do not see its natural connexion with the subject on which we were conversing."

"It may be somewhat discursive, I grant, (replied Ferdinand,) but I conceive it is not quite foreign to the subject I had in view,—which was to show that physiognomy and

phrenology ought not to be classed together as twin sciences, and by your leave I will endeavour further to illustrate my meaning. If the power of momentarily entering into the feelings of the character represented, can thus impart to the features of an actor the impress of the hero or the villain, it will not be denied that inward feeling and outward expression are in some degree connected, as cause and effect. If a man look like a villain, his looks will go far to condemn him, notwithstanding our daily experience that a man's face may belie him. So far physiognomy is recognised as at least plausible by the common consent of mankind; and, imperfect and fallacious as it sometimes proves, it is useful if not necessary, to man in his intercourse with society, because as far as the face is the index of the mind, that index is constantly before our eyes; and as nature does nothing in vain, we may fairly presume that the ever-varying expression of the human countenance must have been intended as some beacon to aid us in the discrimination of character, to inspire us with confidence, or put us on our guard."

"Proceed, if you please, (said Asmodeus;) your digression certainly appears to me somewhat of the nature of an *ad libitum* cadence, in which the musician takes great liberties; but if, after wading amongst the flats and sharps, he comes skilfully back to his theme, his digression is admired and applauded.—You understand me."

"Perfectly, (said Ferdinand,) as I shall prove by returning with all possible precision to the point from which we set out. Physiognomy may, as I have admitted, partake of the nature of a science, although it is very imperfectly understood; but can the same be said of phrenology? We may predicate something of a man's character from what the poet calls "the human face divine," but what knowledge can we derive of his disposition or propensities, from the examina-

tion of lumps and bumps? Had Providence intended such external signs as indications of the inward man, they would have been situated more conspicuously for the purposes of inspection. As it is, many of these organs, as they are termed, are so indistinct, or so placed, as to require a very minute inspection to detect them; whilst others cannot be investigated without shaving the head. Is it possible to suppose that Providence would thus place 'landmarks out of sight?' It is far otherwise with physiognomy. So thoroughly persuaded was one of my most intimate friends of the sympathy between the countenance and the mind, (*le dedans et le dehors*,) that harmony of features was with him the best letter of recommendation. I do not mean mere beauty, but the *tout-ensemble*, in which I have heard him declare he never was deceived. I will, by your leave, repeat a few lines on the subject, which he once addressed to a lady to whom he was paying his addresses. The verses were occasioned by the remark of a third person, that my friend had been bewitched by mere externals:

' 'Twas not the magic of your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise;
Nor will I own it was your face,
Your shape, or any single grace;
No—'twas the whole, so well combin'd,
That spoke a regulated mind;
The only fault that I can see,
Is that you seldom smile on me;
Then, pray, this single fault repair,
And be as *kind* as you are *fair*.'

"After this rhapsody, (said Asmodeus,) suppose, my friend, we revert to the lecture-room. The examination appears to be over, and the secretary is summing up the result. Let us listen."

The secretary, after recapitulating the measurement of Burke's skull, stating the distance or proximity of one organ

to the other, and their position, read as follows, while Ferdinand noted down the items for future reference :

DEVELOPMENT.

Amativeness, very large—Philoprogenitiveness, full—Concentrativeness, deficient—Adhesiveness, full—Combativeness, large—Destructiveness, very large—Constructiveness, moderate—Acquisitiveness, large—Secretiveness, large—Self-esteem, rather large—Love of approbation, rather large—Cautiousness, rather large—Benevolence, large—Veneration, large—Hope, small—Ideality, small—Conscientiousness, rather large—Firmness, large—Individuality, upper, moderate,—Ditto, lower, full—Form, full—Size, ditto—Weight, ditto—Colour, ditto—Locality, ditto—Order, ditto—Time, deficient—Number, full—Tune, moderate—Language, full—Comparison, full—Casualty, rather large—Wit, deficient—Imitation, full.

“ Well, (said Asmodeus,) what do you think of this map of the murderer’s head ?”

“ I am not surprised, (said Ferdinand,) at the existence of some of the bumps here enumerated. After the ruffian, in association with his vile accomplice, has committed so many murders in cold blood, it would have been strange indeed if the organs of destructiveness and combativeness should be missing. I am somewhat puzzled with the large bump of benevolence, I own ; but I fancy his propensity for *sticking* to the throat of his victim until he strangled him, must be ascribed to the *adhesive* bump, which appears to have been very full.”

“ What think you, (said Asmodeus,) of the huge organ of veneration which appears in the inventory of this fellow’s upper story ?”

“ Oh ! (replied Ferdinand,) it was that, no doubt, which made him so pious at the last. These fellows, who thus

repent when they can no longer sin, make an 'offer to God of the devil's leavings,' as some witty writer well observes."

"The remark is well applied, (said Asmodeus,) but tell me, my friend, has this learned analysis inspired you with a proper respect for the dignity of the science of phrenology?"

"I can neither make head nor tail of it, (said Ferdinand.) It seems to me, that these bumps, like the astrologer's planets, tend to counteract each other's operation. A man, like Burke, on the point of committing a murder, if his bumps of destructiveness and of benevolence were of equal force, would be so equally balanced between conflicting propensities, that he would remain stationary like Mahomet's coffin, or stand still like the schoolman's ass, which was starved to death before it could decide between two equally interesting wisps of hay; but I suppose the bump of acquisitiveness came to the aid of destructiveness, and then it was two to one against poor benevolence. By the bye, this is no bad theory whereby to explain the apparent paradoxes in human conduct. It is related of Pope Alexander VII. that he one day asked the keeper of the Vatican library, (Allatius) why he did not take orders? 'Because,' he replied, 'I would be free to marry.' 'But if so,' observed the Pope, 'why don't you marry?' 'Because,' replied the keeper, 'I would be at liberty to take orders.' So he died, neither a priest nor a married man. Now, might not this apparent infirmity of purpose have been the necessary result of an equipoise of rival bumps, which influenced the poor man, independently of his own will? The bump of amativeness and of philoprogenitiveness prompted him, no doubt, to marry; but the bump of cautiousness might have overpowered the other two by its magnitude, and thus have deterred Allatius from entering the holy state of wedlock. And now, I think, (continued Ferdinand,) we have seen

enough of this modern humbug. I shall be sorry to lose your company so soon this evening, my excellent friend, but I have an engagement which must be attended to."

(To be continued.)

CHOLERA-PHOBIA DOGGERELS—A WHIMSICAL SCENE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

An old debauchee, who had gone to bed *four*
 At midnight awoke in a terrible stew,
 And finding himself in most horrible pain,
 With shiverings, and cholic, and fever of brain,
 Rung the bell for his servants, who rose in a fright,
 At being thus summon'd at dead of the night;
 But who can describe their alarm and dismay,
 When they found their poor master in such a sad way?
 He was writhing, and groaning, and roaring amain,
 And swearing the Chol'ra occasioned his pain.
 To summon the doctors one servant was sent;
 For rubbers and flesh brush, in haste others went,
 And while with hot flannels the one fellow rubb'd him,
 With brush snatch'd at random another chap scrubb'd him.
 Thus they rubb'd and they scrubb'd *sans* a moment's cessation,
 In hopes to restore the impair'd circulation,
 Till the doctors arrived—when, Oh! terrible sight!
 They found their poor patient in piteous plight,—
 His body was one mass of black and of blue,
 Sure symptoms of Indian cholera, they knew.
 One declar'd "He had never yet met a worse case,
 The game was all up,—there was death in his face."
 A second advis'd bleeding, cupping, and blisters,—
 A third recommended emetics and clysters,—
 The fourth doctor, who, at the foot of the bed,
 Had espy'd something black, to his brethren thus said,
 "I don't view the case in so desperate a light,
 Our patient, it seems, was much *fuddled* last night,
 His body is sadly disfigur'd, 'tis true,
 Most strangely discolour'd with black and with blue,
 But as for the Indian cholera—stuff!
 The cause of these symptoms is obvious enough,
 To avoid being quizz'd, we the matter should hush,
 For the patient's been scrubb'd with his old *blacking brush*."

THE BACHELOR AND ECHO.

The echo squib in favour of Mr. Campbell's election to the dignity of Lord Rector, in the *Mercury*, brought to our recollection a half-forgotten bagatelle in which we ourselves indulged some

—————"Twenty years ago,—
Alas! how time escapes, 'tis even so."

Our love-sick bachelor, who was on the shady side of forty, was of a sanguine and superstitious turn of mind; like Sir Walter Scott, a believer in supernatural agency, second-sight, and similar delusions. He was accustomed to take lonely walks by the light of the pale moon, the lover's favourite planet, at which he would gaze and gaze until, like poor Octavian, his wits became distempered. Like that distracted wanderer, he had a secret passion gnawing at his heart, like a mouse at a piece of decayed cheese;—but he

—————"Never told *his* love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on his *sallow* cheek."

When the fit was on him, his friends would watch his steps, under the apprehension that he might hang or drown himself.

One night, in the disturbed state of his agonized mind, he made a resolution to tempt the lone recesses of a celebrated Echo, and to learn from her prophetic lips the secret of his fate. The particulars of this unhallowed dialogue, from its commencement until its abrupt termination, have been preserved by some of his friends, who were, as usual, secretly watching his motions.

During the consultation, he walked in the most agitated manner, up and down, and, as it appears, at such a distance from the cave of his oracle, as to bring back the response of

the first line just as he had completed the last line. The distance might be mathematically ascertained, but we shall leave the interesting calculation to others, while we proceed with the particulars of the *tête-à-tête*:

BACHELOR LOQUITUR.

Mysterious power, whose sacred groves with fear
I seek at this lone hour, where art thou?

(Echo)—Here!

I hear thy magic voice, but scarce know whither
To bend my faltering steps to find thee.

(Echo)—Hither!

Prophetic nymph, some secrets I would know,
Wilt thou deny my supplication?

(Echo)—No!

Know then, fair nymph, I'm in a sad dilemma,
I love a maid, but must not name her—

(Echo)—Emma!

Thou know'st my secret,—must I make disclosure
Of all the doubts and fears that haunt me?

(Echo)—O sure!

Pray tell me, then, can any lover know
His mistress' temper before marriage?

(Echo)—No!

If then, my Emma, should turn out a shrew,
What should I do, alas! in that case?

(Echo)—Rue!

Can such angelic sweetness scold or brawl?
Sure the whole sex are arrant vixens?

(Echo)—All!

In wedlock then, what peace can she or I know?
Can aught on earth atone for temper?

(Echo)—Rhino!

If, when we're wed, our humours don't accord,
What, Echo, would you recommend?

(Echo)—A cord!

That, with a vengeance, would retain her anger,
But is there no resource, more gentle?

(Echo)—Hang her!

Instead of force, if I should softly chide her,
Fair nymph, should I succeed by that means?

(Echo)—Hide her!

If, 'stead of chiding, I her foibles pardon,
Would that her temper soften?

(Echo)—Harden!

When she's in *forte* mood, if I'm *piano*,
That may restore our peace domestic ?

(Echo)—Ah, no !

Alas ! ye airy dreams of love so splendid,
Visions of wedded bliss, where are ye ?

(Echo)—Ended.

Here the distracted youth was about to suspend himself to a tree with his garter, when he fortunately changed his mind, like Major Macpherson, who, instead of cutting his throat, as he first meditated, cut his nails with his razor ;—a thought suddenly struck him, that Echo, who, during her earthly career, was but a slippery damsel, might have been trifling with him, as is but too often the case with such invisible counsellors. In this frame of mind, he was determined to tell her a piece of his mind at all risks ; and the dialogue was thus resumed :—

Echo, you've put my patience to the stretch ;
You have traduc'd my lovely Emma.

(Echo)—Wretch !

You tamper with me, in a double sense,
As juggling friends and evil spirits.

(Echo)—Hence !

My Emma is an angel !—you belie her ;
She is perfection's self, or I'm a

(Echo)—Liar !

Here the parties got to such high words that nothing but lying jade, vixen, and similar epithets could be distinguished. It was plain, however, that our lover, like too many others, had made up his mind to the matrimonial plunge before his consultation with Echo, between whom and himself the squabble became so vehement and incoherent, that his friends, anticipating an apoplectic paroxysm, rushed to the spot, and bore him off to his bed, where he was seized with a raging fever ; nor have we since heard whether he recovered, or fell a victim to the triple operation of love, rage, and superstition.

CHIMNEYS

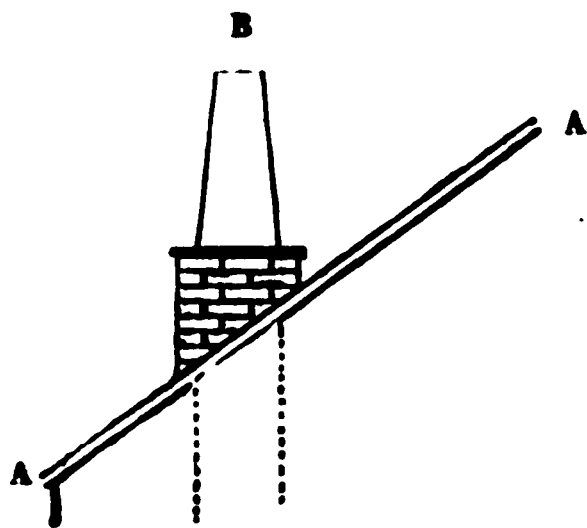
WHICH CANNOT BE OVERTURNED OR DAMAGED BY THE
MOST VIOLENT HURRICANE.

Several years have elapsed since the plan which we are about to describe was made public, since which period we have conversed with many scientific and practical men on the subject, who all concur in the opinion that chimneys constructed on the principle here suggested could not be thrown down by the most violent hurricane that ever blew.

When we apprise our readers that it is iron chimneys that we are about to recommend, we may, perhaps, be told, that, if it be an improvement at all, there is no novelty in the thought, as they have been long in use, and are to be seen in many parts of the town.* We are aware that metal chimneys have been occasionally adopted, but never, we believe, in the manner we are about to describe; and it is the mode of application, not the material, that constitutes the whole value of the suggestion, as the iron chimney, by being inserted into the orifice of the brick chimney, below the roof, and passed down the aperture a foot or more, acquires a principle of strength which no

* The iron chimneys here alluded to are inserted into the common brick chimney, to render it more lofty; but as they are not passed into the flue *below* the roof, as we recommended, they, by their length only, render the chimney into which they are inserted more insecure than it was before. A writer in a recent number of a London newspaper suggests the introduction of iron chimneys, as preferable to the present clumsy structures of brick. "They might be cast in any elegant form, and adorn, instead of disfigure, our dwellings. By being in portions of convenient length, they might be easily removed and cleansed, and an effectual security be obtained both against fire originating in them and communicating to the dwelling-house, and against those dreadful accidents caused by the fall of those huge masses which now encumber all extensive houses."

ordinary chimney possesses, as will be easily comprehended by an inspection of the following sketch :



A A represents the sloping roof, or half gable end, of a house. Instead of constructing the whole chimney of brick, as at present, the brick-work is carried above the roof only a few courses, to bring it square, as exhibited in the sketch. B, from its summit to where the dotted lines terminate, is a chimney of cast iron, of any requisite length. The brick-work, as we have already observed, is carried above the roof only a few courses, for the purpose of leaving a square base for the insertion of the iron flue, the lower part of which (represented by the dotted lines) is fitted tight into the orifice of the brick-work, into which it descends one foot, two feet, or more, according to circumstances, and it is prevented from descending further by a shoulder. It must be obvious that such a chimney, all of one piece, and thus descending below the roof, into the brick-work, cannot be overturned without tearing up that part of the chimney into which the iron flue passes; and, even if it were possible to overthrow it, its fall upon the roof would be attended with little risk, owing to its being all of a piece.

We shall now proceed to offer a few remarks upon the shape of the chimney we are recommending. In the rough sketch annexed it is represented as square and tapering. Being formed of cast iron, it may as readily be made round

and tapering; and this we should prefer, because, independent of the strength which this kind of chimney derives from its being inserted into the brick-work, and being all in one piece, the cylindrical form would render it still more secure, as it would oppose considerably less resistance to the wind than a square pile. The wind, in striking against such a cylinder, laps, as it were, round it, and thus does not exert the same force it would oppose to a flat surface of the same diameter. We shall illustrate this fact by a very simple experiment, which was communicated to us by the late Lord Stanhope, during an interview we once had with that ingenious and scientific nobleman. This experiment, which we do not recollect ever seeing described in any philosophical work, may be repeated by any of our readers; and it has often occurred to us that it accounts for those sudden gusts of wind, which we have known to descend with such impetuosity and force down the sides of the mountains skirting the lakes of England and Scotland, and which are so apt to upset boats, as there is no time to take in sail, or let go the sheet. The experiment requires only a common glass tumbler and a candle. The latter being placed behind the former, as near its surface as possible, may be extinguished by a smart puff of the breath upon the front surface, nearest the person who holds the glass. If, instead of the breath, a pair of capacious bellows were used, we are of opinion that a candle might be thus extinguished, if placed behind a polished or smooth pillar of considerable dimensions.

This experiment is, in our opinion, demonstrative of the fact, that a cylinder opposes less resistance to the wind than a body of any other form, and of similar diameter; and, therefore, we recommend that form for the iron chimney:

Independent of the other advantages of such chimneys, they are much lighter than those made of brick. A rude

experiment we made some time ago, warrants our asserting, that an iron chimney, of equal external superficies, and built in the common square form, would not weigh more than half as much as the brick pile; and if it were made as we recommend, tapering upwards, it would probably not equal in weight one-third of the common brick chimney.

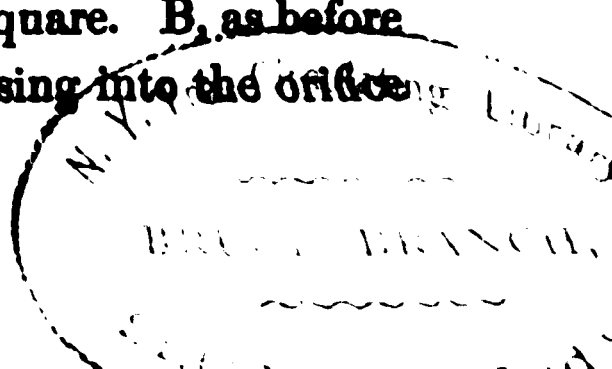
An ordinary dry brick weighs about seven pounds, and when saturated with water, about eight pounds, and the weight of the mortar must be added in calculating the weight of the whole chimney. A piece of cast metal, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and of the length and breadth of a brick, viz. nine inches by four and a half, does not exceed three pounds in weight; from which we conclude, that if a chimney of a taper form were made of cast iron, run finer into the mould at the top than at the bottom, such a chimney would not be found to be one-third of the weight of an ordinary brick chimney of similar elevation.

Where the chimney is not required to be carried up to a considerable height, we are of opinion that plate iron or tin would answer very well, although it would certainly require frequent renewing, unless preserved from the effects of the atmosphere by paint or varnish.

IRON CHIMNEYS WITH MUG POT TOPS.

As there may be persons who would, on some accounts, object to having the entire upper chimney made of metal, we shall here point out a very easy and cheap mode of constructing a safe chimney in another manner. This we shall endeavour to render intelligible, by reference to the figure introduced in the preceding article.

AA represents part of the sloping roof of the gable end of the house; the brick part of the chimney being only raised a few courses of brick to bring it square. B, as before described, is an iron chimney or tube passing into the office



of the brick chimney below the roof, and thereby rendered so firm as to resist any force of the wind. Instead of carrying this iron part to the full required height of the chimney, let it be raised only a little above the brick-work, (say one or two feet,) in order to obtain a firm base upon which to place the superstructure. This might consist of an earthenware or Roman cement top, passing down over the upper rim of the iron flue as far as would be necessary to keep it firm in its perpendicular position. It must be obvious, that however high these earthenware or Roman cement tops were carried, they would form along with the iron base, from the top part of B to the lower part of the dotted lines, one continued piece; nor could they be overthrown, without tearing up the part which is inserted into the chimney below the roof.

ENIGMA.

Nature owes all her charms to me ;
Without me, life extinct would be.
All ranks my genial smiles enjoy,
Though sometimes from my wrath they fly.
Treated with caution, I am mild,
But, if neglected, I grow wild,
And in my furious career
Spread devastation far and near ;
Without control, I rage and burn,
And all restraint indignant spurn.

Water's inimical to me,
Though it was I first set it free ;
Else had that element been found
Still in firm icy fetters bound.
Without me, tides would cease to flow,
The winds of heaven would cease to blow.

Philosophy essays in vain
My subtle nature to explain ;
That is a mystery unknown,
Save to the Deity alone.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY.

“Remember he who made thee made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason form'd him mute,
He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds *thy* cruelty, and hears *his* cry ;
He was design'd thy servant and thy drudge.
But know that *his* creator is *thy* Judge.”

We have been favoured with a letter from the Honorary Secretary to the London Association “for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the Animal Creation,” by which we learn, with the deepest regret, that that invaluable work, *The Voice of Humanity*, must be discontinued on the completion of the fourth volume, which will probably be early in June. The cause of this much-to-be-lamented circumstance, is the languid support given to a publication, which, in our opinion, is most creditable to the feelings and exertions of its promoters, and an honour to the age in which we live.

It is fortunate, however, that the association has persevered to the completion of their fourth volume; and we trust that the entire work will soon be embodied in one volume, and that it will find its way into every public library and every private family in the country. It is to us a subject of surprise and regret, that the conductors of our cheap publications, which are now so generally circulated through Great Britain and Ireland, have not seconded the efforts of the London Association more cordially than they have hitherto done. It was in their power to secure for the *Voice of Humanity* a wide circulation, and they would have merited the thanks of the community at large, had they availed themselves of the extraordinary facilities they possessed of rendering an essential service to so righteous a cause.

We shall here subjoin a passage from the letter of our correspondent, in the hope that it may stimulate some of our readers to come forward and contribute to diminish the pecuniary loss which the London Association have sustained in consequence of their most meritorious efforts to remove a foul reproach from the British character:—

“As Honorary Secretary of the Association for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the Animal Creation, your valuable parcel containing the three first numbers of the interesting *Melange*, with your kind letter, containing an editorial article intended for the *Liverpool Mercury*, has been sent me, for which I beg to offer our sincere thanks. We are quite in despair respecting any success in Liverpool, yourself being the only individual who has expressed any lively interest in our success. We wind up the annual accounts with the publication of our next number; and there will be a sad balance against us. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when it is considered that our publication is attended with considerable expense, while the friends of the cause contenting themselves with good wishes, dispense with active exertions.”

On the wrapper to the present number of the *Melange* will be found a short appeal to the public, to which we respectfully invite the attention of our readers while we proceed to plead the cause of the brute creation, in the subjoined brief chapter

ON WANTON CRUELTY TO THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

It is deeply to be lamented by every man of correct feeling that the late Lord Erskine failed in his benevolent effort to induce the legislature to pass a comprehensive measure for the suppression and punishment of wanton cruelty to the inferior animals. We have, it is true, since his Lordship's time, seen some laws passed to effect that, partially, which he aimed to accomplish more completely; as

his bill would have enabled humane persons to bring the perpetrator of any act of wanton cruelty before a jury, whose duty it would have been to ascertain whether the conduct of the accused party merited punishment.

We cannot recognise the wisdom of that partial kind of legislation which frames one law to prevent bull, bear, and badger baiting; another for the suppression of dog-fighting, &c. instead of passing one comprehensive measure to enable a jury to punish any person convicted of committing any act of unnecessary cruelty towards any living creature, whether the object of persecution were a horse, an ass, a bull, bear, badger, dog, cat, or even a rat.*

* The following masterly picture of the cruelties practised by man to inferior animals is copied from a most ingenious work entitled, *Disquisitions on Several Subjects*, written half a century ago, and ascribed to the author of *An Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*;—*A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, &c. The *Disquisitions*, although they are interspersed with occasional paradoxes and questionable theories, are written in a very superior style, and we are persuaded that none of our readers will object to the introduction of the strictures upon the inhumanity and selfishness of the "lord of the creation:"—

"No small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals; a much greater consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect nor care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb with as little reluctance as the tailor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat. If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarcely one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens, unknowingly, to disturb his rest; the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes,

We say even a rat, at the risk of being laughed at by some of our readers, or ironically complimented by others upon our sympathy with vermin. We may, perhaps, be told, that, in conformity with our own principles, we ought to set about the establishment of a hospital similar to that in Surat, as described by Mr. Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*. In that singular receptacle are congregated

having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet. The majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no other offence but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated.

* * * * *

“ We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power; all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing the most exquisite tortures, and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing so much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may, in some degree, abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with shouts of applause and triumph see them plunge them into each other's hearts. They view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers. They see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety. They triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails; and, to add to all this, they spared neither labour nor expence to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end, but to multiply the objects of their persecution.”

together almost every species of living creatures, including those which we class as vermin; and which are all fed and nourished.*

No persons living can hold such extravagant and mistaken notions of humanity in more contempt than we do; but we do not, at the same time, hesitate to add, that any man who inflicts one unnecessary pang upon any being possessed of life and feeling, how insignificant soever it may be deemed, is guilty in the eyes of that wise and all-seeing God who

* This hospital is such an extraordinary establishment that we shall subjoin a description of it, to show to what absurd excesses a good principle may be carried:—

“The Banian hospital at Surat is a most remarkable institution; it consists of a large plot of ground, inclosed with high walls, and divided into several courts or wards, for the accommodation of animals. In sickness they are attended with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age. When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital, and indifferent to what nation or caste the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recovers he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners too debilitated by age or disease to procure it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds, with an aged tortoise who was known to have been there for seventy-five years. The most extraordinary ward was that appropriated to rats, mice, bugs, and other noxious vermin; the overseers of the hospital frequently hire beggars from the streets, for a stipulated sum, to pass a night among the fleas, lice, and bugs, on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their feast without molestation.”—*Forbes' Oriental Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 256.

The respect shown to many animals by the Egyptians and other nations, is rather to be considered as evidences of a most absurd and abject superstition, than as a proof of humanity and well-regulated feeling.—We shall here adduce a few striking instances of this degeneracy.—

“The Gentoos, during a famine in India, refused to eat the flesh of cows and other animals, to satisfy their hunger and save themselves from death. And at other times they have been said to permit fleas and musquitoes to feed upon them from this erroneous sympathy.”—*Note to Darwin's Temple of Nature*, 4to. p. 141.

“The Egyptians, when reduced to the last extremities of want and famine, would rather eat one another than touch one of the sacred animals.”—*Guguet on the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients*, vol. i. p. 355.

created the worm as well as the being who styles himself
“lord of the creation.”

“Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm;
The frame thy wayward looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
To all his creatures free;
And spread o’er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.”—*The Voice of Humanity.*

If it be lawful to slaughter animals for the food of man, it cannot be lawful to inflict any superfluous pain upon the creatures sacrificed to our necessities; we should bear in mind the lines of the amiable Cowper—

“Feed then, and yield
Thanks for your food—
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!”

It has long been the settled conviction of our own mind that the Divine golden rule, “Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,” is applicable to man’s conduct towards all living creatures; and it is with pleasure that we find this opinion confirmed by that of an amiable preacher of Christianity, the Rev. Dr. Primatt, in whose dissertation on inhumanity towards the brute creation, the following passage occurs:

“‘Do as you would be done by,’ is a truly Christian maxim, and ought not to be confined to the treatment which one man receives, or is willing to receive of another; on the contrary, it may, with equal propriety, be extended to the brute creation. Do you, that are a man, so treat your horse, for example, as you would be willing were you a horse, to

be treated by your master. There is no absurdity or false reasoning in this application of the divine precept, nor any ill consequences likely to result from it, however contrary it may be to the barbarity which too much prevails, it must be lamented, in the general treatment of the brute creation."

When the late Lord Erskine so powerfully pleaded the cause of the defenceless dumb creation, and vainly endeavoured to pass that protective law to which we have already adverted, we can scarcely express the disgust with which we perused the objections made by Mr. Wyndham and other cold-blooded opponents of the measure. Bull baiting, they contended, ought not to be suppressed, but encouraged, as its tendency was to foster a bold and manly spirit amongst our peasantry and population. Strange paradox, indeed! to assume that any such moral effects can result from setting fierce dogs upon an unoffending and noble animal tied to a stake, while the cowardly instigators of such barbarity are themselves in perfect safety. If, indeed, the heroes of the ring would themselves take the bull by the horns and encounter the perils to which they subject their dogs, whatever we might think of the nature of such exhibitions, we might, at least, admit that their tendency was such as Mr. Wyndham falsely ascribed to the "manly old English sport of bull baiting."

In former ages, when the individual strength and habitual ferocity of the soldier effected that which, in our days, is accomplished by discipline and coolness, the sanguinary and revolting conflicts of the Pancratiasts* and Gladiators

* "This combat was the most rude and dangerous. A Pancratiast, in the Olympic games, called Arrichion, or Arrachion, perceiving himself almost suffocated by his adversary, who had fast hold of him by the throat, at the same time that he held him by the foot, broke one of his enemy's toes, the extreme anguish of which obliged him to ask quarter at the very instant Arrichion himself expired. The Agonethetæ crowned Arrichion, though dead, and proclaimed him victor. Philostratus has left us a very lively description of a painting which represented this combat."—*Rollin's Ancient History*.

might be deemed favourable to the purposes of the state, by accustoming men to close personal conflicts which characterized the ancient mode of warfare, as described by Homer, and other Greek and Latin poets; and yet we find it recorded, even in those barbarous ages, that a man was severely punished by the Athenians for wanton cruelty to a bird.

The following exposition of shameful cruelty with which we shall conclude our present essay, appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, for September 1803, nearly thirty years ago. We believe that since that time, some moral improvement has been effected amongst our townsmen, but we are sorry to add that there is still scope for much more extensive reform :

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It has been remarked by some author that the English nation is more addicted to cruelty than any other enlightened country in Europe; and though we must naturally be reluctant to admit a charge of so disgraceful a nature, yet a little attention to what is passing around us, particularly to our indifference to the sufferings of the brute creation, will, I fear, rather corroborate than refute the assertion. An attentive observer cannot pass through the streets without frequently exclaiming against the inhumanity of carters, coachmen, butchers, and others, who, unfortunately, have the superintendence of horses and other animals; but as such instances are too flagrant to require any comment here, I shall confine my remarks to two instances of diabolical cruelty, which, perhaps, are not generally known.

A gentleman of my acquaintance was eye-witness to the following disgraceful exhibition, near Buxton. A fellow exhibited a bear which was tied to a stake, with a small length of chain allowed; the animal was not, however, attacked

by dogs, as usual, but by monsters in human shape, who diverted themselves by trundling a wheelbarrow at it. If this machine struck the animal, the bearward paid sixpence to him who twirled the barrow ; but if he missed his aim, which was more frequently the case, as the poor bear, from woeful experience, had acquired considerable dexterity in avoiding the blow, then the bearward received sixpence. It does not appear that this dastardly game can have any tendency to improve the courage of the champions engaged in it ; but it seems very well calculated to promote the practice of deliberate murder !

The other instance, which fell within my own observation, seems to me to combine more associations of a kind disgraceful to human nature, than any other I remember ever to have heard of.—As I passed through a lane a few days before last Shrove Tuesday, I observed a considerable crowd in an adjoining field, enjoying some game, in which a number of boys were busily employed ; on a nearer approach, I saw ten or twelve boys, with their hands tied, pursuing a cock, the wings of which had been previously clipped to retard its escape ; on inquiry, I learnt that this poor creature was to be the prize of him who could carry it off to a certain part of the field in his teeth, which, unfortunately for the object of their pursuit, was no very easy task, and the scene I witnessed in its prosecution has rarely been exceeded in the annals of brutality ! It is impossible to express the indignation I felt at such a sight, but a determination to acquaint myself with facts which would enable me to expose such depravity without exaggeration, compelled me to remain.

The cock, as in most such sports, had a little start allowed, when, on a signal, all its pursuers gave chase ; the first who came up with it, endeavoured to stun it with his foot, and, if that failed, his next resource was to fall upon it with his

body, full length, in which position he contrived to fix his teeth in some part, but the head was usually preferred, as the animal could not very easily retaliate in this situation. Sometimes all these bloodhounds were down upon or near the poor cock at the same time, one pulling it by the feet, another by the wings, and a third tugging at its head, till the weakest part gave way, and the strongest teeth bore away the prize in triumph; whilst the poor creature struggled so violently, as at times, by its convulsions, to escape for a moment the monster's jaws; but if the conqueror proved too strong to permit this momentary escape, his triumph was of very short duration, for by the rules of this game, the unsuccessful followers were permitted to trip the heels of the hero who was thus bearing away the prize, which they generally contrived to do, and before he could arrive at the goal, he was usually overthrown by his pursuers, who falling upon him and each other, with the wretched animal in the midst of them, resumed this inhuman struggle; and from the remaining strength of the cock, when I quitted the scene of action, and from the difficulty of accomplishing their purpose, I fear this horrid business lasted much longer; but my pain on beholding such barbarity, was somewhat alleviated by the conviction that the poor bruised victim would soon be beyond the reach of pain; and I retired with this impression, and the determination to use all my influence with the magistrates to have this abuse investigated.

Who is there so callous as to hear the plain unembellished recital of such barbarity without the utmost indignation?—Who can retire from such scenes, and flatter himself that he does his duty merely in shunning them, without endeavouring all in his power to procure their abolition? Every member of society is, or ought to be, deeply interested in preventing the early pollution of the minds of chil-

dren, or of the rising generation, by removing such shocking examples from before them. To the disgrace of human nature, most of the less cruel diversions which I have mentioned are conducted by men ! but in this refinement upon all former species of cruelty, boys are selected, encouraged by the men, and taught to make use of their teeth like cannibals. In fact, it is scarcely possible to conceive a case in which every bad human propensity or passion is so prominently called forth, as in the one here adduced ; as the rancour these boys shewed to each other was no way inferior to the total insensibility they displayed to the sufferings of the object of their persecution.

If this paper should, fortunately, fall into the hands of those who have the disposition to relieve the sufferings of the brute creation, and at the same time the power to carry into effect such purpose, I hope the facts I have related will make the impression they were intended to produce ; for if such enormous vice is not checked, we need not wonder if our prisons overflow, and public executions become so frequent, as to lose the effect they were intended to have on the public mind. Yours, &c. E. S.

Liverpool, 1803.

LATE AND EARLY MARRIAGES.

AN IMPROMPTU ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Some say, "By all means marry young ;"
 Others say, "Marry late ;"
 The first say, "Do not tarry long ;"—
 The others bid us wait.

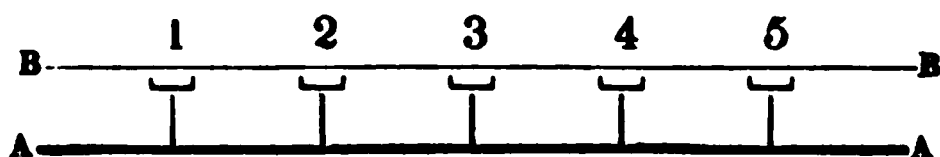
To prove which notion is the best,
 Suppose we two agree ;
 'Twill put the matter to the test,
 If you should marry me.

FIRE-PROOF CEILINGS.

The frequency and magnitude of fires in Liverpool, which, if we are correctly informed, have obliged the insurance companies to advance the premium, render every useful suggestion for the prevention or suppression of conflagrations, interesting to the community. As we have had most ample and satisfactory proof of the efficiency of the plan for rendering ceilings fire proof, we can with confidence recommend its adoption to our townsmen.

The experiment which was made in the yard of the Asylum for the Houseless Poor, justifies us in speaking so decidedly on the subject. When a room is on fire means are, of course, taken to extinguish the flames, and if possible, to remove the combustible articles which it may contain; but in the experiment to which we have just adverted, the chamber was completely filled with combustible matter, which, as it was consumed, was replaced with more materials until the iron-plate ceiling was red hot. Thus the fire, instead of being checked by the application of water, was purposely encouraged, and yet, under these circumstances the experiment completely succeeded

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCESS.



A A represents the ceiling of a room, made of plates of sheet iron, instead of laths and plaster. The iron plates are supported by iron rods, represented by perpendicular lines, which are inserted into the joists (1 2 3 4 5) above, as may be easily understood by the rough sketch annexed. If a fire take place in the room thus provided with a plate

iron ceiling, however full of combustibles it may be, the flames will not communicate to the floor (B B) of the room above, although the plate ceiling may be red hot.

Those who have neither seen the actual experiments made, which we have witnessed, nor have reflected much upon the principle of the phenomenon, will naturally suppose that the upright rods connecting the plate ceiling below with the joists above would become red hot, as well as the plate ceiling to which they are attached; it is otherwise, however; nor is the circumstance difficult to account for by reasoning and analogy.

That the connecting rods between the plate ceiling and the joists will become warm, cannot be denied; but they will not become so hot, under any circumstances, as to endanger the floor (B B) of the room above. We shall presently illustrate this, by a very simple, but not, as we presume, a very familiar experiment; as many persons to whom we have mentioned it were previously unacquainted with it.

Before we proceed to our illustration we should state, that the reason why the upright connecting rods do not become very hot, is, that, in consequence of the rarefaction of the air, occasioned by the fire below, there is a constant stream of cold air rushing in between the plate ceiling (A A), and the floor above (B B); and this stream keeps the connecting rods comparatively cool. It is on this principle that a wire-hanging guard, used in children's nurseries, never becomes very warm, although it is in immediate contact with the bars of the grate, which are quite hot.

The experiment to which we have adverted, as illustrative of this phenomenon, is so very simple, that any person may make it with very little preparation. He has only to hold a piece of writing paper over a lighted candle, at a small distance from the apex of the flame, when the paper will be instantly ignited, if no precaution be taken to pre-

vent its taking fire ; but if the person making the experiment continue blowing with his breath upon the upper surface of the paper, he will find that it will resist the flame a considerable time. A neater way of making the experiment is to place a piece of writing paper, without crease or break in it, over the shade of a reading lamp, so that the paper lie horizontal and flat ; then, before the flame of the lamp has time to communicate with the paper, take a pair of bellows, and keep blowing uninterruptedly on the upper surface of the paper, when it will neither be consumed, nor much, if at all, injured.

The application of the experiment must be so obvious as to require little explanation. The iron plate ceiling (A A) may be considered as the sheet of paper, the fire in the chamber as the candle, while the current of cold air rushing in between the ceiling and the floor above is exactly analogous to the stream of air from the bellows ; the consequence is, that the iron connecting rod, constantly surrounded by fresh streams of cold air, never can become hot, as the heat is carried off as quickly as it is generated.

Whilst we werewriting the foregoing remarks, a thought occurred to us which may be worth taking into further consideration, in connexion with this most important subject. In warehouses, &c. to which the fire proof ceilings may be applied, a small trap-door might be made in the upper floor (B B), into which water might be poured when the room below was on fire. The water, by coming in contact with the hot iron plates of the ceiling below, would be instantly converted into vapour, and, passing off in that form, would carry off a great deal of heat along with it.

To convey some idea of the vast importance of this mode of rendering premises fire-proof we need only add, that if the room in which the remarkable fire that consumed our Goree warehouses had been thus secured, that dreadful *catastrophe* would unquestionably have been averted. In

a note to this article we have transcribed a pretty long paragraph on the subject of fire-proof buildings.*

* "Any building might be rendered completely fire-proof by avoiding the use of timber in every thing, except fittings up and finishing. The floors might be formed of flat tiles and cement, and covered with ornamental tiles; or flooring may be made of composition, and polished in imitation of scagliola, or artificial marble. The roofs might be made flat, and covered in the manner already described, sect. 1789; and the outer walls of the buildings might be tied together in all directions by wrought-iron rods, made fast to a stone bond, as broad as the wall is thick, the stones cramped or dovetailed together, and completely round the walls, about the level of the centre of each floor. The netting, or latticewick, of iron rods connected with this chain of stone bond, being thickly embedded in cement, and cased with a strata of flat tiles, would be kept from extremes of temperature throughout the year; so that the difference in their contraction and expansion, during summer and winter, would be of no practical importance. Every floor of a house thus formed, would be, in effect, a single flag stone and as the iron rods would be prevented from oxidising, it would, probably, last for ages. It is easy to conceive the skeleton of an entire house, thus constructed, the perpendicular supports being brick or stone piers, three, four, or six feet apart; the horizontal bond on these supports, of the flag-stone of the width of the intended thickness of the walls or partitions, and all the horizontal floors or vertical panels of iron rods and wires covered on one or both sides with plain tiles coated with cement. Even the staircases might be so constructed and covered. In the case of the floors of rooms, square or nearly so, there might be circles of thin flat cast iron, laid on the horizontal rods, and made fast to them, which would serve as struts; and oblong rooms might have two or more cast-iron circles, or ovals, with plates of cast iron in the direction of their short diameters, to serve the same purpose. The outer walls might have double panels of wrought iron rods, and wires with intervals between so as to form hollow walls; so that houses constructed in this manner might be rendered equally impermeable by cold or heat as those with thick walls, or with hollow walls of masonry. There would be no objection to houses of this description, having all the doors and windows framed of timber, provided the panels and astragals are fitted in with iron. As the iron rods and wires need not be of great diameter; perhaps, in ordinary cases, of half an inch for the rods and one-eighth of an inch for the wires, and half an inch in thickness, with three inches in breadth for the cast iron circles; the expense, for even the smallest house, would not be an insuperable objection. Were the attention of the Legislature turned to this subject, with a view of protecting those who at present cannot protect themselves, we mean dwellers in town houses, of the commoner kinds, the Government would probably direct experiments to be made, so as to bring this mode of construction, or some similar mode, to a degree of perfection which would soon render it general."—*London's Encyclopædia of Architecture*.

BRITISH ESPIONAGE.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written in the year 1817, during the British reign of terror, when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended by a daring and unprincipled administration with the co-operation of the borough monopolists. It then required some firmness to be a political reformer, and such was the peril with which any man was beset who dared to protest against the unconstitutional acts of Castlereagh and his faction, that the writer of this sketch was deemed more bold than prudent in hazarding its publication. It was written about the time when Earl Grey, the present Premier, in the course of the debate, on the message of the Prince Regent, publicly taxed Lord Castlereagh with being connected with hired spies and informers. "At the present moment, (said Earl Grey,) Government was holding out lures and incitements to informers of all descriptions to bring forward budgets of falsehoods agreeable to their employers."

It is now a matter of historical certainty that the Castlereagh administration was most deeply implicated in the guilt and infamy of employing such detestable agents as Oliver to seduce the people into seditious or treasonable acts, and then to betray and hand them over to the executioner. The object of the ministry was to establish a despotism in England, and to crush the rising spirit of Reform. Lancashire, which was always a favourite arena for the machinations of the informers, spies, blackfaces, and similar villains, is here selected as the place of rendezvous between Castlereagh (or Judas,) and the Witches.

We have republished this trifle at the request of a friend, who has pointed out to us another piece written exactly after this model several years subsequently.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps you have heard of the celebrated Tartini, who dreamed that Old Nick performed before him a most sublime solo upon the violin which left such an impression that he was enabled to commit the first part to paper after he awoke. It is added that he was so exasperated because he could not recollect the whole, that he broke his cremona into a thousand pieces. I have been more fortunate than this “enraged musician,” for though my dream may not have been so sublime, I have been able to repeat the whole; which I now do, in the hope that it may be as amusing to you as it was interesting to me. In order that you may trace the train of thought which led to this strange dream, or rather nightmare, I must inform you that I had been reading Dr. Taylor’s interesting letter on that system of espionage which disgraced the government of this country, a few years since. The perusal reminded me of the disgraceful disclosure made at the late Lifford assizes, as recorded in your last *Mercury*; and in order to dissipate the melancholy impression produced by such an exhibition of human depravity, I took up a volume of Shakspeare’s plays with the design to amuse myself with the inimitable scene between Dogberry, Verges, and the Watchman, which is a most faithful picture of what is frequently realized under the blessed system of the Watch and Ward Act. In opening the volume I chanced, however, to cast my eyes upon Macbeth, and became so engrossed with his interview with the Witches, that I forgot Dogberry and Verges, and followed the murderer to the close of his career. It was now so long past midnight, that in spite of Shakspeare, sleep overcame me, and I fell back in my arm chair; whilst the following scene passed in review before my imagination, well

prepared for such impressions, by the subjects which had recently interested my feelings and riveted my attention.

In the hope that you will overlook those imperfections in composition, from which my dream will hardly be exempt, as I am by no means free from them in my waking moments, I beg to subscribe myself, your friend, sleeping or waking,

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

A PIECE IN TWO ACTS, ALTERED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

ACT I.

Thunder and Lightning.—Enter Three WITCHES.

1st WITCH.

When shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2nd WITCH.

When the hurly burly's done,
When that question's lost and won
Which gags the mouths of British slaves—

3rd WITCH.

'Twill be 'ere th' sun set in the waves.

1st WITCH.

Then meet me, sisters, I require,
At midnight hour, in Lancashire.
Why, how now, Hecate, you look angrily?

[Enter HECATE.]

HECATE.

Have I not reason, Beldames as you are,
Saucy and over-fed?—how did you dare
The time and place yourselves to choose,
For your mysterious rendezvous;
Whilst I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contrivers of your harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
But make amends now;—get ye gone,
For Judas will be here anon;
He comes to visit us at midnight gloom,
To ease his doubts and know his doom.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside;

That when distill'd by magic slights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He'll spurn the nation's voice, and with bold daring,
 Carry his disposition beyond bearing ;
 For well you know my security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [Music and Song.
 Hark ! I'm call'd, my little spirit see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.
[Exeunt Hecate and Witches mounted on their broomsticks.

ACT II.

Midnight scene.—A dreary moor in Lancashire.

Thunder.—Enter Three WITCHES.

1st WITCH.

At length the solemn farce is ended.

2nd WITCH.

The Habeas Corpus is suspended.

3rd WITCH.

'Tis just as Hecate had intended.

1st WITCH.

Round about the Green Bag go,
 In the poison'd contents throw.

The CHARM.

Spirit of the Income Tax !
 Cobbett's two-penny seditious tracts,
 Fat of greasy Boroughmonger,
 Bones of wretches starv'd with hunger,
 Orphans' cries, and widows' tears,
 Sold up for their rent arrears ;
 Informers' tongue, serpent eye,
 Of the hireling blackfac'd spy,
 Who blood of guiltless victim spill'd ;
 Now the Green Bag's well nigh fill'd.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Still keep up the Green Bag bubble.

[Enter HECATE.

HECATE.

Oh ! well done ;—I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share the gains.
 This chorus round the Green Bag sing
 " John Bull will swallow any thing."

2nd WITCH.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.—
Open locks, whoever knocks.

[Enter JUDAS.

JUDAS.

How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't ye do?

WITCHES.

A deed without a name!

JUDAS.

I conjure you, by that which you possess,
Howe'er you came to know it,—answer me.

1st WITCH.

Speak!

2nd WITCH.

Demand!

3rd WITCH.

We'll answer!

1st WITCH.

Say, would'st thou rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our Masters'?

JUDAS.

Call them,—let me see them.

1st WITCH.

Throw in the gall of the renown'd Ned Lud,
And juice distill'd from Cashman's blood;
Now the charm's complete and good.

ALL.

Come high, come low,
Thyself and office deftly show!

[APPARITION of a BLANKETEER, with a huge pike in one hand, a large brazen instrument in the other, and a petition stuck on the point of the pike.

JUDAS.

Tell me, thou unknown power—

1st WITCH.

He knows thy thought,
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

APPARITION.

Judas, Judas, Judas!—Beware Burdett!
Beware old Cartwright too!—enough—dismiss me.

[As he descends he points to his petition, and shakes his head three times.

"Then, with a withering look,
The 'brazen instrument' he took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Ne'er were prophetic sound so full of woe."

JUDAS.

Whate'er thou art for thy good counsel thanks,
Thou hast harp'd my fears aright ; but one word more—

1st WITCH.

He will not be commanded ;—here's another
More potent than the first.

[Thunder.

[SHADE of PITT, the "Saviour of Europe," with the Red Book in one hand and a Treatise on the Sinking Fund in the other.

APPARITION.

Judas ! Judas ! Judas !

JUDAS.

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APPARITION.

Like me, who weather'd Britain's storm,
Laugh at petitioners and scout Reform ;
For what can Judas have to fear
With such a standing army near ?

[Descends.

JUDAS.

Then courage, Judas, what hast thou to dread ?
The army shall be kept, well-cloth'd and fed.
The press, too, shall no more run riot,
We'll frighten Cobbett, and soon make him quiet ;
Or if the swinish crew will have his tracts,
We'll make them pay the full newspaper tax ;
Or else our Southey shall be censor made,
Who'll soon suppress the Jacobinic trade.

[SHADE of Old ABRAHAM NEWLAND, with a huge budget of Bank notes on his head, and a paper lantern in his hand, with the words "I promise,"—but the remainder of the motto illegible.

JUDAS.

What is this,
That bears the visible and outward sign
Of inward national prosperity ?

WITCHES.

Listen, but speak not to it.

APPARITION.

Cherish the funds ;—issue Exchequer bills,
While this you do, you will avert all ills ;
Whilst stocks keep rising, why need Judas fear,
Who breaks, who starves, or where Reformers are !
No ! Judas, nought need dread until
My old grandmother's paper mill
That's in Threadneedle-street, stand still.

[Descends.

JUDAS.

That cannot be, thank the restriction bill !
Who dare refuse our notes ?—To think the Bank

Should pay in gold again were madness rash.
 If treason never rear its head till then,
 Judas shall live the lease of nature; pay his breath
 To time and not the gallows;—yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing—tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much—if we dissolve the House
 Now, when the Gagging Bill is in full force,
 Will a new parliament more pliant prove,
 And give us back the Income tax?

WITCHES.

Seek to know no more.

JUDAS.

I will be satisfy'd—deny me this
 And an eternal curse fall on ye;—let me know
 Why sinks the Green Bag, and what noise is that?

[Soft M

[Peace, Plenty, and Liberty appear hand in hand, with several figures emblematical of national prosperity. The procession is foll up by the shade of HAMPDEN. The scenery in the back grou beautifully diversified with corn fields, and happy groups of peasa

PEASANTS.

Whilst the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound,
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play,
 On a sunshine holiday.

JUDAS.

Thou art too like the spirit of Peace,
 Thy sight doth sear mine eye-balls;—and thy air
 That other sheaf-bound brow is like the former.
 The third is Liberty, more hateful still! filthy hags!
 Why do ye show me this?—A fourth!—start eyes!
 What!—will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
 Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more.
 And yet an eighth appears, who bears a glass
 That shows me many more!—Alas! 'tis true,
 For Hampden's self now scornful smiles on me,
 I'll not endure it!

HAMPDEN.

Weak, wretched man!—the reign of terror o'er,
 Britannia's sons shall own thy sway no more.
 Freedom and Peace, with Plenty hand in hand,
 Shall soon re-visit my lov'd native land.

JUDAS.

Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man.

And be those juggling fiends believ'd no more,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to the ear,
And break it to the hope—I'll not survive it.

[*Exit Judas, like his namesake of old, to suspend himself, instead of the Habeas Corpus.*

PEACE and PLENTY then advance and sing the duet of

"Come ever smiling liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train." [Exeunt omnes.

GENERAL GASCOYNE AND PURITY OF ELECTION.

In the *Liverpool Mercury* of June 2, 1826, we had occasion to expose the matchless effrontery of General Gascoyne, who, in allusion to an assertion of Mr. H. Gurney, that no man could obtain a seat in Parliament without paying for it either in meal or malt, stated, without a blush, that his own election had never cost him one farthing, and that he, therefore, was not one of those members who had paid for his seat either in meal or malt. The following lines were written in consequence of this precious specimen of humbug ; and we take occasion to observe, that the fact mentioned in the note is the one so pointedly adverted to by Mr. John Wood, in his well-timed reply to the General's preposterous pretensions to "purity."

T'other night, when the theme of debate was reform,
Mr. Gurney's short speech set the House in a storm ;
He tax'd all the members with buying their seats,
In some way or other—by money or treats ;
And declared that whatever some members might say,
"In meal or in malt" they must all of them pay.
At this sweeping charge sapient Gascoyne arose,
The fact to deny, and old Gurney to pose,
"The charge (said the General) I flatly deny,
I would scorn, Sir, the vote of one freeman to buy ;

----- w each other, " A
That we, your supporters, can't
That your seat was obtained with
They know but too well, Sir, in a
That they paid smart in malt, if
How could they avoid it, when the
It sober, would ever have voted for
To be sure, they have some of them
It was not for nothing they let the
They have had pretty pickings in
And other snug things—so a truce
Your purity, Sir, is all fiddle-di-dee
*Qui facit per alium, facit per se.**

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ET NOS MU

Since first I beheld thee, how chang'd !
'Twas summer—all nature look'd gay
The birds on each tree
Hail'd Aurora with glee,
And I was as blithe as they.
Now autumn retires, at stern winter's ap
Scarce a flower, or a songster I see ;
But the midnight breeze sighs
Through wither'd leaves dying
Are sounds more congenial to me !

* We do not, however

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 190.)

CHAP. IX.

Mr. O'Connell.—Mr. Peel.—Tempora Mutantur.—Forty-shilling Freeholders.—Absurd Customs and Tenures, &c.—Anecdote of a Lord with more Boroughs than Brains.

“Suppose, (said Asmodeus,) we turn for awhile from criticism to politics. Don't you see a tall, stout, elderly person yonder, who has just finished a long letter, which he is about to fold up.—Do you know who that is?”

“I do not, (said Ferdinand;) he seems much taken up with the subject of his communication. What may it concern, and who is the writer?”

“That is no other than Mr. O'Connell, (said Asmodeus.) The letter he has just penned is an address to the Irish nation, in which he has expressed his gratitude to the British ministers for the earnestness with which they now advocate a measure to which they have hitherto been virulently opposed. There is one passage in his letter to which I wish to call your particular attention, as illustrative of the extraordinary revolution which has occurred within a few years. If you will look at its commencement, you will find that the writer has there informed his Irish friends that some provisions of the bill about to be passed in their favour are precisely those which he himself proposed a few years ago, and which fairly petrified Mr. Peel and his friends. Now, however, *tempora mutantur*. Alluding to the provision made for the protection of the Catholics, the writer proceeds thus:—‘Perhaps I ought not to praise it so much; because it may be recollected that this was the course I suggested in 1825. Nay, the draft of the Emancipation Bill I drew at that time was

precisely in this form. Mr. Peel then started with horror at the report that it was confided to me to draw that draft. Our friends, therefore, abandoned my draft at that period, but Mr. Peel now adopts the plan precisely.’”

“This is, indeed, as you say, one of the extraordinary signs of the times, (said Ferdinand.) Is there any thing else in the letter worth our notice?”

“There is one passage, (replied Asmodeus,) which proves that the mind of the writer has undergone as singular a change as that of the Ministers, and that the charge of inconsistency may be fairly shared between the parties.”

“If their change of opinion be for the better, (said Ferdinand,) I shall neither accuse them of inconsistency nor tergiversation. One of our most acute writers and reasoners very truly observes, that ‘a man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.’ But what is the passage in the letter to which you advert?”

“Towards the conclusion of his address to his countrymen, (replied Asmodeus,) alluding to the ministerial project for raising the freehold qualification to ten pounds, Mr. O’Connell says,—‘But alas, alas! there is one dark and murky cloud coming to obscure that bright and brilliant prospect. There is another bill, my countrymen—there is, alas! another bill also proposed—a bill to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholders!’ Now you know, my friend, that a very little time has elapsed since the writer of this letter was reconciled to the measure, which he now laments so pathetically, although the privileges which it was then proposed to extend to the Catholics were not half so complete as those now in the contemplation of Ministers.”

“An advocate as I am for the extension of the suffrage, (said Ferdinand,) I hate the sound of disfranchisement; but, if that must be the order of the day, why have one law for

Ireland and another for England—why not raise the qualification in England to ten pounds also? There is quite as much corruption here as in the sister country; and as for sham freeholders, we know that they are made, *pro tempore*, by the score, at our county elections.”

“Every thing relative to your elective franchise, your charters, and privileges, (said Asmodeus,) is absurd and anomalous. It has often been proposed to equalize the weights and measures throughout Europe, but you never hear of equalizing rights and privileges. I know nothing more truly laughable than the tenure upon which borough and corporate charters depend in this country; a collection of them would be a most amusing specimen of human absurdity. What think you, for instance, of the singular custom which is annually observed in a parish in Lincolnshire, in virtue of a tenure by which the lands are held?”

“I do not immediately recollect it, (said Ferdinand;) perhaps you will describe it.”

“Willingly, (said Asmodeus,) as a sample of the mass of absurdities which some people venerate on the score of their antiquity. In the parish of Broughton, in Lincolnshire, every Palm Sunday, a person enters Castor churchyard, with a green silk purse containing ten shillings and a silver penny, tied at the end of a cart whip, which he smacks thrice in the porch, and continues there until the second lesson begins, when he goes into the church and smacks the whip three times over the clergyman’s head. After kneeling before the desk during the reading of the lesson, he presents the minister with the purse, and then retiring into the porch waits the remainder of the service.”

“I wonder, (said Ferdinand,) that the parson has sufficient command of muscle to refrain from laughing outright at the ridiculous figure which the actors in this farce must cut.

There is only one part of the ceremony which could reconcile a clergyman of common sense to such mummary; and that is, the presentation of the purse. I should not, however, wonder if some of the parishioners of Broughton regard the ceremony as a venerable relict of the wisdom of their ancestors, and deprecate any attempt to interfere with the cracking of the whip as a dangerous innovation which ought to be resisted with their lives and fortunes.”*

* We could fill a whole number of the *Melange* with an enumeration of whimsical tenures upon which charters and other privileges have been granted; and as the subject is interesting as tending to illustrate the manners and customs of our forefathers, we shall here transcribe a few examples. We take them from our own manuscript common-place books, but if the reader wishes for a still more copious stock, we refer him to a very voluminous work, in about 700 pages 4to. entitled *Fragments and Antiquities*, in which there is the largest collection of such documents perhaps ever published in this or any other country.—It is one of the most extraordinary books ever compiled or published in any language.

“A very singular custom at Rochford, one of the manors belonging to the overgrown estate of Wanstead, is the holding of what is called the Lawless Court; its origin is uncertain, but tradition represents it as arising from a conspiracy against the Lord of the Manor, projected during his absence, and overheard by himself in his way home. As a punishment, he ordered that all the tenants on his manor should ever after assemble at a certain hour of the night on the same spot where the conspirators met, and do homage for their lands. The court is held in open air, on King’s-hill, on the midnight of the first Wednesday after Michaelmas-day, and all the business is transacted in whispers, the minutes being made with a coal in place of pen and ink. The steward opens the court in as low a voice as possible, yet those tenants who neglect to answer are deeply fined, and every absentee forfeits double his rent for every hour’s absence. The time of assembling is from twelve till cock-crow. The parties previously meet at the King’s Head in Rochford.”—*Daniel’s Rural Sports*.

“The Vicar of Eastham, a parish in Cheshire, situated on the banks of the river Mersey, has a right to all the fish caught in the river Mersey on Sundays and Fridays.”—*Ibid*.

“Yarmouth is bound by its charter to send to the Sheriff of Norwich a tribute of one hundred herrings, baked in twenty-four pasties, which they ought to deliver to the Lord of the Manor of East Charlton; but he is obliged to present them to the King, wherever he is. ‘Is not this a dainty dish to set before the King?’”

“Worksop, county of Nottingham.—King Henry VIII, in the thirty-third year of his reign, granted to George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, the

"I see two well-dressed gentlemen in earnest conversation in an elegant dining-room yonder, (said Ferdinand;)

site and precinct of the monastery of Worktop, with its appurtenances, in the county of Nottingham; to be held of the King in capite, by the service of the tenth part of a knight's fee;* and by the royal service of finding the King a right hand glove at his coronation, and to support his right arm that day as long as he should hold the sceptre in his hand, and paying, yearly, £23 5s. 0½d. At the coronation of King James II. this service was claimed and allowed; and at the coronation of George III. the same service was performed by the Most Hon. Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, as deputy to the Duke of Norfolk, Lord of the Manor of Worktop."

"Heyden, county of Essex.—At the coronation of King James II. the Lord of the Manor of Heyden claimed to hold the basin and ewer to the King, by virtue of one moiety, and a towel by virtue of another moiety of the said manor, when the King washes before dinner, which claim was allowed as to the towel only."

"Bardolfe, county of Surrey.—At the coronation of the same King, the Lord of the Manor of Bardolfe, near Addington, claimed to find a man to make a mess of grout in the King's kitchen, and therefore prayed, that the King's master-cook might perform that service; which claim was allowed, and the said Lord of the Manor brought it up to the King's table."

"Liston, county of Essex.—In the forty-first of Edward III. Joan, the wife of William Leston, held the manor of Overall, in this parish, by the service of paying for bringing in and placing of five wafers before the King, as he sits at dinner upon the day of his coronation. At the coronation of King James II. the Lord of the Manor of Liston claimed to make wafers for the King and Queen, and serve them up to their table; to have all the instruments of silver and other metal used about the same, with the linen and certain proportions of ingredients, and other necessities and liveries for himself and two men. Which claim was allowed, and the service, with his consent, performed by the King's officers, and the fees compounded for at £30. At the coronation of George III. and his Queen, William Campbell, Esq. of Liston Hall, as Lord of this Manor, claimed to do the same service, which was allowed; and the King was pleased to appoint his son, William Henry Campbell, Esq. to officiate as his deputy, who accordingly attended, and presented the wafers to their Majesties."

"Winterslew, county of Wilts.—John de Ruckes holds the Manor of Winterslew, by the service that when our Lord the King should abide at Clarendon, he should come to the palace of the King there, and go into the butlery, and draw out any vessel he should find in the said butlery, at his choice, as much wine as should be needful for making a pitcher of claret, which he should make at the King's charge; and that he should serve the King with a cup, and should have the vessel from whence he took the wine,

* A knight's fee, in the reign of Edward II. amounted to £20.

there is something in their manners and gestures which excites my curiosity."

with all the remainder of the wine left in the vessel, together with the cup from whence the King should drink that claret."

"Coperland and Atterton, county of Kent.—Solomon Attefield held land at Keperland and Atterton, that as often as our Lord the King would cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs ought to go along with him, to hold his head on the sea, if it was needful."

"Hemingston, county of Suffolk.—Rowland de Sarcere held one hundred and ten acres of land in Hemingston, by serjeantry; for which, on Christmas day, every year, before our sovereign Lord the King of England, he should perform altogether, and once, a leap, a dance, and some indecent action, on which latter account it was rented, says the record, at 26s. 8d. per year, at the King's Exchequer."

"Ovenhelle, county of Kent.—Sir Osbert de Longchamp, Knt. holds certain land, which is called Ovenhelle, by the service of following our Lord the King in his army into Wales, forty days, at his own cost, with a horse at the price of five shillings, a sack of the price of sixpence, and with a needle to the same sack."

"Morton, county of Essex.—Henry de Averyng holds the manor of Morton, in the county of Essex, in capite, of our Lord the King, by the serjeantry of finding one man, with a horse of the price of ten shillings, and four horse-shoes, and one leather sack, and one iron jug, as often as it should happen for the King to go into Wales with his army, at his own charges, for forty days."

"Lewe, county of Oxon.—Robert de Eylesford holds three yard lands,* in Lewe, of our Lord the King, by the service of finding a man with a bow and arrows, for forty days, at his own proper costs, whensoever it should happen that the King went into Wales with his army."

"Chettington, county of Salop.—Roger Corbet holds the manor of Chettington, of the King, in capite, by the service of finding one footman in the time of war, in the King's army in Wales, with one bow and three arrows, and one pale, and carrying with him one bacon or salted hog; and when he comes to the army, delivering to the King's Marshal a moiety of the bacon; and thence the Marshal was to deliver to him daily, some of the moiety for his dinner, so long as he stayed in the army; and he was to follow the army so long as that half of the bacon should last."

"Brineston, county of Chester, or Dorset.—The manor of Brineston is held of the King in capite by the service of finding a man in the army of our Lord the King, going into the parts of Scotland, bare-foot, clothed with a shirt and breeches, having in one hand a bow without a string, and in the other an arrow unfeathered."

"Loston, county of Devon.—William de Albermarle holds the manor

* "Yard land is a quantity of land, different in different places: at Wimbleton, in Surrey, it is fifteen acres, in other counties it is twenty, in some twenty-four, in others thirty or forty acres."—*Bracton*, lib. ii. c. 10.

"They may well look agitated, (said Asmodeus,) as it is an affair of life and death upon which they are engaged. The taller of the two, who is Lord Winchilsea, a most ferocious Brunswicker, has received a challenge from the Duke of Wellington, with whom he stands pledged to exchange shots in the morning. The other is Lord Falmouth, famous for his loyalty and rotten boroughs. He will act as second on the occasion. The letter before them contains Lord Winchilsea's apology for the language which provoked the Premier to call him out."

"His apology! (said Ferdinand;) I thought you said he was pledged to give the Duke the meeting!"

"He is so, (said Asmodeus;) but did you never hear of apologizing after the first fire? He and his second have so arranged this matter, that, in order to save his Lordship's character for courage, he shall receive the Duke's fire, and instead of returning it, shall present a written apology for the wanton provocation into which his intemperance had hurried him."

of Loston, by the serjeantry of finding for our Lord the King two arrows and one loaf of oat bread, when he should hunt in the forest of Dartmoor."

"Brokenerst, county of Hants.—Peter Spileman paid a fine to the King for the lands which the said Peter held by the serjeantry of finding an esquire with a hambergelt, or coat of mail, for forty days, in England, and of finding litter for the King's bed and hay for the King's palfrey, when the King should lie at Brokenerst, in the county of Southampton."

"Aylesbury, county of Bucks.—William, son of William de Aylesbury, holds three yard lands of our Lord the King, in Aylesbury, by the serjeantry of finding straw for the bed of our Lord the King, and to straw his chamber and by paying three eels, to our Lord the King, when he should come to Aylesbury in winter. And also finding for the King, when he should come to Aylesbury in summer, straw for his bed, and, moreover, grass or rushes to strew his chamber; and also paying two green geese. And these services aforesaid, he was to perform thrice a year, if the King should happen to come three times to Aylesbury, and not oftener."

"Bockhampton, county of Berks.—William Hoppeshorth held half a yard of land in that town of our Lord the King by the service of entertaining for the King six damsels, at the cost of the King."

"I most devoutly hope, (said Ferdinand,) that the affair may terminate without bloodshed. The loss of the Duke's life would, at this moment, be a much more irreparable loss than if he had fallen at Waterloo. Under existing circumstances, I might say of his Grace, as Prince Henry said of Falstaff, 'We could better spare a better man.'"

"You may make yourself pretty easy on that score, (said Asmodeus,) for though, as you know, I cannot dive into the future, I can see what is now passing in the minds of the two pugnacious Lords, and I dare venture to predict that the affair of to-morrow will be a mere 'flash in the pan.' The apology, as you see, is ready prepared; and it is Lord Falmouth's intention, before they measure the ground, to intimate to the second of the Duke of Wellington, that his antagonist does not intend to return his fire. You may guess the rest. The Premier, although his hand will not shake a whit, will, nevertheless, fire wide of the mark *Entendez-vous?* By the bye, the sight of this Lord Falmouth brings to my recollection an anecdote of one of his family which may amuse you, if you have not heard it before."

"I have no recollection of any thing about his Lordship's family, (said Ferdinand,) except that they are great borough proprietors. You will oblige me, therefore, by relating the anecdote to which you allude."

"Willingly, (said Asmodeus,) and in order to be as faithful as possible, I will repeat it *verbatim*, although Master Wraxhall is no favourite of mine. His style is insufferably dull; his memory, indeed, is very retentive, but as for his genius, as some writer says of that of a German, it lies in the back.—'Mr. Pitt had a dispute with Lord Falmouth, whose family name was Boscawens, respecting an equivalent for five votes at his Lordship's disposal. The Minister not feeling pleased with the demands of the

boroughmonger, gave him a short denial, and turning round exclaimed to those near him:—

‘ Optalephippia bos piger.’”

Lord Falmouth comprehending nothing of the meaning of the words, but conceiving that the monosyllable *bos* must allude to his name, requested to be informed what the Minister meant by so calling him? ‘The observation (replied Mr. Pitt,) is not mine, but Horace’s’. As little familiar with the name of the Roman poet, as he was acquainted with his writings, Lord Falmouth apprehending that Horace Walpole had said something severe or disrespectful concerning him, and under that second mistake, replied—‘If Horace Walpole has taken any liberties with my name, I shall know how to resent it. His brother, Sir Robert, when he was alive and First Minister, never presumed to treat me so.’”

“It is a very good story, (said Ferdinand,) and it proves that certain great men may possess more boroughs than brains.”

(To be continued.)

PROCLAMATION

BY THE GREAT O!

The cursed Union we'll repeal;
If any man say “No!”
Our vengeance he shall surely feel,
O'Connell tells him so.

Let none dare say his soul's his own,
Or let him have a care;
We'll bear no rival near our throne,
So Irishmen beware.

If any man, however great,
Our mandates disobey,
We'll hold him up to public hate;
That's still O'Connell's way.

• ‘The lazy ox would have horse trappings.’

PROPOSAL

FOR NEW COMPANIES TO ENCOURAGE THE BREEDING AND
SUPPLY OF FISH IN PROPER RESERVOIRS.

It has long been our opinion that Liverpool possessed great facilities for procuring a regular, constant, and plentiful supply of fish, and of keeping up and increasing the stock by encouraging them to breed in spacious and suitable reservoirs, either wholly filled with sea water, or with a mixture of salt and fresh water. It is now a well-ascertained fact, that the salt water fish the most prized may be transferred to fresh water, and the breed sustained without deterioration. Mr. Maynel, of York, some years ago, read to the Wernerian Natural History Society, a paper on changing the habits of fishes, stating that he had, for four years past, kept the smelt, or spirling (*Salmo Eperlanus*), in a fresh water pond, having no communication with the sea by means of the Tees, or otherwise; and that the smelts had continued to thrive and breed as freely as when they enjoyed intercourse with the sea.

Dr. Mac Culloch, too, as noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, has published the following list of the species of fish naturally belonging to the sea, which have been found to live and thrive in fresh water. Those marked with an asterisk (*) have been finally naturalized:—

“ Congor, Torsk, Sprat, Shad, Alose, Greater Lamprey, Lesser Lamprey, Stickleback, Cottus Quadricornis, Mullet, *Plaice, Flounder, Red Flounder, White Whale, Cod, *Basse, Loach, Red Roach, *Smelt, *Atherine, *Rock Fish, *Cuckoo Fish, Old Wife, *Sole, *Turbot, Sand Eel, Rockling, Whiting, Pout, Mackarel, Herring, *Horse Mackarel, *Pollack, Prawns, Shrimps, Crabs, *Oysters, *Mussels.

“ The pond in which the fish are kept is about four acres

in extent, and close by the sea, from which it is separated by an embankment, but it must not be concealed that, 'receiving an insufficient supply of fresh water in summer, it varies, so that while it is perfectly fresh in winter, it is nearly salt in dry weather, and brackish in various degrees at intermediate periods. The result of Dr. Mac Culloch's experiment, therefore, though flattering as to the ultimate success of the plan, is not so decisive as if it had been made in a pond at a distance from the sea, and whose waters were invariably fresh. Perhaps a series of ponds, in which the water is less and less salt, may be found necessary to assimilate the inhabitants of the deep gradually to living and breeding in inland ponds; and though it may require time and numerous trials before the experiment fully succeeds, yet it is an object too important, even in an economical point of view, to be lightly given up."

Although, as we have already shewn, many sea fish may be successfully transferred to fresh water, it is natural to conclude that salt water, their native element, must be more congenial to their habits and constitution; and it is for that reason that we recommend the experiment to our townsmen. Nothing would be more practicable than the excavation of deep and spacious reservoirs on the North shore, or which would, perhaps, be preferable, on the Cheshire coast, in the vicinity of the Rock; into these the tide might be admitted, either by the ordinary means, or by pipes sunk into the ground so low as to admit a supply of water even at neap tides.

There cannot be a doubt that fish would thrive in such reservoirs, at least as well as they are found to do in Mr. Maynel's fresh water ponds in Yorkshire; and all that is wanting to bring the scheme into active and profitable operation is a commencement by a spirited, liberal, and intelligent company.

Independent of the conveniences, economy, and comfort

that would result from such an establishment, the inhabitants of Liverpool would not be, as they long have been, dependant upon the weather for a supply of this nutritious and palatable food, as the fish could be brought to market from the reservoirs with such ease and certainty as materially to reduce the price of this much neglected article of human food.

It occurs to us that Mr. Atherton, the spirited proprietor of New Brighton, possesses peculiar facilities for carrying into successful operation such an undertaking as that we are recommending; and as we see no reason why it should not be a most profitable as well as useful speculation, perhaps that gentleman may deem the suggestion worthy of his serious consideration. The sea water might be admitted daily, if necessary, into the reservoir by means of pipes laid down to low-water mark. The certainty of a constant supply of fish in all weathers would materially enhance the attractions of New Brighton.

As the celebrated fish-pond at Logan may not be known to many of our readers, we shall append a description of it in the form of a note as an inducement to our spirited townsmen to profit by the example of Colonel M'Dowall, who can, at any time, command a supply of the finest fish in season, when the weather precludes the possibility of obtaining it in the ordinary mode.*

*"The fish-pond at Logan or Nessock, formed in 1800, and repopled since by many successive generations of cod, is neither more nor less than an artificial basin of salt-water, thirty feet deep by 160 in circumference, reckoning from the top to the bottom of the rock. The area within is wholly hewn from the solid rock, and communicates with the sea by one of those fissures, or natural tunnels, so common on bold and precipitous coasts. Attached to the pond is a neat Gothic cottage, for the accommodation of the fisherman; and round the rock is surmounted by a substantial stone wall, at least 300 feet in circumference. In every state of the wind and tide, in winter as well as summer, when not a single boat dare venture to sea, the proprietor (Col. M'Dowall) can command a supply of the finest fish, and study, at his leisure, the instincts and habits of the "finny nations."

GAL FICTIONS AND LEGAL JARGON.

IN IN AUGUST 1828, ON THE CONVICTION OF WILLIAM CORDER
FOR THE MURDER OF MARIA MARTIN.]

great improvements recently effected in our criminal
d in other departments of the law, lead us to hope
h a document as the indictment against William
charged with the murder of Maria Martin, will, at
nt period, be regarded rather as a curiosity than as a
nd parcel" of that law which is said to be the con-
on of human wisdom and experience. 'The laws re-

inner or back-door of the lodge, a winding stair-way conduct
usual halting place, a large flat stone, projecting into the water
standing a view of every part of the aquatic prison. When the
this stone is left completely dry; and here a stranger perceives
se a hundred mouths simultaneously opened to greet his arrival.
fact, hear as well as see; and, the moment the fisherman crosses
old, the pond is agitated by the action of some hundred fins, and
thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. Darting from
and the other corner, the whole population move, as it were, to a
entre, elevate their snouts, lash their tails, and jostle one another
violence, that, on a first view, they actually seem to be menacing
n the poor fisherman, in place of the creel full of limpets he
lany of the fishes are so tame that they will feed greedily from
nd bite your fingers into the bargain, if you are foolish enough
; while others, again, are so shy, that the fisherman discourses
fferent tempers, as a thing quite as palpable as the gills they
the fins they move by. One gigantic cod, which seems to
be name of Tom, and may be well described as the patriarch of
ery forcibly arrests attention. This unfortunate, who passed his
e open sea, was taken prisoner at the age of five, and has since

specting witchcraft remained unrepealed on the statute book until very recently, when the absurd provisions against an imaginary crime were formally abolished, and the statute book was thus partially cleared of a portion of the rubbish with which it is still so encumbered, that no man living can be thoroughly conversant with the laws of the land, though every man is expected to understand and to obey them. Ridiculous as laws prohibiting and denouncing witches were, they almost yield in absurdity to such a document as the indictment of Corder.

When it was the fashion to believe in witchcraft, it was natural to provide by law for the machinations of those old

to rate them at several hundreds. Cod appears to be the prevailing species ; but there are also blochin, or glassin, haddocks, flounders, and various other kinds. The flocks, however, which live on worms and other insects, shun the light, by burrowing in the sand at the bottom, and never ascend to the top in quest of food. Salmon, which, at spawning time, visit the highest rivers, could not, of course, obey their instincts here ; and accordingly there is only one specimen of this favourite fish in the pond at present. Still, however, he is one among a hundred, for, as the fisherman remarked, ‘ he is far *soupler* than any o’ the rest ;’ and, by virtue of this one quality, chases, bites, and otherwise annoys a whole battalion of gigantic cod, that have only, one would think, to open their mouths and swallow him. To supply them with food is an important part of the fisherman’s duty ; and, with this view, he must ply the net and heave the line during every two or three days of every week. Sand-eels, broken crabs, and limpets, form the staple articles in the process of baiting, the former of which are given raw, while the latter must be slightly scalded, in order to disengage them from the shell. To keep up the stock of these cannibals, particularly when the pond appears to be getting thin, from the contributions levied on it by the cook at Logan, is another duty of some importance, though not nearly so laborious as the former. As a set-off, therefore, to the great advantage of possessing fish of a superior richness, at all seasons of the most stormy year, we must notice the trouble of catching and feeding them ; but, after the original outlay, the expense thus incurred cannot be very considerable,—and the fisherman is of opinion that a pond erected in the neighbourhood of London, or any other large city, would, in the end, become a profitable concern, both from the superior flavour of the fish fed in it, and the scarcity of the commodity during certain cold tempestuous seasons.”

It appears from the following, well authenticated statement, that the Roman aristocracy did not deem the breeding of fish beneath their notice ;

women who rode on broom sticks, scattering in their course pestilence amongst men and cattle; but the same excuse cannot, at this time of day, be set up in defence of such indictments as that on which Corder was tried and condemned. First, the ruffian is charged with having inflicted a mortal wound on the deceased with a pistol of a certain value, charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet; then with having killed the deceased with a sword of the value of one shilling, which he held in the right hand; and we have the length, depth, and breadth of the wound minutely

and that the nobility of Prussia, and other continental states, now derive large revenues from the sale of fish reared on their estates. The following is copied from *The Field Book*, just published by Effingham and Wilson:—

*“ Immense value of pond fish.—*The fish in the ponds of Lucullus, sold, after his decease, for 3,000,000 of sesterces (£24,218 15s. sterling). Caius Hirtus first introduced the keeping of lampreys in stews, and lent Cæsar, during the time of his triumph, 600 of these fish, for which he would receive no equivalent in money, nor any other commodity, but conditioned the repayment to be the same number and weight of lampreys. His ponds and fish about his house, which was itself extremely small, were sold for one million more than the above sum (£32,991 13s. 4d.)

“ In August 1799, the Earl of Essex fished a large pond near Radnor Forest, which had been stocked fifty-eight years. Carp and eels were the only fish found in it; of the former, 100 brace were taken that weighed from fourteen to fifteen pounds each carp; of the latter, the largest exceeded eight pounds.”

“ The sale of Carp makes a part of the revenue of the nobility and gentry in Prussia, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Saxony, Bohemia, Mecklenburg, and Holstein.”—*Rees' Cyclopædia*, Art. *Fish Pond*.

“ It has been stated by Mr. Lowndes, of Berkshire, in the *Annals of Agriculture*, that a pond of the extent of three acres and a half, after three years stocking with stores of one year old, afforded 195 pounds weight of Carp, and 230 pounds weight of Tench.”—*Ibid*.

“ Though fish ponds are numerous in many parts of the kingdom, it is, perhaps, only in the counties of Sussex and Surrey that any thing like a system has been established for raising fish with the intention of profit, but in these counties, fish ponds have long been formed for letting the dealers in pond fish, and stocking it in order to the disposal of the produce as an article of farm stock, like that of any other kind. It is not, however, improbable, that, as the nature and management of pond fish becomes more perfectly understood, such a practice may be considerably extended.”—*Ibid*.

stated; as if the depth of the cut had any connexion with the depth of the murderer's guilt. In the fifth count, he is charged with having strangled and suffocated the deceased with a certain handkerchief of the value of sixpence. In the sixth count, the murder is said to have been effected with a gun charged with gunpowder and shots. In the seventh count he is made to heap over the body of the deceased "divers quantities of earth, to wit, five bushels of earth of no value, and divers quantities of clay, to wit, five bushels of clay of no value," &c. In the eighth count, we have the exact dimensions of the grave. In the tenth and last count, the murder is described as having been perpetrated in three different modes; to wit, by a pistol, by a sword, and by the aforesaid handkerchief; by each of which the deceased was mortally wounded.

Now, although the crime of Corder is such as to make the reader shudder with horror, and although the fate of his victim cannot be contemplated without the most painful sensations, few persons will be able to refrain from smiles, or downright laughter, at the excessive absurdity of the record of the crime; and persons of common understanding will naturally enough ask, what in the name of common sense can the value of the pistol, sword, handkerchief, or the bushels of gravel, possibly have to do with the guilt of the murderer? The enormity of his crime would, in our opinion, have been neither aggravated nor extenuated had the imaginary sword, (the air-drawn dagger) been of the value of eighteen pence, instead of a shilling; nor would it have made a shade of difference in the criminality of Corder had the handkerchief wherewith he is charged with having suffocated the deceased been, as adjudged, of the value of sixpence, or of six shillings.

There may, possibly, be some better reasons for these anomalous fictions of the law than we can at present sur-

mise; but, until we are further enlightened on the subject, we must class indictments of this nature amongst the antiquated legal lumber which Sir R. Peel, and those who co-operate with him, would do well to supersede by something intelligible, or, at all events, less unintelligible, than charging one person with having murdered another by four different operations, each assumed to have been mortal.

If a woman had, indeed, nine lives, as cats are said to have, we could comprehend the possibility of her receiving nine mortal wounds, from nine separate weapons, each fatal to one of the said nine lives; but until the sex is endowed with some such strange property as that vulgarly ascribed to the cat, we cannot persuade ourselves that she can be murdered four separate times, by four different processes.

The phraseology and legal fictions which abound in Corder's indictment remind us of a ridiculous instance of indictment for petty theft, adduced in the House of Lords, by Earl Stanhope, who laboured so earnestly to abridge and purify our cumbrous statute book. We have not the particulars before us, and we shall, therefore, merely state that, to the best of our recollection, the prisoner was charged with having stolen a pair of leather breeches. He was accused of having been instigated thereto by the devil, with malice aforethought, and not having the fear of God before his eyes. In order to effect his diabolical purpose of abstracting the said leather breeches, he was charged with having armed himself with sundry weapons, to wit, stick, stones, and other missiles. Another count charged him with having employed, for the execution of his infernal designs, guns, pistols, bayonets, sword, bombs, and mortars, omitting Congreve rockets, because, we presume, they were not then invented. Not content with all these preparations for carrying off the said leather breeches, another count charged him with having called to his aid troops of horse and foot, infantry,

cavalry, and artillery. What further engines he employed for the perpetration of this horrid crime, we do not recollect; but we do remember that Earl Stanhope, in repeating the indictment, made his noble hearers, including Bishops and Judges, almost "split their sides" with laughter.

Surely we may expect in this age of Reform to see such absurdities as those we have described, altogether abolished; unless our legislators cling to antiquated prejudices with the pertinacity of the Spanish carters, as stated by Mr. Southey in his letters from Spain, in which we find the following passage, with which we shall conclude our chapter on Legal jargon and professional botheration:—"The carts of Corunna make so loud and disagreeable a creaking with their wheels, for want of oil, that the Governor once issued an order to have them greased; but it was revoked on the petition of the carters, who stated that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without its music."

THE NEW CHARTER OF BRITISH LIBERTY.

WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT THE REFORM BILL HAD PASSED.

Thank reason ! the triumph is achiev'd at last,
 The Boroughmonger's reign 's for ever past;
 Before a nation's frown corruption flies,
 And through the gloom more cheering prospects rise;
 Millions at length, determined to be free,
 No more to Juggernaut will bend the knee.

The odious faction which our birthright sold,
 Plunder'd the people, and the King controll'd,—
 Plung'd us in wars, and beggar'd us with loans,
 To prop the Bourbon tyrants on their thrones,—
 Enslav'd the press,—employ'd base perjur'd spies,
 Are now laid prostrate, never more to rise.

Reform has laid the firm foundation stone,
Whereon the nation's rights, the monarch's throne,
For generations yet to come shall stand,
Firm as the rocks which gird our native land.

PRONUNCIATION OF THE FRENCH ALPHABET SIMPLIFIED.

A NEW ENGLISH NURSERY DITTY.

It is somewhat remarkable, that many persons who can read and speak the French language with tolerable facility, cannot correctly repeat the French alphabet. They seem not to consider it of much consequence to know the names of the tools by which a work is performed, if they can accomplish the task without such knowledge. As we are of opinion, however, that the mode of pronouncing the letters of any particular alphabet, ought not to be considered a matter of indifference to those who aim at a competent knowledge of the language of which such alphabet is the key, we have here arranged the French letters in doggerel verses, which may either be "said or sung."

In our pronunciation of the letters we have adopted the directions given in Le Brethon's excellent grammar, which we presume to be as good authority as any we could select, although the first letter, *aw*, may, perhaps, be objected to. It is, however, not possible to make a nearer approximation to the French A, than *aw*. We shall, therefore, adopt it, together with the whole alphabet, as thus laid down by Le Brethon.

Aw Bay Say Day Ay F Zbay Ash Ee Zhee Kaw I, M
N O Pay Ku Ayr S Tay U Vay Eeks Ee-grayc, Zeyd.

For facilitating the recollection of these, we have arranged them in doggerel, thus:

Aw Bay Say Day Ay F Zhay,
 Ash Ee Zhee Kaw L M N O Pay
 Ku Ayr S Tay U et Vay,
 Eeks Ee-grayc Zeyd—*c'est assez*.

The second line, it will be perceived, contains two feet more than the others; but the irregularity is easily obviated, by taking a little liberty with the L M N O, which are the same in French as in English. In order to render the line tolerable to the ear, the L M should be joined together, as if they formed the word *ellem*, and the N O, as if they formed the word *eno*; by this means the lines will read as well as ordinary doggerels. It can hardly be necessary to tell the reader that *c'est assez*, is a mere expletive, to eke out the measure.

In singing these lines to the familiar air *Di tanti Palpiti*, to which they are here arranged, the second line must be accommodated by the singer, as will be rendered intelligible by the manner in which the notes are *staccatto'd*. We will venture to assert that any person, by playing over the air and singing the words, at the same time keeping in view the corresponding English letters placed above them, may commit the French alphabet to memory in an hour, or less.

We have heard it contended that it is of very little consequence to know the names of the letters, as any language can be competently acquired without such a preliminary; but it would be easy to put a case wherein such a knowledge would be very necessary, if not indispensable. Suppose an Englishman, in the act of writing a letter in French, were at a loss to spell some word, and having no access to a dic-

tionary, should consult a Frenchman on the occasion, he could not understand the directions given him, unless he knew how to name the letters of the French alphabet. If the word, for instance, was *paye* (postmaster,) the Frenchman would dictate it to the Englishman thus:—Pay Aw Ee-greyc Ay—*paye*.

We understand that the English alphabet is taught at some of our infant schools on a plan something like that which we have applied to the French; but, it seems to us, to be defective, as the two last lines do not rhyme together if we have been correctly informed that they run thus:—

A B C D E F G,
H I J K L M N O P,
Q R S T U and V,
W X Y Z.

These are usually sung to the air of “Life let us cherish,” but they will answer quite as well to the tune we have given; and, rather than the last line should limp so horribly, we would suggest the addition of some words, however insignificant, or even nonsensical, to make out the measure. Nor can we anticipate any serious objection to such a liberty, when we bear in mind the “tol de rols,” “derry downs,” and other equally insignificant adjuncts with which our popular comic songs are often garnished.

It is not easy to make out the last line without the adoption of some rather ludicrous words; but, as the song is intended for infants, it ought not to be interdicted by those who admit “See saw, Margery Daw,” and “Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,” *cum multis aliis*, which we have forgotten, it is so long since we were dandled on the knee, or rocked in the cradle.

Without further apology we shall now venture to lay before our readers our nursery ditty, which is as follows, to the air of *Di tanti palpiti*.

THE MELANGE.

A B C D E F G

Au Bay Say Day Ay F Zhay,

H I J K L M N O P

Ash Re Zhee Kaw L M N O Pay;

Q R S T U V

Ku Ayr S Tay U & Vay,

X Y Z

Eeks Re-grayc Zeyd, "Cest as - sez."

GYMNASIA.

No. V.



TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The feat selected for the present number might be explained without a figure, it is so simple. Standing on the left foot, take hold of your right foot with your left hand, then take hold of your right ear with your right hand, and in this position, stooping down forwards, raise the hat from the floor, holding the rim with your teeth, and swinging back your head, throw the hat over your shoulder. The latter part of the trick may be omitted, unless an old cast-off hat be at hand.

LADIES' GYMNASIA.

As some of our fair readers have ventured to attempt some of the feats we intended solely for young men, we will propose an exploit for their express amusement. It may be performed with perfect propriety, and it will be the source of considerable amusement.

Move the right arm and hand in a circle horizontally, from left to right, and at the same time move the right foot in a circle in the opposite direction, or from right to left.

FREE TRANSLATIONS FROM SOME FRENCH EPIGRAMS
EPITAPHS, &c.

(*Concluded from page 168.*)

EPIGRAMME L'IVROGNE MALADE, PAR DE LA CLAVERIE.

Sur son grabat, et presque à l'agonie,
Certain buveur gisait. Son médecin
Lui dit:—" Ami, de cette maladie
Point ne mourrez ; mais vous devez, enfin,
Si vous voulez prolonger votre vie,
Vous abstenir de boire tant de vin."
" Ah ! cher Docteur, vous parlez à merveille ;
'Trop bien je vois que vous avez raison ;
Car je n'en bus hier qu'une bouteille,
Et jamais jour ne m'a para si long."

Says a learned M.D.
To a sick debauchee,
" If you wish for long life, mend your ways ;
Nor again play the rake,
For the less wine you take,
The more will you lengthen your days."
Quoth the patient, " Egad !
That is true, my old lad,
For that day, when my wife to content,
I took but one bottle
To moisten my throttle,
Was the *longest* day I ever spent."

Another version.

Says a learn'd M.D.
To a sick debauchee,
" If you wish for long life, mend your ways,
Nor again play the rake,
For the more wine you take
The more you will shorten your days."
Quoth the patient, " Egad,
That is true, my old lad,
For one day on a frolic intent,
I took three bottles more
Than I e'er did before,
'Twas the *shortest* day I ever spent."

Moral.

How prudent soever good counsel may be,
Your libertine's sure to make sport of it ;
If his habit it thwarts, 'tis all fiddle-de-dee,
And that is the *long* and the *short* of it.

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 158.)

“ Exulting in strength, how majestic the Horse !
 His neck cloth'd with thunder, he gallops his course ;
 His nostrils a glory tremendously show,
 In the valley he paweth, unmov'd meets the foe ;
 With fierceness and rage how he swallow'th the ground,
 Ha, ha, hark ! he saith, while the hoarse trumpets sound,
 In the battle, in thunder, i' the shout he gains force ;
 How noble in nature, resistless the Horse !

He, train'd to the road, draws the carriage along,
 Is true to his work 'mid the hubbub and throng :
 You would scarce think that aught hung behind at his heels,
 So swift, you discern not the spokes of the wheels.
 Now led, meek and mild, whence he stood, at the rack,
 See, saddled, his master mounts feebly his back,
 With health waning fast, to his aid hath recourse,
 Both a friend and physician he owns in his Horse.

Behold the heap'd waggon pull'd through the deep road,
 He takes the hard collar, and tugs on his load ;
 From morning to night, from night to the morn,
 With short seasons of rest is the hard burden borne.
 Or view him, again, with firm pace drag the plough ;
 Or drawing the harvest home quick to the mow—
 Oh, long might one make him the theme of discourse—
 How noble—how useful, the tractable Horse !

Ah, why do we, then, oft behold him abused,
 Ill fed, over-worked, and his Sabbath refused ;
 Back-gall'd, and knees broken, sides panting with pain ;
 Ah, fatal mistake ! to hope thus to make gain ;
 Ye owners, ye drivers, reflect and be just,
 Know, Providence lends all his creatures in trust ;
 And those who misuse them, nor suffer remorse,
 Must account to the Maker of both man and Horse !”—

The Rev. J. Plumptre.

“ My friends and fellow creatures,—Our respected President has, no doubt, been pleased to select me to open the proceedings of the court in consequence of the intimate knowledge the horse may be presumed to have had from experience of the character and conduct of the tyrant man, to

whose cruel and capricious domination too many of my friends who surround me have been subjected, in that wretched state of existence on earth, from which we have at length been happily released by an all-wise and beneficent Providence.* There are, in the vast assemblage, no doubt, many of my tribe, who were much more distinguished in their former state of existence for those qualities which man most highly prizes in our race; but there are few, perhaps, amongst them more competent to speak of the character of our task-masters than the humble individual whom you have been pleased to summon before you on this occasion, as, during my wretched pilgrimage on earth, I experienced, I believe, almost every vicissitude to which our race is especially doomed by the avarice, caprice, and inhumanity of the self-styled 'Lord of the Creation.'

"In the early part of my life I had little or nothing to complain of: I was full of health and spirits, and unconscious of the sad reverses which were in store for me. I might then have exclaimed in the language of our late tyrant's favourite author,—

'Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little creatures play,
No sense have they of ills to come.
No cares beyond the day.'†

I was carefully tended, and subjected to no species of drudgery. as great hopes were entertained that I might, in time,

* It is a severe, but, we believe, a well merited reproach to the English people, that the most savage nations evince more humanity to their horses, and other animals under their control, than these creatures experience in this civilized and Christian country. The following anecdote relative to the horse, is copied from *Macdonald Kinnear's Journey through Asia Minor, &c.* p. 89.—"A Tartar once performed this journey (from Constantinople to Bagdad) in seven days, and on his arrival at Constantinople the Grand Seignior ordered his head to be struck off, imagining that he must have killed a number of post-horses."

† If any of our readers should marvel to hear of a quadruped quoting Pope, we would remind them that nothing is impossible to "Queen Mab,

prove, like my noble sire, a source of great emolument to my master. If I was not well assured that this assemblage is too enlightened to attach any importance to the mere adventitious circumstance of birth and lineage, I might here boast of a long line of ancestors of untainted blood.* My father was the well known Eclipse,† of whose fame none of you are ignorant, as you have often heard him and his friend Flying Childers recount their former exploits in the spirit of amicable rivalry.‡ As my respected sire is amongst my Fancy's midwife." We do not, however, take upon us to assert that our four-footed orator did actually repeat the lines we have transcribed, all that we maintain is that the dreamer fancied that he heard the apt quotation proceed from the lips of the poetical quadruped.

* The Arabian horses are divided into two great branches, the *Kadischi*, whose descent is unknown, and the *Kochlani*, of whom a written genealogy has been kept up for 2000 years. These last are reserved for riding solely, they are highly esteemed, and consequently very dear. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's studs; however this may be, they are able to bear the greatest fatigue, and can pass whole days without food. They are also said to show uncommon courage against an enemy; it is even asserted that when a horse of this race finds himself wounded, and unable to bear his rider much longer, he retires from the fray and conveys him to a place of security. If the rider falls upon the ground, his horse remains beside him and neighs until assistance be brought. The *Kochlani* are neither large nor handsome, but amazingly swift. The whole race is divided into several families, each of which has its proper name; some of them have a higher reputation than others on account of their more ancient and uncontaminated nobility."—*Southey's Thalaba*, vol. ii. p. 4.

† Eclipse won eleven King's Plates, in ten of which he carried twelve stone. It was calculated that within the course of twenty-three years, 344 winners, the progeny of this animal, produced to their owners the enormous sum of £158,071 12s. sterling, exclusive of various prizes."—*Anecdotes of the Race Horse, in Cruickshank's Comic Album*, p. 33.

"Mr. O'Kelly asserted that he cleared, by Eclipse, £25,000, and his statement is supposed to be correct."—*Ibid*, p. 32.

‡ "The Flying Childers is supposed to have been the fleetest horse ever bred in the world. He started repeatedly at Newmarket against the best horses of his time, and was never beaten. Carrying nine stone two pounds he ran over the round course at Newmarket, which is three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. He ran also over the Beacon Course, which is four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-eight yards, in seven minutes and thirty seconds, covering at every bound a space of about twenty-five feet. He

hearers, I shall not trust myself to speak of him in those terms which I should otherwise have used; I shall, therefore, merely observe, that if he was comparatively well treated during his sojourn on earth, his exemption from the general fate must not be received as evidence of the humanity of his owners;—he was cherished because he was a source of great emolument to his masters, who realized splendid fortunes by his almost unrivalled feats on the turf.

“And here I cannot refrain from remarking, that, unaccountable as it may appear, it is a fact that the horses matched against each other on the race course, sometimes appear to have imbibed the bad feelings which actuate their masters, as they have been known to enter with such unaccountable and unnatural earnestness into the contest, as to attack each other, most furiously, during the excitement of the race. I can account for this species of infatuation only on the supposition that “evil communications corrupt good manners.” In this, our happy sanctuary, we sometimes, in pastime, compete with each other in the race, but it is in the most amicable spirit of generous rivalry, and divested of that hostile feeling which has sometimes been manifested when we were under the contaminating control of that cruel despot, man.*

“Although not destitute of pretensions to more than ordinary qualities myself, I was soon found to be very inferior in speed and other requisites to my sire; I was not, of course, an object of such care and attention as he had been. I won, however, several valuable prizes for my owner, until I broke down during one hard contest, in consequence of having been urged beyond my natural capabilities, by a was never tried at running a single mile, but his speed must have been almost a mile in a minute. He died in the Duke of Devonshire’s stud in 1741, aged 26 years.”—*Capt. Brown’s Biographical Sketches of Horses.*

* See a confirmation of this phenomenon in our last number, page 154, in two notes relative to Mr. Quin’s vicious horse and Forrester.

cruel infliction of the whip and spur. Owing to this accident I was pronounced to be unsound, but as I was known to be full blood, I was disposed of at a pretty good price, to an eminent proprietor of stage-coaches. This was a sad reverse of fortune, for although when on the turf I was goaded to occasional exertions too great for my natural powers, and subjected to severe castigation to urge me to the utmost of my speed, I enjoyed long intervals of repose. Now, however, my cruel task was to be repeated, day after day, and night after night, as I had the misfortune to be employed upon what is termed an opposition coach, and as my master had vowed to ruin his rival, the fares were reduced in proportion as the speed of travelling was increased, until, at length, myself and fellow martyrs to this competition of human avarice were often compelled to travel at the rate of fourteen miles in the hour, with a heavy coach and sometimes twenty inside and outside passengers to drang along. During the time I was subjected to this frightful drudgery, many of my companions were relieved by death from their cruel bondage, and I envied them their happy deliverance. Whilst I was employed in this unnatural and almost incessant toil, I have more than once known my fellow-sufferers leave the fetlock joint of their feet behind them on the road; in consequence of which they were stabbed or shot on arriving at the end of their journey, when the accident was discovered. I shall leave it for you to conceive what excruciating agony the bleeding sufferer must have endured thus compelled to move forward at a rapid rate upon three legs for many miles.*

* Some years ago, when there was a strong opposition between the coach proprietors on the Liverpool and Manchester road, the horses were frequently urged on at a rate of about fourteen miles in the hour. In the London papers not long ago, a letter was published in which the writer attempted to vindicate the rate of stage travelling, and yet he was obliged to admit that "the horses employed on some of the roads last about four

"After having led this wretched life for about two months, it happened that a stranger took a fancy for a

years, although three years is nearer the average: From Hounslow London (says the same writer) we post in fifty-five minutes and thirty seconds: four miles of ground in twelve minutes is the time allowed. Now, at the late Aintree races, a friend whom we had requested to find down the speed at which the racers were urged, found that they cleared four miles in about four minutes. From the extract we have just transcribed from the letter published in the London papers, it appears that the horse employed on the road between London and Hounslow, travel with the coach and passengers, at two-thirds of the speed of the Aintree racers.

The following lines on the Post-horse are from the works of Blakefield:—

"Short-sighted Dobbin, thou canst only see,
The trivial hardships that encompass thee ;—
Could the poor post-horse tell thee all his woes,
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repose ;
Show thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold,
Hir'd at each call of business to engage,
That prompts the traveller on from stage to stage ;
Still on his strength depends their boasted speed :
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare sides bleed ;
And tho' he, groaning, quickens at command,
The extra shilling in the driver's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge ;—'tis he must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel,
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And, trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted, floats in clouds around ;
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides ;
Thro' his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.

Ah, well for him if here his sufferings ceased,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd ;
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, though limping, maim'd, and sore,
He hears the whip, the chaise is at the door,
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-healed wound's inflamed ; again the wheels

and eventually purchased me. He had taken his seat on the coach-box by the side of my master, who occasionally took it into his head to act as driver, and their conversation during a short stage principally concerned me. In one of the

With tiresome sameness in his ears resound
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground;
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piecemeal murd'ers wear his life away."

"Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood;
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse door;
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer 's a hack on the road.
Till at length having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate,
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or Draws sand, 'till the sand of his hour-glass stands still."

Dibdin's High mettled Racer.

The following extract is copied from the interesting "Letters to a Young Naturalist on the study of Nature and Natural Theology," by James L. Drummond, M.D. President of the Belfast Natural History Society:—

"The horse's skin is remarkably sensible, and it is only after the daily or hourly infliction of the whip for years, that it at last becomes comparatively callous. Pampered, perhaps, in his better days, he passes successively from hand to hand, every new change of his condition being a change for the worse, from one step of misery and hardship to another, till curtailed of more than half his days, he at last gets freed from the brutal unfeeling tyrants under whom he dragged out his weary existence. The wanton infliction of pain, too, on the horse, is exercised in the most shameful manner; one might suppose, to observe the conduct of many well-educated men, that they thought him merely intended by nature to undergo a life of flogging, buffeting, and fatigue. Then look at the merciless rate of travelling, and the inhuman loads which have to be dragged along under the perpetual torture of the whip. Lift up the collar and see the red raw flesh, which, at every step, receives a new wound from the pressure and friction of that part of the harness. Recollect the pain produced by the slightest touch on your own skin, when rendered raw by a blister or other means, and try to conceive what must be the sufferings of thousands of stage-coach and other horses, under the united miseries arising from abraded skin, excessive fatigue, daily cutting with the whip, and often, what is equally bad, the wanton brutality of ostlers and stable boys."

favourite plays of the English, there is a passage put into the mouth of a Yorkshire clown, which I had often heard quoted and which was forcibly brought to my recollection, as I listened to my master and the stranger as they were chaffing and bargaining for my miserable body,—‘Never trust no body as deals in horses, (says Tyke,) I larned that in Yorkshire.’ The duplicity and falsehood of these two men were disgusting beyond expression; my crafty master, although he had his secret reasons for wishing to get rid of me, affected a most extraordinary regard for me, which I had never before perceived.—He extolled my pedigree to the skies, and swore that I was one of the most fleet, spirited, and sure-footed beasts he had ever had in his possession. The other replied that he could hardly reconcile such an account of me with certain whip marks on my flanks; and he swore by his Maker that I would be dear at half the price demanded for me;—as to my being sure-footed, he added, with a sneer, ‘if we may judge by his knees, he is a d—d deal fonder of praying than of working.’

“After much similar slang and lying, I passed into the hands of the stranger, and as I thought that no change in my condition could possibly be for the worse, I was, upon the whole, pleased with a circumstance which might possibly render my life more tolerable than it had been of late. I soon, however, discovered that my change of masters was only a substitution of one tyrant for another, or, if I may adopt vulgar human phraseology, I found that I had ‘got out of the frying-pan into the fire.’ I was at first used as a hack horse, at the mercy of any thoughtless rider who could afford to hire me by the hour or day, and speedily found to my cost, that what are termed gentlemen, are sometimes more devoid of feeling than the drivers of a stage-coach; the latter, in urging us to what they term ‘the top of our speed,’ are actuated by necessity rather than choice;

they must travel at a certain speed, or they will be discharged for neglect of duty; but the gentleman who hires a poor hack, has, in general, no such excuse to plead; his object is to amuse himself, and it matters little whether he reaches the end of his jaunt an hour sooner or later. This consideration appears, however, seldom to have any influence with the dandies and puppies who patronized my master's livery stables; 'Push on, keep moving,' seemed to be their motto, and the life I led at this period of my melancholy existence would baffle all description:—unmercifully assailed by the incessant infliction of the whip and spur, I often, unintentionally, retaliated on my persecutor, by coming down on my knees, and precipitating him over my head, or by falling prostrate on the road through complete exhaustion.

(*To be continued.*)

[The length of the notes with which it has been deemed necessary to illustrate this portion of our work, has obliged us to reserve the remainder of the horse's address for our next number. As the notes are not original, but derived from a variety of sources, we may be permitted without egotism to observe that we attach much value to them, as tending to foster that good feeling towards the brute creation, which it is one of the main purposes of our work to encourage.]

P.S. Having been most deeply interested by a description of the "Knacker's Yard, or the Horse's Last Home," which is introduced into the last number of the *Voice of Humanity*, we made immediate application to the publishers of that work, for the loan of a very striking engraving by G. Cruickshank, which illustrates that melancholy narrative, for the purpose of introducing it into the next number of the *Melange*. Before we saw the engraving in the *Voice of Humanity*, it was our intention to trace our horse to this last melancholy home; and the politeness of the Society for Promoting Rational Humanity to the Animal Creation, by favouring us with the loan of Cruickshank's masterly engraving, will naturally enhance the interest of our Elysium of Animals.

"AY!" AND "NO!" OR THE DUMB ELOQUENCE OF VOTES.

[WRITTEN IN MARCH 1829.]

"He (the Duke of Newcastle) had heard that Government had issued an order prohibiting all pensioners from signing petitions.—The Duke of Wellington asked the name of the department from which this order originated?—The Duke of Newcastle said he did not know the name, and asked his Grace if he had not heard of it?—The Duke of Wellington:—"No!""—*House of Lords, March 12.*

Though the Duke of Newcastle, the great borough peer,
 Possesses *seven voices*,* but seldom we hear
 Any sound from his manifold organ pipes flow,
 In Parliament, save a mere—"Ay," or a "No."
 It seems, t'other evening, this borough curmudgeon,
 Put questions which Wellington took so in dudgeon,
 That the only reply which he deign'd to bestow,
 Was a brief and a very significant—"No!"
 'Twas amusing to see mighty Newcastle stare,
 To think how an insolent Minister dare
 To speak in such tone to a borough bashaw,
 Whose nod, like great Jove's, had been heretofore law.
 'Tis thought that the Minister did not say more,
 Because he considers long speeches a bore;
 Or, perhaps, he may think (for our Shakspeare so writ,†)
 That brevity is the quintessence of wit.—
 Besides, your great borough Lords always speak so,
 Their monosyllabic, significant—"No!"
 Or their monosyllabic, significant—"Ay!"
 Is the sum of their logic, their speech, their reply.
 Then why should the Premier's laconical style
 Thus stick in their gizzard—engender their bile,
 When they the example themselves always show,
 And settle all questions by "Ay!" or by "No!"

* This monopolizer of seats has actually, in the House of Commons, seven members nominated by him, or by his influence.—He returns two members for Boroughbridge, two for Aldborough, one for Newark, one for Nottinghamshire, and one for Retford.—In the second volume of the *Mercury*, p. 312, there is an excellent illustration of the borough system, contained in a conversation between Mr. Pelham, the then manager of the House of Commons, and Lord Falmouth, who, like the present Duke of Newcastle, had seven voices in that House which Mr. Canning used to say, needed no reform. The anecdote which was published in 1781, is too long for insertion here; but the pith of it is, that Lord Falmouth asked the Minister for the vacant situation of the Yeoman of the Guard for a friend of his, and that the Minister had promised it to some other person. The only answer which the great borough Lord gave to the Minister when he urged his promise, his honour, and so forth, was, "Remember, Mr. Pelham, there are seven of us." This irresistible logic at length overcame all the ministerial scruples of conscience, and Lord Falmouth's protégé became Yeoman of the Guards.

† If the use of this preterite should be demurred to, our author, who is particularly tenacious of his reputation as an elegant poet and profound grammarian, must shelter himself under the wing of Prior, who says,

"When Sappho writ,
 By their applause, the critics showed their wit."

The Ministers ne'er to their Lordships apply
 To levy new taxes, but they answer—"Ay!"
 Unless the said taxes (but seldom 'tis so)
 Should touch their own pockets, and then they say—"No!"
 To put down Reform, if the Ministers try
 To gag and imprison John Bull, they say—"Ay!"
 But when with petitions the poor humbly go,
 To pray for cheap bread, then they frowning say—"No!"
 When into some vile, corrupt job, Hume would pry,
 If he move for inquiry, they never say—"Ay!"
 For the previous question they clamorous grow,
 And check all inquiry, by growling out—"No!"
 When the Irish petition these Lords to bestow
 Equal laws to their Catholic brethren, 'tis—"No!"
 Thus the nation's spell bound by a "No" or an "Ay,"
 And a base borough faction the people defy.

* * * * *
 May the day soon arrive when, throughout all the land,
 The people, grown wiser, shall make a firm stand;
 Resolv'd that the national weal or its woe
 Shall no longer depend on an "Ay!" or a "No!"

GOBLET AND GOLD.

In the London papers which brought the first account of
 the examinations of the Liverpool witnesses respecting the
 election for this borough, in 1831, the names of Goblet and
 Gold were published by mistake, as no such persons gave
 evidence. This appropriate misnomer occasioned the fol-
 lowing doggerels.

Messieurs Goblet and Gold
 By the papers we're told,
 Gave evidence on the petition;
 And who, let me say,
 Were so proper as they
 To aid the Committee's decision?
 For Gold, like a demon,
 Bewitch'd all the freemen,
 While Goblet made all the taps run;
 Then to Goblet and Gold
 They their consciences sold,
 Thus all our elections are won.

DESPOTISM AND CRUELTY.

[WRITTEN IN 1821.]

————— “ But man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.”—*Shakspeare*.

The following lines were originally written on hearing that the Emperor of Russia, who had shortly before invaded Italy, meditated the invasion of Spain. The sentiments they express are equally applicable to the reigning autocrat of the North, whose atrocities committed upon the brave Polish people are almost without parallel in the history of the world.*

INVOCATION.

Oh ! may Heaven's lightning from on high
Annihilate this band
Of ruffians, who 'gainst liberty
Now raise the ruthless hand !

And may that sceptred tyrant be
From his proud station hurl'd,
Who, impious, issues a decree
To desolate the world.

Or, if Almighty vengeance sleep,
Oh ! for a potent spell
To raise a spirit from the deep
Recess of raging hell !

May conscience, like a demon foul,
Still whisper in his ear,
“ Tyrant, the dagger, or the bowl,
May overtake thee, here.”

* “ The Administrative Council of Warsaw, by a decree, dated the 1st of March, has regulated the weight of the chains by which the Polish prisoners are to be fettered. It would appear that in future all these chains are to be made exclusively at the Imperial forge; they must be constructed on a patent model, and must even bear the government stamp. All male convicts to drag seven pounds of iron after them—women six! Will the day of retribution for such barbarity ever come ?”—*London Paper*, March, 1833.

SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.

"What man that is of ability can have the conscience to deny an alms when he cannot choose but know that there is not that due course provided, or at least used, that persons necessitous and able to work, may have it? Indeed, where there a clear means practised of employing poor persons, it were an uncharitable action to relieve them in a course of idleness"—
Judge Hale.

There is scarcely any subject which can engage the attention of the legislature and the public more worthy of their serious and favourable consideration, than that which is treated of in the following article; and as the writer is of opinion that the plan for the suppression of begging, which is suggested in his letter, will, at no distant day, be adopted, at least as an experiment, which, if successful, would prove most beneficial to the community at large, and to the cause of humanity, he will offer no apology for pressing the subject most earnestly upon the notice of his townsmen, who are personally distinguished for the promotion of every work of charity. The existence of the evil which it is his object to abate, if not to remove it entirely, must be acknowledged by every person who is not altogether divested of sympathy for human misery; and as the primary motive which led to the publication of the *Melange*, was to call the attention of the public to the necessity and duty of doing all the good in our power during our pilgrimage on earth, where we ought to "do unto others as we would that they should do unto us," the republication of the subjoined letter is in perfect accordance with the spirit of our miscellany.

TO JAMES CROPPER, ESQ.

RESPECTED SIR,—Two reasons have induced me to take the liberty to address you thus publicly, and in my own name.

In the first place, I appeal to you in particular, on the present occasion, because I have uniformly found you to be one of the foremost amongst the active and benevolent promoters of every useful scheme for bettering the condition of your suffering fellow-men, whether white, black, British, Irish, or African.

I address you in my own name, because I stand personally pledged to propose some specific remedy for a material abatement of a nuisance which has become almost insufferable.

A public meeting was recently held for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of establishing that Night Asylum for the Houseless Poor, which has subsequently been opened in Freemasons'-row. On that occasion, adverting incidentally to the crying nuisance of street begging, I ventured to assert that the evil might be easily and effectually suppressed, with advantage to the community, as well as to those wretched people who are worthy objects of commiseration and relief. This assertion, in connexion with my name, was reported in the *Liverpool Courier*, and it is therefore incumbent upon me to show that I was not talking altogether at random; and that the plan to which I alluded is not a mere Utopian scheme, but one of easy practicability, although, like every thing connected with the subject of pauperism, it may be liable to some objections. Whether such objections are, or are not, of so formidable a nature as to counterpoise the good anticipated from the change I am about to propose, is a point to the mature consideration of which I respectfully claim your attention, and that of my fellow-townsmen.

With this preface I now solicit the public attention to the subjoined outline of the plan proposed for abating a general and almost intolerable grievance. I remain, respected Sir, yours, sincerely,

E. S.

**OUTLINE OF A PLAN FOR THE ENTIRE SUPPRESSION OF STREET
BEGGING, AND FOR PREVENTING DEATH FROM HUNGER.**

It would be an unpardonable waste of time to endeavour to establish, by proofs, the generally-acknowledged fact, that mendicity is one of the greatest moral and political evils with which society is beset. The nuisance is so general and obtrusive, that we can neither avoid coming into contact with it by staying at home or by going abroad. It appeals incessantly to our sympathies, and occasions the most painful conflicts between our natural feelings and our judgment, the former prompting us to relieve, with the bare chance of doing good, while the latter checks the propensity, by suggesting the suspicion that the person soliciting our assistance may be utterly unworthy of our compassion. Any plan which offers even a distant chance of abating the nuisance is entitled to mature consideration; and under this impression we shall proceed to submit to the judgment of our readers the following desultory suggestions, which we shall preface by a few simple propositions, the justice of which we trust will not be disputed by many of our readers.

1st. In a civilized country, and especially in a country professing Christianity, no individual ought to be allowed to perish for hunger who is able and willing to work, but who cannot procure employment; or who is willing, but unable to labour.

2nd. No idle member of society ought to be allowed to make his livelihood by begging.

3rd. Persons incapacitated, by age or sickness, from earning their bread, and whose relations cannot support them, ought to be maintained at the public expense.

4th. Amidst a choice of evils we should select the least.

If our readers do not recognise the justice of these propositions, they would do well to trouble themselves no further with our speculations upon this subject, as our reasoning, if it be founded upon false data, must be worthless. Those, however, who admit the correctness of these very simple propositions, will, we trust, coincide with the conclusions to which we are about to solicit their attention.

Before we proceed further we shall here state that the objects which we have at heart are as follows:—

1st. To prevent starvation from hunger.

2nd. To spoil the trade of begging, by rendering it not worth following.

3rd. Entirely to get rid of that intolerable nuisance arising from the incessant application of beggars at our doors or in the streets.

4th. To give reasonable assurance to the charitably disposed that the money they may bestow shall not be thrown away upon the idle and profligate.

Although something similar to the mode by which we propose to accomplish these important desiderata has been in partial operation, in more places than one, we expect to hear it ridiculed, or denounced as absurd, impracticable, or mischievous. The apprehension of such a reception shall not, however, deter us from the discharge of our duty, for we deem it the duty of every man to endeavour to accomplish that which he conscientiously believes to be conducive to the public good.

What we propose then, is, that there should be provided what may be termed a public kitchen, where every person in absolute need of food for immediate sustenance, should, on application, be provided with sufficient to appease the cravings of hunger. The food, which should be of the

homeliest description, but at the same time wholesome and nutritious, to be eaten by the applicant there and then, and none, on any account, suffered to be taken away. This precaution would prevent the possibility of imposture; as no person who is not really hungry could possibly eat such homely food as that which would be supplied at the establishment in contemplation. We shall presently take into consideration some of the objections which, no doubt, will be urged against this startling proposal to give food to every one who chooses to apply for it, which, it may be thought, instead of checking the evil for which it is intended as a remedy, would tend to increase the nuisance. This objection, we trust, we shall presently show to be superficial and untenable; but we shall first point out the good effects which would result from the plan we are proposing.

1st. It would entirely and immediately suppress the practice of public begging, and would spare us the pain which is now occasioned by the exposure of wretched, half-naked, and, apparently, famishing children in the streets. It would also put a stop to the intolerable nuisance arising from the incessant application of beggars at our doors.

2nd. Whatever expense carrying this plan into effect might entail upon individuals, they would have the satisfaction to know that their money had not been wasted, but expended in feeding the hungry.

It will, no doubt, be urged that if this plan were carried into execution, the demand for rations would be so numerous that the expense attending it would more than counteract all the good which would arise from such a mode of dispensing relief. The same objection has often been made to the establishment of the Asylum for the Houseless Poor, to which it was predicted that thousands would flock for admission; but how stands the fact?—It appears that since

the opening of that Asylum, on Christmas-day, the number of inmates has never amounted to two hundred, although it is pretty well known that some food, as well as warmth and shelter is there afforded. There is one reason why we believe that the applications for dry bread, to be eaten on the spot, would be almost wholly confined to those who really stood in the utmost need of it. Our experience of the habits of the poor warrants the belief that they would not be very eager to partake of such humble fare as that we are recommending, and which would not be much relished by those who had been accustomed to take salt butter, cheese, or bacon with their bread. Dry bread has no attractions but for those who can get nothing better, and surely no one would deny such fare to a starving fellow-creature.

We shall now proceed to show how the plan proposed would put an end to public begging, with all its attendant annoyances. To say nothing of the pain arising from the contemplation of human wretchedness, we shall, for the present, confine ourselves to the inconvenience which arises from the innumerable calls for relief at our doors, a nuisance which we should place almost at the head of domestic inconveniences. One of our brother editors stated, a few weeks since, that in one day, during the late severe weather, no fewer than forty-three mendicants applied for relief at the door of one gentleman in Rodney-street; and we are of opinion that we have ourselves experienced this species of plague to a still more inconvenient extent. Now the adoption of our plan would, in a day, put an entire stop to this species of annoyance. A beggar, on application to the first house at which he might call, would be directed to the public kitchen, and dismissed without alms. He would soon find that he would receive the same answer at every

other house, and he would, of course, leave off calling altogether. This effect of itself is worth the price it would cost the public ; but the good would not rest here. The trade of the beggar would soon be entirely spoiled ; and this reform we would effect as we would put down the trade of the smuggler, simply by rendering the avocation not worth following.

The relief of the famishing poor who might resort to the public kitchen is, of course, the first object ; but the suppression of professional vagrancy, and the exposure and punishment of imposture, which would be the necessary consequences of the plan recommended, are entitled to the second place in our consideration. The notoriety of the fact that there are thousands of artful impostors, who make a trade, and a lucrative one too, of begging, and counterfeiting lameness and disease, prevents many persons from giving alms in any case, lest they should be encouraging vice and idleness ; forgetting, it seems, the maxim of our law, that it is better that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape, than that the hundredth, if innocent, should suffer. Others who occasionally relieve street beggars, do so, (to use the words of an enlightened cotemporary,) “ knowing that the general effect of almsgiving is pernicious, but shuddering at the notion that in some cases the misery produced by a refusal to give may be extreme. They give, in fact, knowing that, by doing so, they may corrupt others ; but dreading, that by resisting all feeling for apparent misery, they may corrupt themselves.”

The plan we are recommending would set both these classes of persons at their ease ; as the dread of imposition would no longer deter the former from devoting some portion of their money to the necessities of the poor, whilst the certainty that their generosity could not be abused would

render the latter more satisfied with their own conduct than a conscientious man can possibly be under present circumstances.

We shall now assign some further reasons for coming to the conclusion that the mode of relief here recommended would entirely ruin the trade of the professional mendicant impostor.

We shall lay no stress upon the caricatures in the farce of *Tom and Jerry*, where the jolly beggars, in their carousals, protest against "supping upon turkey without sassengers, or weal without lemon;" but we are justified, on better evidence, in concluding that the trade of a professional beggar is often much more lucrative than that of an honest and industrious mechanic.

Several years ago, there was a public-house not many hundred yards from the Liverpool Town-hall, to which beggars used to resort after the "toils of the day;" there to spend great part of the night in carousing at the expense of the compassionate persons who had been the dupes of their artifices. The place was nick-named the Beggars' Hop; and what we have stated respecting it rests upon the authority of most respectable eye-witnesses, whose curiosity had prompted them to visit the rendezvous of these jolly vagrants. We have, also, the authority of parliamentary committees for the fact that many of the vagrants of the metropolis get their six or seven shillings a day by begging. The trade of vagrants of this description, or of sturdy beggars, would be entirely ruined, by the adoption of the plan under consideration. So far from flocking to a town where such a system prevailed, they would flee from it as from a place infected with the plague; and if the same system were universally adopted, the whole fraternity of able-bodied impostors would be reduced to the necessity of

working; whilst the lame and impotent would find refuge in the workhouse, and be prevented from making a disgusting exhibition of deformity as a means of procuring subsistence.

There are, no doubt, many objections to the mode here recommended; but what part of the management of the poor is not surrounded with objections and difficulties? In such matters, as indeed in human affairs in general, we have only a choice of evils, and it is for human prudence to select the least. It may, perhaps, be objected to the proposed plan, that although it might be the means of preventing death by famine, some of the poor persons who might apply for the very moderate rations proposed to be distributed to them, may not have wherewith to pay for their night's lodgings; and that the relief, after all, would, in such cases, be only partial, because shelter is as essential as food. This is all very true; and in such extreme cases it might be desirable that the keeper of the public kitchen should have the power of directing such miserable objects to the Night Asylum, which ought to be visited daily by some agent from the Parish-office, whose business it should be to examine the inmates, and to pass them to their respective parishes.

P. S. The plan suggested in the preceding letter has been very favourably received by many sober-minded and experienced persons, who wish that it may be put to the test of experiment; and the writer has been solicited to set such an establishment on foot, with an offer of pecuniary means quite adequate to the expenses of a fair trial. Engaged as he is, however, in other concerns, which require all his attention, he declined undertaking an important duty which he was conscious he could not properly discharge. It is, however, to be hoped that some person fully

competent to the task may be found, who has sufficient leisure to devote himself to so important a matter.*

* The letter, an extract from which we subjoin, is so creditable to the excellent man whose name is affixed to it, that we cannot resist the temptation to put it on record in the *Melange*.—

Dingle Bank, 3 mo. 20, 1830.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,—Thy proposition of giving a ration of dry bread, to be eaten on the spot, to any person asking for it, as a means of suppressing that most distressing and perplexing nuisance of street-begging, is so simple, and could so easily be tried, that I am very desirous the experiment should be made. If it should succeed, it might, very properly, form a branch of that most excellent institution, the Provident District Society, but there is yet too much of uncertainty about it for it to be undertaken by that society. A novel experiment is best tried at the expence of a few individuals. Myself and my sons, and Robert Benson, will give £10 each, and my friend, W. Rathbone, who is also desirous the experiment should be made, will give £5, and very likely I may meet with others willing to contribute. I think if we had £150 or £200 to begin with, it might be tried, in the first place simply with bread, because that would be attended with least trouble, though in case of a permanent establishment, by no means the cheapest. We know that a great proportion of the population of Ireland live on potatoes only, and in many cases, when salt was subject to duty, they were deprived even of that. It would not cost more than a halfpenny to supply a person with as many boiled potatoes as he could eat, whilst many would readily eat two pennyworth of bread; but the giving of boiled potatoes, or any broken meat collected from the inhabitants, would require a very different establishment to what would be needful for the simple supply of bread, and as this would be the more substantial food, it should have the preference as a trial. There can be no doubt that this plan would destroy the trade of begging, because many mendicants, much as they dislike work, would prefer it to such humble fare. I consider that the community is greatly indebted to thee for the establishment of the very important relief afforded to the most suffering class by the Night Asylum. I wish the present plan, which is equally simple, may be equally successful, and I am, thy sincere friend,

JAMES CROPPER.

To Egerton Smith.

SPEECH

OF THE RIGHT HON. SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS ON THE
OPENING OF THE SESSION IN NOVEMBER 1826.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

It is not generally known, nor will it, perhaps, be now generally credited, that Mr. Canning's speech on the first night of the parliamentary session was delivered in Hudibrastic verses! We almost suspect, indeed, that the friend who has furnished us with the new version, has been practising a joke upon us; because, in the first place, the speech, as reported in the London journals, does not contain all the topics which are to be found in our correspondent's report; and, secondly, because we think that so extraordinary a novelty as the substitution of verse for prose, in the speech of a prime minister, could not have been wholly overlooked by the London reporters, except, indeed, it be that those gentlemen are so accustomed to the *prosing* pace, that they cannot follow an orator who is mounted on his Pegasus.—However this may be, if the speech were really delivered in the manner reported by our correspondent, the thought is original and ingenious, as it cannot be said of this effusion of the Right Hon. Secretary, as it was said of the harangues of his rival and predecessor, that they had “neither rhyme nor reason to recommend them.”

This appears to be a season of general stagnation or deterioration in politics, finance, and commerce; and as it would seem, in the fine arts also; how else are we to account for the fact, that Mr. Canning, who was wont to shine in Sapphics, should now descend to Hudibrastics, and instead of embellishing his oration with selections from the Roman bard, should, to the surprise of the Honourable

House, the country, and all the civilized world, call to his aid a Dutch scribbler of English doggerels? We can scarcely credit the fact, although we have it recorded under our well-known correspondent's



SPEECH.

I own, Sir, I can't comprehend
 To what all these objections tend,
 Which the most learn'd gentleman,
 Who leads the opposition van,
 Has urged, the wisdom to impeach
 Of those who fram'd the Royal Speech ;
 A speech which he, in terms inflated,
 Has brief and barren * designated.
 That it is brief, I freely own ;
 So speeches should be from the Throne ;
 They merely mean "Reciprocation"
 Of good will, 'twixt the King and nation.
 The Monarch merely says,—“How do!”
 They answer,—“Thanks, Sire ; how are you ?”
 This said, the ceremony 's ended,
 And “little said is soonest mended ;”†
 Perhaps more labour'd state orations
 May better suit some other nations ;
 'Tis natural brother Jonathan
 Should go upon the lengthy plan.
 The Message of his President,
 Unlike our Royal Speech, is meant
 To give the amplest information
 Of all that interests the nation ;
 A kind of steward's balance sheet,
 Where every figure is complete,
 And every item of expense
 From thousands even down to pence.
 Such dry details might, I presume,
 Do well enough for Joseph Hums ;
 But, Sir, it ill becomes this nation,
 The “envy and the admiration

* “I am really, Sir, somewhat at a loss to know what the Honourable and Learned Gentleman requires, when he speaks of the barrenness of information in the Speech from the Throne.”—*Mr. Canning's Speech.*

† “It is not now usual to insert in the Speech any passages which may call in the Address for any pledge by the House, of the precise course which they may deem it expedient to adopt ; and, therefore, in the present days, the Speech requires nothing in the address beyond an ordinary and courteous reciprocation of good dispositions.”—*Ibid.*

Of all the world," to stoop so low,
 Or into such minutiae go ;
 Our Royal Speech is quite complete,
 It is obscure,* and short and sweet.
 The Yankee President may whine,
 In democratic "genuine,"
 Of national prosperity ;
 With us 'twould be temerity,
 Just now such boasting would not answer,
 For should we but one word advance, Sir,
 About Prosperity, I fear
 They'd tell us of the Speech that year,—
 When of Prosperity we boasted,
 For which the Chancellor still is roasted.
 So brevity, again I say,
 Must be the order of the day.
 Against the Speech some have demurr'd,
 Because of Greece there's not a word ;
 We're ask'd, too, why the Irish nation,
 And Catholic emancipation,
 Subjects of such deep interest,
 Are wholly in the Speech suppress'd ?
 All these are matters which I can, Sir,
 But which I will not just now answer.

Sir, Ministers have just been twitted,
 Because the custom is omitted
 Of conning o'er, the night preceding,
 The Speech, before the Royal reading ;†
 But, Sir, the cause of this omission
 Was not design, but indecision ;
 The Cabinet's in such a state,
 That it was not till very late
 Last night, before it was decided
 (Opinions were so much divided)
 What to advise the King to say,
 (Or rather what he should *not* say,)
 On opening Parliament to-day.

The Speech is censured on the ground
 That not a word therein is found

* "Now, Sir, it is certainly a satisfaction to those who happen to have been the framers of that paragraph in his Majesty's Speech, to find that it has created in the Honourable and Learned Gentleman, and the Honourable Seconder, two such different opinions as to its import."—*Ibid.*

† "I undoubtedly recollect, that, during the early period of my experience in Parliament, it was the custom, the night before the commencement of a Session, to read to such members as might think proper to assemble at a place called the Cock-pit to hear it, the Speech with which the King's Ministers had advised his Majesty to open the Session."—*Ibid.*

About economy—and stuff,
Of which we've heard more than enough.
While Spain is governed by the French, Sir,
How can we possibly retrench, Sir?

(*Loud cries of "Hear, hear!"*)

I think I comprehend the sneer
Of those who now cry "Hear, hear, hear!"
'Tis meant, Sir, to insinuate
That we brought Spain into this state.
They'll say, we should have taken care
To check the *Cordon Sanitaire*.
Sir, I must cry "*peccavi*" here,
I was outwitted by Monsieur.
Still we must keep up the supplies,
To succour friends and old allies;
And Portugal, you'll all agree,
(So dear to England,—dear to me,)
Must be assisted in her stand
Against beloved Ferdinand,
Who meditates the restitution
Of the old odious constitution.*

Sir, amongst other fallacies,
We're blam'd for building palaces;†
But what, Sir, would they have us do.
We've gaols and workhouses enow,
And male and female tread-mills too;‡
Then if the people have such things,
Why grudge a palace for their kings?

* "The Honourable and Learned Gentleman is dissatisfied with the declaration in the Speech, that the estimates shall be formed with as much attention to economy as the exigencies of the public service will permit. Does the Honourable and Learned Gentleman suppose that there are no exigencies in the public service? Has this country no station to maintain?—Is nothing required from us towards the maintenance of tranquillity in Europe? . . . Was not our fleet in the Tagus wisely maintained there? Had we acted differently what fatal consequences might not have ensued to Portugal? . . . We must take care that the frontier of Portugal shall not be crossed by any invading army."—*Ibid.*

† "But the Honourable and Learned Gentleman tells us that it is monstrous to be building palaces and public works at this time, and declares that the most gratifying and graceful ornaments, upon which the eyes of the country could now be fixed, would be, out of regard to the sufferings of the people, public works and palaces left in an unfinished state:

———'*opera interrupta, minaque
Museum ingentes.*'

I say, Sir, that he is mistaken; I contend that such would be by no means the case. I say, that public works, wisely administered, are a benefit to the people, and an advantage to the country. I maintain that, when the complaint among the most numerous classes of the community is want of employment, and a redundancy of hands for labour, it is a strange and idle thing to pretend that such works do not relieve them, and are not a substantial benefit to them."—*Ibid.*

‡ The gaol at Maidstone cost no less a sum than £500,000; and it has been calculated that every prisoner confined within its walls cost the county £400.

We might apply the public purse
 To purposes in my mind worse.
 The money's paid to artisans,
 And to surveyors for their plans ;
 Then why should people taxes rue,
 Which, as Burke said, return like dew ?
 When Egypt's Queen dissolv'd the gem
 That grac'd the royal diadem,
 And, mix'd with nectar in the cup,
 Swallow'd the costly beverage up ;
 Even this profligate abuse
 Of wealth was not without its use ;
 The toiling wretches earn'd their bread,
 Who dug that jewel from its bed.
 When Heliogabalus of old,
 Had serv'd up, on one dish of gold,
 Of brains of ostriches, at least
 Six hundred, at a single feast,
 The Romans might perhaps complain,
 Of his exuberance of brain ;
 But, Sir, to furnish that enjoyment,
 Hundreds of paupers found employment ;
 The birds to hunt down or ensnare,
 That form'd the imperial banquet rare.*
 Thus, public prodigality
 Has its advantages, we see ;
 Nor new the doctrine ;—we know
 'Twas taught a century ago
 By Mandeville,† who clearly shows
 That good from evil often flows.
 I've got the passage off by rote,
 Which by permission here I'll quote :—

“ The root of evil—Avarice,
 That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful vice
 Was slave to Prodigality,
 That noble sin—whilst Luxury
 Employ'd a million of the poor,
 And odious Pride a million more ;
 And Envy itself, and Vanity
 Were ministers of Industry ;
 Their darling folly, Fickleness,
 In diet, furniture, and dress,

gabalus had the brains of six hundred ostriches dressed in one dish. It was
 to eat but of one dish, but that was an expensive one.—*Goldsmith*.

eville was the author of the Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public

That strange ridiculous vice was made,
The very wheel that turn'd the trade."

Thus, Sir, great Mandeville you see
Agrees with Ministers and me ;
And all the talk about profusion
Is but a popular delusion,
Which Opposition, still at random,
Indulge in, "*vulgus ad captandum.*"
So if it be not from sheer spleen,
The member, Sir, for Aberdeen,
Will deem it wise for time to come,
About retrenchment to be dumb ;
But let him rail on, if he will,
We shall uphold the system still !
And, spite of his eternal gabble,
Adapted only for the rabble,
The Ministers will keep their stations,
The " Envy of surrounding nations !"

[*Immense applause, mixed with scrapings, coughings, and cries of*
"*Hear, hear, hear !*"]

A WORD OF COMFORT TO A BROTHER EDITOR.*

You're much too nice, good brother chip ;
'Tis not a typographic slip,
To call the bully Theseus thief :
He was of robbers sure the chief,
Who went, as ancient poets tell,
To steal Old Nick's wife out of H—l.†

A YANKEE RETORT UPON JOHN BULL, WHO WAS BOASTING OF THE MATCHLESS CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, AND RIDICULING THAT OF BROTHER JONATHAN.

Your *own* constitution extol as you choose,
But *our* constitution you must not abuse ;
'Tis better than yours, Brother Bull, and I " guess,"
It costs knowing Jonathan " tarnation " less.
You say yours is *matchless*, but that's idle prate ;
Ours is *PEER-less* and " genuine," I " calculate."‡

* "*Sculpture.*—In an article under this head, in our last, by a typographical error the word *Theseus* was printed *Thieves* in a part of our impression.—*Liverpool Paper.*

† See an account of his attempt, to steal away Proserpina, Pluto's wife.

‡ The phrases " I guess," " I calculate," " genuine," and " tarnation," are used in common parlance in several of the states of America.

ON PUNNING, CONUNDRUMS, &c.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."—*Proverbs*, vii. 22.

"Oh, the anti-risible rogue!—Oh, the jesticide—the hilarifuge—the extinguisher of 'quips, and cracks, and wanton wiles'—the queller of quirks, quiddets, quibbles, equivocation, and quizzing!"—*Anon.*

"Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore, jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season."—*Fuller's Holy State*.*

Some of our readers, aware, perhaps, that we, ourselves, have no violent aversion to a pun in its proper place, have expressed their surprise that we should have inserted in the *Kaleidoscope* an article denouncing puns, in a

* Fuller is one of the greatest masters of that quaint style of composition which seems to have been thought so ornamental among old English writers. He was one of Shakspeare's contemporaries and occasional associates, and wrote many works remarkable for their good sense, their piety, and their wit. His "Holy State" is, we think, little known. It is a moral treatise, illustrating rules of life by characters and examples. We shall give our readers a specimen of this lively work, from that part of it which he calls "General Rules."

"Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season. It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.—The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school before her; 'Pshaw, (said the Queen) it is his profession, I will not see him;' she liked it not where it was a master quality, but where it attended on other perfections.—The same we may say of jesting. Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word;—will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign; more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if without thy intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee. Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let

tone almost as peremptory as that of our surly old lexicographer, who, while he himself would occasionally indulge in the practice, maintained, that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. When the Doctor said this, he was himself committing a literary nuisance almost as obnoxious as punning; he was stringing together one of those alliterative sentences which are so common in his writings. The P's were running in his head, and "pun, pick, and pocket" was too pretty a jingle to be suffered to escape.

A pun, like every thing else, is a good thing in its proper place; there are moments and hours in the lives of us all which are spent in vacuity, in doing nothing or worse than nothing. If a pun, or any thing that is innocent can make us smile instead of gaping, or laugh outright instead of nodding, we should hail it as a "consummation

us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed. Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding sheets. Scoff not the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend;—O, it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful;—mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs. He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own; purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey, take out the sting in the back and it may make good meat; but if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it. He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain; yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth; such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make no jests so long till thou becomest one. No time to break jests when the heart strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off; like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, 'At the end of my legs;' but at such times jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*, but let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter."

devoutly to be wished for;" so far from scrutinizing its pretensions too closely, the amusement it affords us is often in the precise degree of its extravagance; as we are more delighted with the antics of a merry-andrew, the more he deviates from the *beau ideal* of beauty and grace.

It is sometimes pretended that no man of talent was ever a punster; but we are so far from acceding to the truth of the observation, that we contend that none, except a man of genius, ever made a good pun. Shakspeare, the most exalted and versatile genius, "that ever lived in the tide of time," was a punster, although it must be confessed he was none of the best, and that many of his puns are not only bad, but sadly misplaced; thus, in a serious part of the chorus to one of his historical plays, the name of which we do not just now recollect, one of the characters, in allusion to the venality of courtiers and others, says, "Did for the *gilt* of France—Oh! *guilt*, indeed!" This is insufferable; but Shakspeare's genius was, nevertheless, as we have before observed, the most exalted and versatile that ever mortal was gifted with.

If Swift was an inveterate punster, he was, on the other hand, the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver*, and many other works, which evinced much wit, learning, and extensive information. Foote, one of the best punsters that ever "set the table in a roar," was a man also of genuine wit and humour, and a most entertaining writer. Sheridan, who was very fond of a pun, was a brilliant orator and an accomplished author; and if George Coleman has been guilty of sundry puns, he has fully atoned for the sin by favouring us with some of the best comedies in the language.

It has a thousand times been observed, that ridicule and satire are the most powerful correctives of folly or vice, and may they not be equally efficacious in exploding vulgar phraseology? Many a person upon whom the lesson and

the rod of the pedagogue have failed to produce correct pronunciation or emphasis, has been shamed out of his slovenly habits by hearing a bad conundrum, or pun made the subject of exposure and laughter. No man that has heard Liston talk of *an* horse and *an* hunter, and has seen the audience convulsed with laughter at the vulgarism, will be likely to fall into the same mistake; or, if he has already acquired the bad habit, he will, forthwith, set about reforming it to avoid ridicule. The abominable pronunciation of *h*, so common in this county, is more likely to be reformed by dint of punning than by any more legitimate process; as the worst puns which are sported often depend upon false aspiration.

In one of our former volumes we entered upon a brief defence of the conundrum, which is synonymous with the pun; and, as the subject is now before us, we will transcribe one or two paragraphs.

“A celebrated writer has observed, perhaps not in the precise words, that ‘Gravity is often a mere mystery of the body, assumed to hide the defects of the mind;’ and most certainly our own experience, which has often confirmed the truth of the position, and enables us to say that the most agreeable triflers are to be found amongst men of the highest literary and scientific attainments. Your dull and pedantic proser, who will turn up his learned nose at a whimsical or outrageous conundrum, depend upon it cannot make one himself. Of all the stimulants to mirth and laughter, we scarcely know any to be compared to the conundrum, especially of the *outré* class; the more outrageous the better; and it would be ungrateful to deny that our correspondents have, occasionally, supplied us with some of this description.

“In imitation of their great example, we have also entered the lists; and hereby give notice, that several of our conundrums are our own literary property; and that we expect

them to be respected accordingly. If any of our correspondents can surpass them in that genuine bathos which ought to shine out in the conundrum, we shall not fail to pay them due homage.

“Conundrums have other claims to our notice, besides the innocent and hearty laugh they afford. They may be rendered subservient to correct pronunciation. The conundrum is the twin-brother to the pun, and, in many instances, the literary bantlings bear so close a resemblance that they cannot be distinguished.

“The pun often owes its zest to a vicious and distorted pronunciation, or emphasis, and as this discrepancy generally excites our laughter and ridicule, we are not likely to fall into similar vulgarisms in our ordinary conversations, for such is the dread of appearing ridiculous, that the generality of men would rather be hated than laughed at.”

We have said that puns are admissible, and agreeable too, when introduced at proper times and seasons, by which we mean, when they do not interrupt or supersede rational and useful conversation, or when they are not incompatible with the nature of the place in which they are uttered. It was, however, the fashion, at one time of day, to season even sermons with a spice of pun, of which the following anecdote affords an example, which can hardly be perused without a smile.

Wilkins, in his *Characteristic Anecdotes*, tells us, that “Daniel Burgess, the celebrated Nonconformist preacher, in the beginning of the last century, once inveighing in the pulpit against drunkenness, having preached the hour out proceeded thus :—‘Brethren, I have somewhat more to say on the nature and consequences of drunkenness, so let us have the other *glass* and then,’—[turning the hour sand glass, which^o was sometimes used as an appendage to the pulpit desk.”]

Kett, in his *Flowers of Wit*, gives a more outrageous specimen of pulpit punning, published in a sermon, written and preached in the reign of James I. "The *dial*, (says the preacher,) shows that we must *die all*; yet, notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *ale houses*; *Paradise* is a *pair of dice*; our *marriages* are *merry ages*; *matrimony* is a *matter of money*; our *divines* are *dry vines*:—was it so in the days of *Noah*?—*Ah no!*"

These are sufficient to illustrate our notions of inadmissible puns. They are alike unsuitable to the place in which they are uttered and the grave subject which they are thus permitted to interrupt, with ludicrous images; but the Scripture says there is a season for all things; we are, therefore, justified in maintaining that there is a season for puns, conundrums, and similar bagatelles, and that season is, when men have nothing better to do, which is a matter of pretty frequent occurrence. At such times, let us bear in mind that man is the only animal gifted with the power of laughing, a privilege which was not bestowed upon him for nothing. Let us, then laugh while we may, no matter how broad the laugh may be, short of a lock-jaw, and despite of what the poet says about the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." The mind should occasionally be vacant, as the land should sometimes lie fallow; and for precisely the same reason.

IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARY CAMPBELL, THE GAERLOCH MIRACLE
WORKER, WHO BOASTS SHE CAN WALK UPON WATER.

You can walk on the water you say,
Because you are one of the chosen;
Why, so any infidel may,
If he'll wait till the water is frozen.

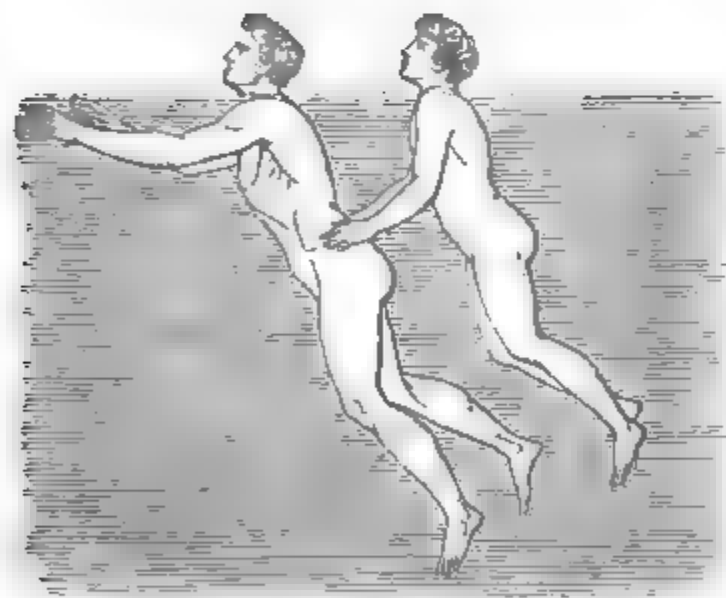
SWIMMING, &c.

As this is the season for engaging in this most wholesome recreation, we shall introduce in the present and the next number of the *Melange*, some aquatic exploits, which we have from time to time published in the *Mercury* and *Kaleidoscope*, and which have some claim to be considered original, as they have never been described in any other publication. These feats were, apparently, not known to Dr. Franklin, or any other writer on swimming, or they would not have failed to notice them, as several of them are equally curious and useful, as offering the ready means of affording assistance to persons in danger of drowning.

AQUATIC GYMNASIA.

No. VI.

HOW TO CONVEY A PERSON WHO CANNOT SWIM, IN PERFECT SAFETY THROUGH DEEP WATER.



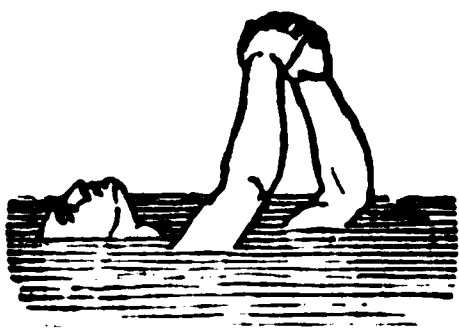
This feat explains itself;—the swimmer is the front figure, and the other, which is supposed not to be able to

swim, merely takes hold of the hips of the former, who by striking out will easily bear the other forwards, although, of course, not very rapidly.

We have a right to set some store by this feat, as it was once our good fortune to save the life of a companion, who would, most assuredly, have been drowned if this means of rescuing him had not been adopted.

No. VII.

As swimming is the order of the day, we shall propose to our readers two aquatic feats, which are the most puzzling of any we ever accomplished, and we believe we have, in our time, attempted all manner of vagaries in the water, not omitting that most ridiculous of all aquatic feats, cutting the toe nails while floating, which we can assure our readers, besides spoiling the penknife, is no improvement whatever upon the ordinary paring operation. Be that as it may, the two exploits represented by the annexed figures are far more difficult to accomplish.



The present figure represents a person lying at full length on his back in the water, his toes, though not shown in the figure, out of the water. In this position the arms are to be raised in an arch over the face, the fingers of each hand touching; and almost the whole of each arm out the water. The person performing the feat must remain, and must speak or whistle, in order to show that he does not float merely by holding his breath. The arms in the figure are raised too much over the chest; they ought to be thrown further back, so as to form an arch above the face.

No. VIII.



This feat is still more difficult than No. VI.; the whole of the head being out of the water, the arms extended as in the act of swimming, but kept motionless; the body lying horizontally on the water so that the heels may be seen on the surface. If the specific gravity of the person attempting this be greater than that of water, it will be impossible to succeed; since, independent of floating without motion of the limbs, he has the whole weight of the head to support above the surface; whereas, in floating on the back, half the head is immersed in the water, whereby a great part of its weight is neutralized.

SWIMMING AND FLOATING WITH A CONSIDERABLE WEIGHT
ON THE CHEST.

Since writing the above, we have made several experiments in the Floating Bath, the result of which warrants us in stating that a good swimmer may sustain a weight of from ten to twelve pounds on his chest, while lying on his back, without moving either hand or foot; and that, when using both hands and feet, he can carry at least twenty-four pounds.

The experiments which we and other persons have made at the Floating Bath, were performed with large flat stones, used for ballast, one of which, weighing sixteen pounds, and brick weighing at least seven pounds, (twenty-three pounds in all,) were carried with such ease, that we are of opinion, that, with the weight better distributed, it would be possible to sustain more than we have stated. The buoyancy of some persons is such as would enable them, in all probability, to bear up a much greater burden than twenty

four pounds. Daniel Lambert would, probably, have borne half a hundred weight or more. The writer of this paragraph, who very easily moved forwards with twenty-three pounds on his chest, weighs about thirteen stone, which is less than a quarter of the weight of Daniel Lambert.

SUGGESTIONS FOR RELIEVING DROWNING PERSONS.



In a recent *Mercury* we copied from the *Sussex Advertiser* a very interesting account of the rescue of a vessel's crew, by means of a Newfoundland dog, which swam with a rope through the surf, and thus formed a communication between the vessel and the shore. This circumstance brought to our recollection a plan for the rescue of drowning persons, which has long been the subject of conversation amongst our friends, and which we shall briefly describe, as we are more convinced of its utility the more we reflect upon it. Its importance, under particular circumstances, will be immediately recognised by those who know any thing of the subject.

Those persons who have ever attempted to rescue a drowning man, must be well aware of the extreme peril of the undertaking;—the struggler, almost unconscious of what he is doing, is apt to seize the arms, or clasp the body of him who attempts to save him; and without much caution, presence of mind, and address, instead of one life

being saved, two may be sacrificed. Having, several times in the course of our lives, had personal experience of the difficulty and peril to which we here allude, we may be permitted to offer an opinion on a subject which will be admitted on all hands to be of great interest and importance.

The plan we are about to propose is not intended for general, but for particular occasions, as it is not likely that two dogs could always be at hand upon a sudden emergency. There are, however, places of great public resort for bathers, such as the Serpentine river, where the means of rescuing drowning persons, which we wish to propose, would be the very best that could possibly be adopted, for reasons which we shall presently explain.

The dogs kept for this purpose should wear strong collars, into which hooks or staples should be fixed, in order that upon an emergency the animals may be instantly yoked together, by a connecting stick, or bamboo, which would keep them a yard or more asunder in swimming. When a person is discovered in the water in danger from fright, debility, cramp, or any other cause, the dogs should be immediately despatched to his assistance. When they reached him he would naturally seize hold of the connecting rod, as represented, which would be much more safe and effectual than laying hold of the dogs themselves, as he would be apt to do if they were sent out to his rescue without the connecting rod. The hands and arms of the man would, by this means, be kept immersed in the water, so that it would require but little effort to sustain him, and we have no doubt that two stout dogs, yoked as here represented, would buoy up as many men as could grasp the connecting rod.

We once had in our possession a fine water dog, which would swim, although slowly, with a man holding at each ear, although they made no effort themselves.—What then

would two dogs effect, when yoked as we propose? We prefer a rod or bamboo to a connecting rope, because it obliges the animals to swim at sufficient distance apart to admit of a man, or more, between. Besides, if a rope were used, when the person to be rescued grasped it, his hands would not be kept near the surface, as is represented in the sketch, and his chin would be apt to get under water in the act of being borne ashore.

At such a place as the Serpentine, or wherever a great number of persons congregate for the purpose of bathing, a couple of dogs trained for the purpose, and ready to be sent into the water on a sudden emergency, might be the means of saving many lives. They would reach a drowning person sooner than any other means of rescue could be adopted; and as dogs are wholly without fear, they would never hesitate for a moment to obey the word of command.

ECHO.

[WRITTEN IN AUGUST 1824.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few evenings ago I chanced to cast my eye over a *jeu d'esprit* entitled "Address to the Echo," which appeared, I believe, originally, in the *London Magazine* of this month, and has thence found its way into a multiplicity of our public journals. It may be the height of presumption to criticise any composition emanating from the literary galaxy of the metropolis, and it is, therefore, with fear and trembling that I presume to offer it as my humble opinion, that the aforesaid address to Echo is not absolutely perfect. The nymph, who has condescended to reply to the interrogatories of the rhyming lover, must have been that identical

an echo, who, when asked "How do you do?" replied "Very well thank you!" To my ear, at least, such a response is fully as legitimate as the following selected from a dialogue under consideration:—"Celibacy, silly Bessy Common dressed, come undressed.—Appease her, seize her.—Compel her, excel her." It may be the fault of my ears, but I cannot for the life of me reconcile those accommodating responses, as all the echoes I have conversed with most scrupulously faithful in replication.

Well, Sir, after reading, or, I believe, in the very act of finding the *jeu d'esprit* in question I fell asleep, and had a strange dream, which I shall briefly relate.—Methought I was sauntering by moonlight in a romantic wood, in which there was a remarkably fine echo, when I perceived a female enter into the most shady part of the grove. She entered into a dialogue with Echo, which, as it was very brief, I was enabled to transcribe entire, after I awoke. The damsel, though I could not very clearly distinguish her form, must have been of low degree by her provincial accent, and the rustic names of her admirers. With this preamble, I shall proceed to narrate the dialogue, which was as follows:—

Sweet Echo, no longer I single will tarry,
Of all my admirers, pray which shall I marry?

(Echo)—Harry.

No, rather than that I'll remain single still;
How shall I succeed if I marry my Will?

(Echo)—Ill.

Strange! Echo, that thus thou should still thwart my whim,
Pray, would you advise me to marry young Tim?

(Echo)—Him?

And why not? for Tim has the good ready penny;
Of my lovers, who's better, pray, out of the many?

(Echo)—Any.

What say you to John?—An estate he has got,
And none in profession of love is as hot.

(Echo)—He's a sot.

Then there's Hodge, and there's Rodger, and Lubin, and Joe,
Shall I turn a deaf ear to them all, and say no?

(Echo)—Say no.

Cruel Echo, to one further question reply,
Tell me, truly, if I an old maiden shall die!

(Echo)—Ay.

Ah! Echo, my feelings so sorely you mangle,
On you weeping willow I'll forthwith go dangle!

(Echo)—Go dangle.

Methought that the desponding damsel, upon uttering these words, rushed forwards, in frantic despair, towards the aforesaid weeping willow. I attempted to pursue her, to prevent the fatal catastrophe, when I fell into a quagmire, and awoke well nigh suffocated with mud and sympathy.

DIABOLICAL MALEDICTION.

A wretch, whose infamous character had rendered him so obnoxious to his fellow-townsmen, that by common consent his society was avoided, at length found himself compelled, by public opinion, to decamp from his native spot, to the great joy of his neighbours. He set out one morning very early, and when he had reached the summit of a hill, which afforded him the last glimpse of the spot he was about to quit for ever, he burst out into the following singular and demonical soliloquy. It is so unique in its character that I have endeavoured to versify it, as a specimen worthy of Cain, or of Milton's devils.

Adieu, accurs'd land of my birth!
I thus "shake your dust from my feet!"*
In some remote corner of earth,
I'll seek a less loathsome retreat.
My hatred's so deadly, so deep,
This curse as my legacy take,—
May those who're awake—never sleep,
And those who're asleep—never wake!

* "And whosoever will not receive you, when you go out of that city shake off even the dust of your feet as a testimony against them."—*Luke ix. 5.*

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 190.)

CHAP. X.

*The Statesman at a Non-plus, or Political Backing-out—
Manufacture of Modern Antiques—An ingenious Scheme for
turning the Penny.*

“Look there, my friend, (said Asmodeus,) there is a politician for you in a terrible dilemma; see how he shakes his head, scratches it, bites his nails, while, with his foot, he plays what you call the ‘Devil’s Tattoo.’ Do you know the poor gentleman?”

“I do not recognise him, (said Ferdinand,) but he seems to be in a sad quandary. Who is he, I pray you, and what is the subject of the embarrassment that so perplexes him?”

“That is Peel, your Secretary of State for the Home Department. If I had as much mischief in me as some of my fraternity; if I had not more of good than evil in my nature, I should be very angry with him just now. He has hitherto been a bigot and a mischief-maker;—one of those who by their intolerance have rendered your country a reproach amongst nations. He has all his life approved of those penal laws against the free exercise of conscience, which disgrace no other spot on earth except England, *par excellence*, the land of liberty, ‘the admiration of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations.’ He is, you know, the representative of that seat of orthodoxy, and other sorts of *doxies*, the University of Oxford. He is, at this moment, racking his brains to pen a suitable letter to his constituents, announcing to them his recent conversion to liberal opinions, and, consequently, his utter unfitness to

continue any longer the representative of that learned, pious, and orthodox body."

"The letter before him (said Ferdinand) is so disfigured with erasures, alterations, and amendments, that it reminds me of the fac-simile of one of Pope's manuscript pages of his Homer, preserved in the British Museum."

"He seems very far from being satisfied with his production, (said Asmodeus,) and, *pour comble de malheur*, the Oxonians have this very day voted an intolerant anti-Catholic petition, with the request that their representative will present and support it. The two communications cross each other on the road, and thus the parties, without a pun, may be said to be engaged at a game of cross-purposes."

"No wonder (said Ferdinand) that this *ci-dérant* Orange Peel should look a little foolish at this moment. The finest horse, you know, always 'backs out' awkwardly:—it is a retrograde manœuvre which cannot be made with a good grace. The cheers of the liberals will hardly atone for the taunts he will have to endure from the intolerants whom he has deserted; bearing in mind the bigot zeal which so long actuated him, they will say to him,

' Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood which you gain'd in hot ?'

But tell me, my good friend, to what cause we are to ascribe the extraordinary metamorphosis which has reconciled Wellington and Peel to opinions hitherto stigmatized by them and their party as absurd, unconstitutional, or impracticable?"

"It is beyond my power (said Asmodeus) to answer your question satisfactorily; considerations of the danger to be apprehended from a further perseverance in the old system probably have had no small share in the change; but of that I can only form a conjecture, because, as I have already informed you, although I am acquainted with the present and the past, I cannot dive into futurity: besides, if, as I

suspect, there has been a court intrigue going forwards, my lips must be sealed; as I told your respected ancestor, Don Cleofas—my jurisdiction does not extend to court matters: such intrusion would embroil me with Leviathan, Belfegor, and Astorath, who are the only demons admitted to Court.* I cannot, therefore, satisfy your curiosity on this point; a little time will, however, reveal the secret. In the meanwhile, suppose we change the scene. If you have any taste for modern antiques, look there, (pointing to that part of the globe where the town of Hull was situated.) Do you not see a number of wood turners busily at work? Can you guess what they are about?"

"They seem (said Ferdinand) to be turning snuff-boxes out of some kind of old logs of wood, rather the worse for wear. They must, however, have a brisk demand, or they would not be thus working in the night. I was not aware that this kind of manufacture was carried on to such extent in Yorkshire."

"It is quite a new branch of business, (said Asmodeus,) a very happy thought, which makes good your adage, 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.' The logs of wood you see lying about were fished up from an old Dutch vessel, lost some years ago at the entrance of Hull harbour. They were purchased by a turner, in whose cellar they remained untouched and forgotten, until the recent conflagration of York Minster suggested the idea of *turning* them to profitable account. The wood bears a considerable resemblance to the timbers of the ancient cathedral; and as every person in York and its neighbourhood naturally wishes to preserve some relic of the venerable pile, this patriotic turner is converting his worm-eaten Dutch logs into cathedral snuff-

* "Il ne m'est pas permis de m'introduire auprès des souverains: ce serait empiéter sur les droits de Léviathan, de Belfegor, et d'Astorat. Je vous l'ai déjà dit ces trois esprits sont en possession d'obséder les princes. Il est défendu aux autres démons de paroître dans les cours."—*Le Diable Boiteux*, c. v.

boxes, which are bought up as genuine relics at any price he has the conscience to demand."

"Faith, this is an ingenious mode of 'turning the penny,' (said Ferdinand;) I suppose the fellow borrowed the hint from one of his predecessors in imposture, who had an extensive manufactory of tobacco-stoppers, all made from the original mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare, celebrated in Garrick's Jubilee, and thus alluded to in one of his songs:

'Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh, my dear Shakspeare, was planted by thee;
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.'

"The trade of making relics (said Asmodeus) is very old and very profitable, and will continue to be so as long as people are to be found who, like O'Keefe's antiquarian, Old Cockletop, 'love every thing that is ancient except women and guineas.' The arts of getting up old pictures, coins, manuscripts, &c. are probably known to you, if not, I can initiate you into the arcana. The predilection for antiquities has given scope to a variety of ingenious and successful impostures. I need hardly remind you of the Rowley manuscripts of Chatterton, nor of Ireland's fabrication of Vortigern, which he passed off to the critics and book-worms as a newly discovered play of Shakspeare. The means resorted to by Michael Angelo and Mignard to turn the laugh against the connoisseurs are, no doubt, familiar to you."

"I am not ignorant of the *fourberies* of Chatterton and of Ireland, (said Ferdinand,) and I have often laughed to think of the figure which one of the most learned men of our day cut, when he went on his knees to the Shakspeare relic; but I do not recollect the other instances you have mentioned, and I shall feel obliged to you for the particulars."

"To cut a long story short, (said Asmodeus,) Michael Angelo chiselled out a beautiful statue, which, after breaking off a limb and imparting to the remainder all the marks

of great antiquity, so familiar to professional connoisseurs, he buried where he knew it would soon be discovered. It turned out as he expected; the mutilated statue was dug up, and pronounced by the most eminent and acknowledged judges to be infinitely superior to any thing which could be produced by modern masters. It could only be the work of Phidias or Praxiteles. After the 'knowing ones' had fairly committed themselves past revocation, Angelo declared himself to be the artist, and produced the limb he had secreted, which, when compared with the modern antique, was found to correspond exactly. The anecdote of Mignard is much the same, substituting a portrait for a statue; and the complete success of these impostures would seem to countenance the sneer of one of your satirists, who says,

'Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.'

Nor has the practice of imposture in the manufacture of antiquities been confined to literature or the arts. It is computed that the quantity of wood sold as the veritable cross, would, if calculated, be sufficient to build a hundred gun ship."

"I have read somewhere, (said Ferdinand,) that the manufacture and sale of relics is still a profitable trade in the East. Is it true?"

"Literally so, (said Asmodeus;) Volney, a great traveller, relates, in his travels in Egypt and Syria, that three hundred chests of relics are annually imported from Jerusalem. In fact, so easily are the majority of the people gulled by any plausible humbug, that Frederick of Prussia was not far out when he designated them as the 'mass of intellectual imbecility, made to be the dupes of those who will take the trouble to deceive them.'"

(To be continued.)

UP, PROTESTANTS, UP!

[WRITTEN IN MARCH 1829.]

In February 1829, some verses, of which the following is a parody, were published in the Tory No-Popery journals. The original lines are appended as a note.*

ROUSE, BRITONS! AROUSE!

By the land of your fathers so justly renowned,
By those Christian precepts by which you are bound,†
By the Throne you acknowledge, the faith you revere,
Rouse, Britons, arouse! for a crisis is near.

By the dread recollection of that fatal day,
When Ireland was scourged by the fiend Castlereagh,
By the hangings, the tortures, suspension of laws,
Rouse, Britons, arouse! in humanity's cause.

In all that kind heaven or that earth can afford,
Fair Erin is bless'd—but a system abhorr'd
Has made it a scene of oppression and crime,
Then Britons, arouse! 'tis the crisis of time.

If your wives, or your kindred, your country or king
Ye prize, as you ought, let the Parliament ring
With petitions to put fell intolerance down,
And Heaven with success your exertions will crown!

* UP, PROTESTANTS, UP!

By the blood of your fathers the martyrs of old,
By the honour and courage that never were sold,
By the throne that you love, and the faith you revere,
Up, Protestants, up! and in phalanx appear.

By the dread recollection of horrors long past,
By the bigot, who still is as true to his caste,
By the Pope and the Devil, who plot to betray,
Up, Protestants, up! and stand in firm array.

By all that kind heaven or earth can afford,
By religion and laws, and by torture abhorred,
By false superstition, and priestcraft, and crime,
Up, Protestants, up! 'tis the crisis of time.

By wife, home, and children, by kindred and king,
By the one sacred triumph of which Britons sing,
By the laws, as they are made to keep Papists down,
Up, Protestants, up! and defend Church and Crown.

† "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 255.)

“In consequence of the frequency of these accidents, to which my knees bore ample testimony, and which my master’s customers chose to ascribe to any cause, rather than their own mal-treatment of me, there was so little demand for my services as a saddle horse, that I was soon transferred to the shafts of a hackney-coach, the yoke-mate of another miserable creature, the very counterpart of myself. Our daily station was one of the busiest parts of London, where we were drawn up in a line with several hundred other victims, destined to the same species of dreadful drudgery. It was not easy to determine whether our lot was more wretched in the summer or in the winter; no change of scene brought with it any repose. We were not, it is true, so hard worked on a fine day as in rough weather, yet the annoyance we experienced in the sultry season from the flies and other insects was indescribable. I am at a loss to determine whether it be thoughtlessness, caprice, or an absurd notion that the mutilation improves our appearance, which urges men to deprive their horses of those appendages which nature has kindly bestowed upon them for the most useful purposes; but I know, by sad experience, that the fashion of docking the tail of horses is the source of dreadful annoyance to the poor animals, who are thus left defenceless against the tormenting attacks of insects which pierce them incessantly with their irresistible stings, and which take especial delight in fastening upon the sores occasioned by the perpetual infliction of the whip, the working of the saddle, or by the impurities of the blood produced by bad and indigestible diet. In a state of nature, the horse can whisk off

and punish his winged assailants, but when he has been subjected to the operation of docking, as it is termed, he is left entirely at the mercy of his tiny, but innumerable, tormentors. In raw and wet weather, if we escaped this species of annoyance, our condition was fully as deplorable from other causes:—we were mercilessly, and almost incessantly, worked from morning until evening, and our tasks were often protracted until many hours past midnight. This was always the case on gala nights and charity balls, which are most assuredly so called without reference to the sufferings they entail upon the devoted horse. Urged on by the whip to the utmost stretch of our speed for hours together without relaxation, we had often, after such unnatural exertions, to stand in a state of profuse perspiration, exposed to the cold and nipping winds, unprotected from the hail, rain, or snow, until our joints were so benumbed with cold, that it was with difficulty we could be excited to renewed exertions, even by the most severe infliction of the lash.*

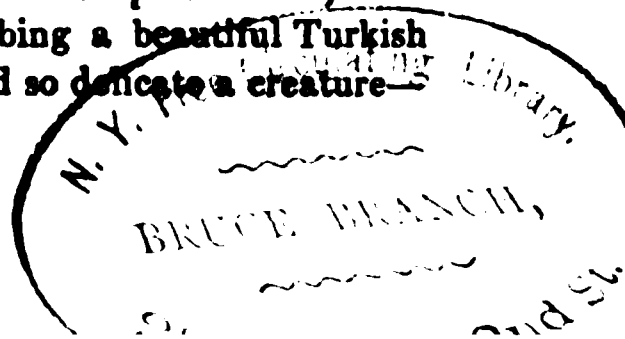
* Lord Erskine, in his speech on the second reading of his bill in the House of Lords, May 15, 1809, for the Protection of Animals, speaks thus feelingly on the subject of urging poor horses at an unmerciful rate, which is so common a crime in England, that a long and demoralizing habit has taught men in general to regard it as a matter of course, “push on—keep moving,” being the motto of almost all who travel, whether it be for business or mere amusement:—

“For my own part, I can say, with the greatest sincerity, that nothing has ever excited in my mind greater disgust than to observe what we all of us are obliged to see every day in our lives,—horses panting—what do I say!—literally dying under the scourge, when, on looking into the chaise, we see them carrying to and from London, men and women, to whom or to others it can be of no possible signification whether they arrive one day sooner or later, and sometimes, indeed, whether they ever arrive at all. More than half the post-horses that die from abuse in harness, are killed by people, who, but for the mischief I am complaining of, would fall into the class described by Mr. Sterne, of simple or harmless travellers, galloping over our roads for neither good nor evil, but to fill up the dreary blank in unoccupied life. I can see no reason why all such travellers should not endeavour to overcome the ennui of their lives, without killing poor animals

“The Sabbath, which inconsistent, hypocritical man affects to regard as a holy day appointed by the Almighty himself, as a season of repose to man and beast; this Sabbath, alas, was our especial dread, as there was more demand for our labour on that than any other day of the week. Man, unquestionably the most selfish and unfeeling of all animated beings, seems intent alone upon the indulgence of his pleasures, or idle and senseless whims; seldom bestowing a moment's reflection upon the sufferings or privations of the creatures that are doomed to minister to his gratification. Some writer says, very truly, that men “drive their horses with as much indifference as a carpenter drives his nail, by repeated blows.” Even the gentler sex, from whom the dumb animal generally experiences much more humane treatment than from the men, even they, when fascinated by the charms of the assembly-rooms, and bewildered in the mazes of the quadrille or waltz, will often thoughtlessly detain the shivering or half-frozen horse in the streets for hours together, while they are displaying their figures to the sound of music, which is often like the funeral knell to the jaded beasts, who are waiting to convey them from the ball-room to their beds of down.*

more innocent and more useful than themselves. To speak gravely, I maintain that human idleness ought not to be permitted, by the laws of enlightened man, to tax for nothing beyond the powers which God has given them, the animals which his benevolence has created for our assistance.”

* There is, we believe, no people on earth who treat their horses and other animals with such barbarity as the English do; and it is a fact as striking as it is humiliating, that a nation professing the mild doctrines of Christianity, the corner-stone of which is “to do unto others as we would wish they should do unto us,” should so lamentably disregard this admirable precept, in their conduct towards what are termed the inferior animals, but which are the work of the same God who created the self-styled lord of the creation. Many of the Eastern nations bring their horses to a state of most surprising docility by the most gentle means. We find the following interesting passage on this subject, in one of our common place books, from the works of the celebrated Evelyn, who, describing a beautiful Turkish horse sent over to England, says, “I never beheld so delicate a creature—



"After leading this wretched life for some months, my master disposed of me, for a mere trifle, to a cab driver, whose treatment of me was, if possible, more inhuman than any I had hitherto suffered; finding that he could not get the necessary quantity of labour out of me by the ordinary stimulant of the whip, the ruffian used to apply the lash to those parts of my body which had been chafed raw by the friction of the traces. The inhuman monster actually prided himself upon the dexterity he evinced in "touching me upon the raw," as this species of dreadful torture is styled in the slang of the cab drivers.*

somewhat of a bright bay, two white feet, a blaze; such a head, eyes, ears, neck, breast, belly, haunches, legs, pasterns, and feet, in all regards beautiful and proportioned to admiration;—spirited, proud, nimble; making halt, turning with that swiftness, and in so small a compass, as was admirable;—with all this so gentle and tractable, as called to mind what I remember Busbequius speaks of them, to the reproach of our grooms in Europe, who bring up their horses so churlishly, as makes most of them retain their ill habits."

* A hackney coachman was summoned before the Lord Mayor, Sir Peter Laurie, at the Mansion House, in January last, for driving against and injuring a gentleman's cabriolet. The hackney coachman, in his defence to his Lordship, described his horses, literally, in the following words:—"Why, the gemman's hoss was worth a hundred, but my two poor cratures was scarce able to drag their legs arter 'em, if I didn't give 'em a little un now and then on the raw."

"The raw," Cockneycally so called, is a sore place on a horse or ass,—an opening in the hide which leaves the flesh bare and nerves exposed as a mark for the whip of the driver. Take the following commentary thereon from the lips of a learned omnibus-driver on the Paddington road:—"You may take your oath there's nothing like a raw for getting the go out of a hoss, as long as there's any in him. You call it cruel; but I'll just take and tell you how it is now, and I'll leave you to guess. Your buggy gentlemen and sich, they take and uses all the high courage out of a hoss—very good! Then they sells him to us, and we flogs the work out of him; but after a bit he gets whip-hardened, and worked down as it were, though its like there's plenty of go in him still, if we could only get it out. Well, then comes the use of the raw; and if the raw don't come natural, by the rubbing of the traces and such like, why some folks will make a raw with a bit of blister-plaster, or what not, (but I don't hold with that ere, for we shouldn't like it ourselves,) and its a mortal wonder to see how you may get all the rest of the work out of a hoss quite sprightly, by whipping into the raw, till he hasn't a leg

“By this time I had become nearly blind; I was spavined, wind-galled, and broken-winded, and my master sold me to a ruffian who made a trade of buying horses for the hounds. The cruelties to which miserable horses are subjected in this last stage of their earthly existence, are such as baffle all description, and to exceed all that I could have conceived, accustomed as I had been to almost every species of torture which it is in the power of man to inflict upon his victims. The miscreant to whose power I was consigned, kept what is termed a “Knacker’s Yard.” His practice was to purchase horses which were past their labour, owing to lameness, sickness, or old age. Neither food, water, nor shelter, was provided for those wretched creatures, who were turned out into the lanes or highways to pick up any scanty herbage or muddy water which the hedges or ditches might supply. The object of the owner of those walking shadows, was to keep them just alive without expense to himself, until he received an order for the carcass for the hounds, when the devoted beasts were driven, or sometimes carted, to the Knacker’s Yard, or Horse’s Last Home. The scenes I witnessed when it became my turn to enter this horrible charnel house, were such as I still shudder to think of, and I shall not, unnecessarily, harrow up the feelings of this assembly by dwelling upon the painful and disgusting topic. I shall, therefore, conclude this narrative of my sufferings by stating, that I had become so thoroughly worn out with pain and hunger, that I was conveyed to the Golgotha in a cart, where, after lingering several days, welcome death came to my relief, and my spirit passed from its earthly purgatory to that state of bliss which a kind

to stand upon, and is good for nothing but the knacker’s shambles. It may be cruelish, perhaps, but it’s all fair in the way of trade. We buy the horses for the work what’s in ’em; and we’ve a right to get the work out of ’em of course—or else *what’s the use?*”—*London papers.*

Providence has vouchsafed us, as a compensation for the sufferings we have endured under the cruel and capricious domination of the race of Adam.*

* In calling the attention of the reader to the following appalling article respecting the Knacker's Yard, we take the opportunity to tender our thanks to the London Society for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the Animal Creation, for the loan of the annexed engraving by Cruickshank, which they politely offered by way of illustration of our history of the horse.

"The attention of a spectator, whether or not he be particularly fond of horses, visiting the Metropolitan Parks at the height of the London season, cannot but be arrested by the imposing appearance of what no other country in Europe can show him,—the numerous, well-appointed equipages of our luxurious aristocracy; to the imposing appearance of which the celebrated horses of this kingdom greatly contribute. A stranger, beholding this splendid scene passing and repassing before him, would scarcely believe that the engraving which accompanies this article is a faithful representation of the *Horse's Last Home*; for the impression on his mind would be, that, with all the seeming humanity and attention bestowed upon the horses, so wretched a contrast could have no existence in reality; but what would be his feelings when informed, that those living skeletons, which our celebrated artist, whom we are accustomed to speak of as the Hogarth of the present day, has depicted with so much force, but not with more force than truth, that those miserable shadows of their former selves once reared their heads as high, and pawed the ground with as proud a hoof, as those which he had witnessed in their glory and their pride, because life then was, what the great Creator designed, but man frustrates, a state of enjoyment and happiness!

"The engraving, having been sketched on the spot, does represent, as accurately as art can represent, the interior of the yard of a Knacker, or Horse-slaughterer, on which the Legislature has ordered to be affixed, in legible characters,—“Licensed, pursuant to 26 George III. for Slaughtering Horses!” It is impossible, however, either by verbal description, or by graphic delineation, to convey an adequate idea of the truth, or to express or excite those unearthly impressions which will be experienced on visiting the scene. Neither pen nor pencil can communicate to the mind a just conception of the misery and pain endured by the ill-fated animals, ‘when exhausted nature is ready to bestow the deliverance of death,’ but is prevented by the Knacker, who prolongs the state of suffering, upon the same principle of avarice that has actuated every former owner. There is no *Pathometer* to enable us to judge of the *quantum* of agony felt by a horse, when we have seen it licking the very dirt of the Knacker's Yard for hunger! or, in the extremity of famine, chewing like hay, the hairs of the manes and tails of its companions in misery! Words cannot describe the groans which are uttered when the pains of some incurable disease are superadded to the torments of starvation.—Yet it is not dumb show. Still there is a language

INHUMAN AND FLAGITIOUS TREATMENT OF HORSES.

[FROM THE MERCURY OF SEPTEMBER 1821.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It has been well observed by some writer, that it is cruel to probe the wound we cannot heal; and under

—it is not the language of human speech—but, nevertheless, it is sufficiently intelligible to every human being, whose heart is not steeled by avarice and self-interest. In order to form a strictly true conception of a Knacker's Yard, it must be seen; and no one, we are assured, will return from the spot without firmly resolving to further the object of attaining positive and efficient legislative reformation."

The following is a striking extract from the celebrated speech of Mr. Erskine, on the second reading of his bill:—

"Another abuse exists, not less frequent but much more shocking, because committed under the deliberate calculation of intolerable avarice,—I allude to the practice of buying up horses when past their strength, from old age or disease, upon the computation, I mean to speak literally, of how many days of torture and oppression they are capable of living under, so as to return a profit with the addition of the flesh and skin, when brought to one of the numerous houses appropriated for the slaughter of horses. It is most notorious, that with the value of such animals all care of them is generally at an end, and you see them, I speak literally, and of a systematic abuse, sinking and dying under loads which no man living would have set the same horse to when in the meridian of his strength and youth. This horrid abuse, which appears at first view to be incapable of aggravation, is nevertheless most shockingly aggravated when the period arrives at which one would think cruelty must necessarily cease, 'when exhausted nature is ready to bestow the deliverance of death!' But even then, a new and most atrocious system of torture commences, of which I could myself be a witness in your committee, as it was proved to my own perfect satisfaction, and that of my friend Mr. Jekyll, upon the information of a worthy magistrate, who called our attention to the abuse. A very general practice exists of buying up horses still alive, but not capable of being even further abused by any kind of labour. These horses are taken in great numbers to slaughter-houses, not to be killed at once for their flesh and skins—but left without sustenance, and *literally starved to death*, that the market may be gradually fed! the poor animals, in the meantime, being frequently reduced to gnaw one another's manes in the agonies of hunger!"

The letter which succeeds this narrative, is a faithful account of a scene which was often witnessed in the old stone delf, behind St. James's Mount, now converted into the Cemetery.

this impression I should have declined recording the scene I am about to describe, did I not cherish the hope that such disclosures may ultimately lead to the enactment of some such legislative measures as were once in the contemplation of the late Lord Erskine, whose humane attempts to abolish wanton cruelty to the brute creation, will be remembered with gratitude and regret; whilst it is most devoutly to be hoped, that his temporary failure will not deter others from pleading the same pious cause. Had his Lordship's bill passed, such outrages as I am about to describe, which are of frequent occurrence, would long ago have ceased to disgrace our country.

With this preamble, I shall proceed to discharge the task I have imposed upon myself, by describing a disgusting scene to which I have recently been a most reluctant witness. Perhaps it may not be generally known to your readers, that there are persons in this town, and probably in most other places, who make a trade of purchasing horses for the sole purpose of selling their carcasses for the dogs. These horses, I need not add, are always such as have been completely worn out in the service of man, or have received fractures or bodily injury, by which they are rendered useless. These poor animals, which are, of course bought at a very low rate, are turned out by the purchasers to provide for themselves, in the by-roads, wherever there may be a scanty vegetation, and often where no water can be found. As they are often so lame as to be unable to escape, they become the easy prey of the mischievous or idle boys in the neighbourhood, who amuse themselves by mounting on their backs, and endeavouring to goad them forwards by means of sticks or stones.

The Mount Delf is very often selected as a proper place for turning out these wretched horses to shift for themselves; Mr. Shepherd, keeper of the Mount Gardens, has more than

once very feelingly expressed his disgust at the scenes he is obliged to witness in that neighbourhood.—On Monday last, in the morning, a young lady who had seen some boys tormenting a poor lame horse, apparently 'in the last stage of debility, informed me of the circumstance, at the same time intimating that the boys were coming to renew their sport after school-hours. About five o'clock I visited the delf, accompanied by two friends, and found the animal stretched upon the ground lifeless, as we believed and hoped. Upon approaching it, however, we found it was still alive, although unable to rise, and, of course, incapable of procuring either food or water. From some bystanders we learnt, what we were loath to believe, that some young men, of decent appearance, had been setting a large and fierce dog upon this forlorn and miserable beast;—the fact of its having been assailed by stones, I have, however, from most respectable neighbours.

Oppressed with hunger, thirst, and cruel treatment, the poor animal exhibited every symptom of approaching dissolution, and I quitted it under the impression that it could not survive many minutes. I cannot describe my sensations when I was informed this morning, about eleven o'clock, that it was still alive. I repaired to the spot, and found it stretched on the ground near the place where I had last left it, where there was neither herbage of any kind, nor a drop water. It was still alive, and occasionally attempted to raise its head, which instantly fell again through extreme debility.

I could no longer resist the determination I was on the point of forming the night before, to terminate the sufferings of this wretched being myself, and I went home for a pair of pistols, which having loaded with a brace of balls each, I gave to one of the bystanders, promising to reward and indemnify him if he would put a period to the misery of

this wretched sufferer, which he did most effectually. I instantly wrote to the owner to tell him what I had done, and added that I should abide by the consequences of the act I had taken upon myself to perform; and that he might seek his remedy in what way he chose.

I have been informed that this inhuman way of turning out poor horses to shift for themselves, is quite notorious; that the persons who purchase them for the purpose of selling their bodies, are generally of the poorest description, who cannot afford to supply them with food, and who do not choose to kill them until they have found a purchaser for the carcass. Thus, if one of these dealers buys a horse, for which he can find no market for a week or more, the famishing beast is, in the meantime, turned out to provide for itself, a prey to hunger, thirst, and every species of persecution, until it answers the purpose of its owner to knock it on the head.

It is lamentable to reflect, that such dreadful outrages on humanity and decency should be permitted to disgrace the age in which we live; I feel very little respect either for the heart or the head of that man who affects to regard all attempts at legislative interference on such subjects, as beneath the consideration of a statesman or a Christian.

As the accusation here preferred is of too serious a nature to rest upon the authority of an anonymous correspondent, I deem it imperative upon me to affix my name to this communication, for the facility of personal reference and corroboration, if necessary; and I have only to add, that if I have dwelt too long upon this painful subject, it must be ascribed to the hope I entertain, that some by-law, ere long, may be passed to prevent the recurrence of such scenes as I have described.

E. SMITH.

St. James's-road.

LINES,

hearing a report that Lord Eldon intended retiring from Public Life, after the Catholic Relief Bill had received the Royal Assent.

Eldon, who struggled long and hard
 Reform of all sorts to retard,
 From public life retires in pet,
 Blubbering "Old England's sun has set."
 Thus owls and bats are put to flight
 At the approach of glorious light,
 Happy, thrice happy for the nation,
 And for his Lordship's reputation,
 Had the ex-Chancellor done so
 Full half a century ago!
 Be this his epitaph whene'er he dies:—

EPITAPH.

"Beneath this marble mould'ring lies,
 One who for fifty years withstood
 All projects for his country's good;
 Who still sought to perpetuate
 Those deadly feuds, that natural hate,
 Which long had rankled in the breast
 Of Irishmen, debas'd, oppress'd
 By England's arbitrary power,
 Until, at length, in happy hour,
 A wiser policy prevail'd,
 And bigot machinations fail'd.
 Our Monarch, with a gracious smile,
 Gave freedom to the Emerald Isle;
 That smile old Eldon mark'd with pain,
 And never *smil'd* himself again.
 Just so,—(*Le Sage* the story tells)—
 One of these vile intriguing belles
 Who swarm at court—sought to create
 Between two friends a deadly hate;
 But all her efforts prov'd in vain—
 The two friends soon embrac'd again:
 She sickened at the hated scene,
 Took to her bed, and died of spleen."

In the 1st chap. 2d vol. of "*Le Diable Boiteux*," the demon, describing the
 is of death, says,—"*Elle va couper le chiffet à une mauvaise femme, qui se plait
 r la division dans la Cour de la Reine, et qui est tombée malade de chagrin de
 nez Dames qu'elle avoit brouillées se reconcilier de bonne foi.*"

THE TWO NICKS—NICHOLAS PAGANINI AND
OLD NICK.

A famous fiddler of old,
Signor Tartini, we are told,
Once thought he heard the Devil play
In so miraculous a way
On his Cremona, that he woke,
And, in despair, his fiddle broke,
Because, forsooth, Professor Scratch
In fiddling was above his match.

But should the wizard Paganini,
Have such a dream as woke Tartini,
Or if Old Nick should dare pretend
With Nick, his namesake to contend,
To sixpence I would bet a guinea,
He'd prove no match for Paganini,
Whose flourishes and rich adagios,
Staccatos, cadences, arpeggios,
Shakes and harmonics, double, single,
Where pizzicatos intermingle,
Would make Old Scratch's ears so tingle,
He'd well nigh burst with envious spite,
And in a flash of fire take flight.

PAGANINI AIRS.

*Addressed to a testy Correspondent who calls Paganini a "Jerry Diddler,
and a Foreign Fiddler, who gives himself strange airs."*

You call the Signor "Jerry Diddler,
A parsimonious foreign fiddler,"
Who makes us treble prices pay,
And gives himself strange *airs* you say.
Your last charge no one will dispute ;
His *airs* are very strange, *sans doute* ;
So strange that never, until now,
The world has heard the like, I vow ;
For Orpheus' self he does excel
In "*airs* from heaven and blasts from hell."*

* Hamlet to the Ghost.

MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 293.)

CHAP. XI.

[WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 1829.]

Pope Leo XII.—Idle fears of the power and influence of modern Popes.—Musical Plagiarists—"Home, sweet Home"—Michael Kelly, &c.

I have this instant learned from the French journals (L'Ordinand,) that his Holiness of Rome has been at length gathered to his fathers; and the indifference with which the event is announced is an excellent commentary upon the absurdity of the Kenyons, the Newcastles, and other such pick boobies, who are as much scared at the thoughts of the death of a Pope as children are at a 'raw head and bloody bones.' The bigots and drivellers are always telling us that the death of a Pope is the same now as it ever was; but if argument be thrown away upon men who remain wilfully ignorant, they should be reminded that in former days the death of a Pope would have agitated all Europe, produced revolution in every Cabinet, and set half the continental world in motion. Now, however, '*tempora mutantur, et nos cum illis*,' the death of a Pope does not make as much noise in the world as would be caused by the demise of our sworn enemy, the reverend and crack-brained Sir Robert Lees."

The dread of the influence of the Papal See in modern times (said Asmodeus,) is a proof that in the march of our English intolerants are far in the rear of all. *Apropos*, of this same defunct Pontiff, it is a fact generally known, that so far from indulging in the

pomps and vanities of the Popes of former days, when kings held their stirrups, and nations trembled before their awful fulminations, Leo XII. lived on so frugal a scale, that the daily expenses of his own dinner table were restricted to a dollar. The superb wine-cooler lately provided for George the Fourth, if melted down, would almost purchase the whole earthly possessions of this harmless old gentleman, whom the orthodox monopolists have used as a scarecrow to prevent intruders from pecking at the tithe corn."

"Your mention of the royal wine-cooler, (said Ferdinand,) reminds me of the *bon mot* of a friend who is rather given to the sin of literary squinting, as punning has been whimsically designated. The paragraph describing this gorgeous piece of plate, stated that it was so large, that two men might stand *upright* in it; upon which my friend observed, that the experiment could not be made at court, as it would be impossible there to meet with two *spright* men for the purpose. Your courtiers, added he, are all like Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, who could never stand straight in the presence of a great man."

"It is not a little singular, (said Asmodeus,) that there are two classes of men who, actuated by different motives and feelings, are now equally alarmed at the prospect of Catholic emancipation.—First, there are your 'No-Popery' men in England, who lay claim to extraordinary and almost exclusive devotion to Church and King, and attachment to their country; they believe, or affect to believe, that the downfall of both Church and State, by which they mean tithes and patronage, must follow the concessions now meditated by your government; while foreigners, who feel no attachment to England, but are jealous of her power and pre-eminence, are equally alarmed at the prospect of tranquilizing Ireland, because such a policy would tend more than any other measure to consolidate the power of Great Britain

For my own part, if, as I observed to you before, I had not more of good than evil in my composition, I should be as much out of humour with your ministers, just now, as the most infuriated Brunswicker; I should curse Wellington and Peel as heartily as Caliban cursed Prospero, in your immortal poet's *Tempest* :

‘As wicked dew as e’er my mother brush’d
With raven feather, from th’ unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both—a south-west wind blow on you,
And blister you all o’er!’”

“I have been so bored with the Catholic question, and the incredible fooleries of the intolerant faction for some time past, (said Ferdinand,) that by your leave we will change the subject. Instead of wasting our time on the bigots, let us resume our former theme, the quacks and plagiarists. Since our last conversation on the subject, it has occurred to me, that a collection of the best authenticated instances of plagiarisms in literature, science, and the fine arts would be amusing and useful. It would be the means of exposing the thief, and, at the same time, restoring the stolen property to its rightful owner. If I should attempt the task, as I have some thoughts of doing, I think I should choose for my motto—‘Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,’ or, ‘Put the saddle on the right horse.’ My only fear is, that the work would be as bulky as the statutes at large, an abridgment of which would load a moderate sized waggon.”

“It would, in truth, be a formidable affair, (said Asmodeus;) Solomon, you know, long ago, said there was nothing new under the sun.”

“There can be no harm, however, (said Ferdinand,) in occasionally amusing one’s self with showing up a plagiarist or two, by way of warning to others of the tribe. I was this very morning, at breakfast, reflecting upon the ease with which some of our musical professors obtain fame and emo-

lument, by the appropriation of the labours of others. What makes this fraud worse is, that they too often, by engrafting upon the original stock some miserable conceit of their own, treat the works of the pillaged authors, as gipsies are said to treat the children they kidnap,—they disfigure them in order that they may pass for their own.”

“Here, now, is a tune which has been sung, I was going to say, in all churches and chapels; and if I had said so I should not have been far out, as it has lately been adopted as a psalm tune. It has been heard in all our theatres and private musical parties, and has found its way into all the barrel organs in the kingdom; and yet, I will venture to say, that there is not one original passage in it, from beginning to end.”

“What is the melody to which you allude? (said Asmodeus.) I ask the question because there are scores of your fashionable tunes exactly in the same predicament?”

“It is here before you, (said Ferdinand;) and I should not wonder if a thousand pounds have been realized by this single ditty. Before you favoured me with your company this evening I had been endeavouring to trace the plagiarism to its source, but although there is not a bar in the whole which was not familiar to me before Miss Tree made it so popular, I have not been able to detect the original melody. I therefore apply to you, my friend, to aid me in the investigation. You are the very best authority to which I could appeal on such an occasion, as you are thoroughly versed in such matters. Le Sage, who has immortalized himself and you in his celebrated *Diable Boiteux*, in his first chapter describing your interview with my respected ancestor, Don Cleofas, has ascribed these words to you:—*Je suis l'inventeur des carousels, de la danse, de la musique, de la comédie, &c.* In asking your opinion, therefore, I conceive I am applying to the fountain head for information.”

Asmodeus, with a courteous acknowledgment of the compliment, glancing at the score of "Home, sweet home," cried, "Your observations are very just; this melody is, indeed, 'an old friend with a new face.' The new face, admirable enough in all conscience, is merely the words; for the tune itself there is not a passage in it which has pretensions to originality." As he said this, he took up a Spanish guitar, which was at hand, and played the following passage, at the same time accompanying the melody with his voice:—

Whi - ther, my love, ah! whi - - ther

art thou gone? whi - ther, my

love, ah! whi - ther art thou gone?

"Do you not recognise that melody in Storace's *Haunted*?" said Asmodeus, as he finished the strain.

"Perfectly, (said Ferdinand,) and it is the very air about which I have been racking my brains. Is not the passage you have just played precisely the same as one in 'Home, sweet home?'"

"Exactly, as you will find, if you will listen once more. Asmodeus repeated the notes, substituting for the former words, the following from "Home, sweet home:"]—

" 'There's no place like home, there's no place like home;
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.' "

perceive, (continued Asmodeus), that the *soi-disant*

composer has had the grace to say in the title-page, 'composed, and partly founded on a Sicilian air;' but the fact is there is not, as you have very justly observed, one bar which has any claim to originality from beginning to end."

"Did you ever know a more barefaced plagiarism?" said Ferdinand.

"Much of Michael Kelly's music is of the same stamp, (said Asmodeus,) although that singer, by the bye, has not been very candid on this point, in his *Reminiscences* lately published. Had he, like Rousseau, confessed all his peccadilloes, his work would not only have been much more entertaining, but infinitely more edifying. Had he, honestly avowed the sources from which he borrowed these numerous melodies, for which he obtained a temporary popularity, you would have found him a daw strutting in borrowed plumage. While travelling on a musical tour to the Continent, he noted down, in his scrap-book, Italian and other airs, which were little known in England; and, on his return, he passed off many of these for his own. The cheat was, indeed, known to the travelled amateur and professor, and Michael was in the best informed musical circles in England esteemed merely as a man of taste, who had the talent of appropriating and profiting by the importation of musical exotics. Sheridan once gave him a broad hint on the subject, which you may probably recollect."

"Not exactly, (said Ferdinand;) I may have heard of it, but I will thank you to repeat the anecdote."

"Willingly (said Asmodeus;) Kelly finding his plagiarisms smoked, and his emoluments consequently falling off, resolved to turn wine merchant, in order to make both ends meet. Under these circumstances he consulted Sheridan respecting an appropriate sign to affix over his door, informing him that he proposed that it should be Michael Kelly, *composer of music and importer of wine*. Sheridan, 'with infinite

promptitude," as Mathews has it, observed that the words, if inverted, would be much more appropriate, and that they should be thus transposed, 'Michael Kelly, *composer* of wine, and *importer* of music.' It is needless to add that Kelly, although conscious of the insinuation here meant to be implied, turned a deaf ear to the counsel of his waggish friend."

CHAP. XII.

[WRITTEN IN MARCH 1829.]

Cobbett—Blowing Hot and Cold.—Scene in a Brunswick Club.

"Do you not see a fresh, gray-haired, elderly person in his study yonder, busily employed in writing? (said Asmodeus.) Do you know him?"

"I do not; what is he so eagerly engaged about?" (said Ferdinand.)

"That is one of the most extraordinary men of the age, (said Asmodeus;) without any of the advantages of education, he ranks, and justly too, as one of the most powerful writers of the day. As a Marplot, or mischief-maker, he is of course, a favourite with me. I fancy it is superfluous to add, that that is the celebrated William Cobbett, a man who, if he had possessed political integrity, would have been one of the most popular men in England."

"You have excited my curiosity in no ordinary degree (said Ferdinand;) I have been a reader of his works for many years, and have been highly pleased with the perspicuity and vigour of his style, although he is certainly the most inconsistent writer that ever lived. He never laid down a position which he has not contradicted, nor lauded a measure which he has not afterwards denounced; and his

praise and censure are administered with such equal ability, that an ordinary reader is puzzled on which side to incline. For my own part, I have long considered him in the light of one of our special pleaders, with whose subtlety we are amused, whilst we give him no credit whatever for sincerity. If Cobbett is not directly bribed by a fee, his passions and prejudices render all his opinions as liable to suspicion as the sophisms of a lawyer. Do tell me how he is engaged just at this moment?"

"He is, as usual, blowing hot and cold, (said Asmodeus.) He professes to be favourable to Catholic emancipation, and no man has laboured so hard as he has done to prove that what you call the Protestant Reformation, so far from having promoted the cause of truth and human improvement, has had decidedly the opposite effect; but, as he has quarrelled with the Catholic leaders, he is doing all in his power to bring their characters and motives into disrepute; while, at the same time, he is keeping up a show of supporting the Catholic cause. He is, at this moment, writing a placard, the object of which is to show that in Catholic times the country was happy and prosperous; that beef, pork, mutton, and veal, were the ordinary food of the English, and that the Reformation put an end to this happy state of things. This *ex parte* statement he means to print, and to sell at so much the hundred copies; and in the present divided state of parties, his placards will be stuck up by one party and pulled down by the other, while he snugly pockets the profits."

"Well, I really think, (said Ferdinand,) that, although what he says of the good old times must be known by every man conversant with the history of his country to be greatly exaggerated, his placard may pass muster, when we take into consideration the still more false and exaggerated statements of the No-Popery men."

“Your defence of him is liberal, (said Asmodeus,) and seems, at first, plausible; but, as I can see the inward, as well as the outward man, however I may admire Cobbett's ingenuity, and especially his demoniacal propensities, the candour I uniformly mean to observe in my intercourse with you, my friend, obliges me to tell you that his whole conduct to the Catholics, is open to suspicion. He would not give the parings of his nails as the price of Catholic concession; on the contrary, he is doing all in his power to raise the No-Popery yell, is about to be revived with a virulence not surpassed by that imputed to the furies of my fraternity.”

“I think, (said Ferdinand,) you bear somewhat too hard upon Cobbett.”

“There is one rule, (said Asmodeus,) which is almost without exception. If a man who professes himself to be your friend, acts so as to gratify your enemies, you may rely upon it he is himself your enemy at heart, and I need scarcely ask you whether Cobbett's conduct at the Kent meeting, or the general character of his recent writings, affords more gratification to the pro-Catholics or to the anti-Catholics. His constantly harping upon the tithes is intended for no other purpose than to excite suspicions that the Catholics have ulterior objects in view in asking for emancipation. Tell me why are the clergy so exasperated at the late manifestation of liberality on the part of the Government?”

“Because, (said Ferdinand,) they tremble for tithes and temporalities, which they conceive would be endangered by the admission of Catholics to parliament.”

“And is not Cobbett, (said Asmodeus,) doing all in his power, by his writings, to increase the clerical panic by eternally dwelling upon the sore point, and by referring to Catholic times as a model to be adopted now? By this means, besides bringing the whole army of parsons to oppose

claims. Although he was indignant at such an insult, well knowing the inflaming the minds of the upon Cobbett to 'put down his Majesty's Ministers, and who have conspired to de and 'to overturn every re and substitute despotism.' are the choice instruments: England is to pay their price.

"It is not, indeed, (said) wisher to the Catholics to pay may say to him, 'Call you t now, my friend, suppose we a man whom O'Connell not k but whom he now styles 'a c

"Look yonder, (said Ann an obscure alley,) that is the club recently formed. The si Duke of Wellington, but no a some symptoms of ...

of his present Majesty, which is not to be restored to its former position until the original is restored to a due sense of the inviolability of what the Brunswickers call his *crownation* oath."

"The fellows are all drunk, (said Ferdinand,) and I have as little relish for such company as for such sentiments."

"Have a moment's patience, (said Asmodeus;) what is now passing in that club is a very fair specimen of the proceedings of a faction, who, when the policy of the Government is not exactly to their taste, do not scruple to indulge in seditious and traitorous language, for which one of your Radicals, as you call them, would have been hung, a few years ago.—It is a parody on 'God save the King,' which they are at this moment singing; we have missed the two first verses; let us listen to the remainder. It is the composition of Dr. Fireshovel, the chaplain of the club."

Ferdinand then took down the following genuine Brunswick effusion *verbatim*, as the singer roared it out in a voice compared with which the grating of a door upon its hinges would have been melodious.

Thy choicest curse in store
On George be pleas'd to pour,
The traitor King!
He has abus'd the laws,
Slighted the Brunswick cause,
Then hail with loud applause,
Cumberland, King!

Oh, may the Duke of Wel-
Lington and Peel to hell
Go hand in hand;
While Clarence and his crew,
Popish O'Connell too,
Homage are fore'd to do
To Cumberland.

"Let us turn from this disgusting scene, (said Ferdinand.) Their singing is as execrable as their principles; and I have as little relish for discord as for treason."

“Before we quit this scene of uproar, which is more to my taste than to yours, I perceive, (said Asmodeus,) allow me to direct your attention to a dirty sheet of parchment which lies on a small table in the corner of the room. That is a No-Popery petition, which Fireshovel has got up in the parish, and which has, of course, received the signatures of all the club who have had the advantage of a Sunday-school education; the rest have made what they intended for crosses. There are, at least, half a score ink blots for each signature, on the face of the petition, which appears to have been engrossed on the dappled skin of a Dalmatian coach-dog, instead of that of a sheep.”

“Faith, (said Ferdinand,) the member for whom the honour of presenting it is reserved, will be puzzled to make out either the prayer of the petition, or to decipher the signatures. He will, however, be instructed, no doubt, to represent it as conveying the unbiassed sense of the respectable portion of the district.—*Apropos*, can you tell me, my good friend, what use is made of the load of sheep-skins with which the Houses of Parliament are inundated?”

“They constitute a source of no small emolument to some of the household, (said Asmodeus;) they form an item amongst the Government candle ends and cheese parings, and if they fail in influencing the measures of ministers, they are very convenient for tailors’ measures, and covers for preserves and pickled cucumbers; so that you see the petitions of the people are not altogether thrown away, as some persons have insinuated.”

“Let us quit this scene of uproar, (said Ferdinand;) I cannot bear such a confusion of tongues. They are all talking together; the noise they make brings to my mind the saying of Swift, that ‘it is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.’”

(To be continued.)

THE MELANGE.

LITERARY PLAGIARISTS *versus* RESURRECTION MEN.

Of all the pests with which this world is curst,
The sneaking Plagiarist is sure the worst;
The paltry knave, whom all men should disown,
Steals other's thoughts, and claims them for his own;
And what heaps more perdition on his soul,
He mutilates or murders what he stole.

The needy wretch, who, to procure his bread,
Invades the mansions of the unconscious dead,
Steals but a worthless body, and the deed,
At least, this plausible excuse may plead,—
That whatsoe'er the agent's motives be,
The act's subservient to humanity:
'Tis from anatomy we ascertain
The hidden sources of internal pain;
One corpse, subjected to the surgeon's knife,
Has prov'd the means of saving many a life.

Then, if the man is by the world condemn'd,—
And, when detected, by the law condemn'd,
Who, to provide his family with food,
Serves his own interest and the public good,—
The greater villain should not better fare,
Some heavier penalty should be his share;
Shall he be hang'd, drawn, quarter'd, and dissected?
No!— let him live, and live to be—*detected*!

BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT.

A YORKSHIRE BON MOT.

A Yorkshire clown, a sad mischievous dog
As ever drove a plough, or drain'd a bog,
The parish parson one day chanced to meet,
But fail'd to "doff his hat" the priest to greet;
Whereat the churchman, looking mighty big,
Address'd him thus, and shook his reverend wig;
"A'n't you a pretty fellow, Sirrah—eh?"
"Yes, Zur, (cries Hodge,) so all the lasses say."
"Rascal!" exclaims the priest, to phrenzy wrought,
"You saucy knave, you're better fed than taught."
"That's true, (says Hodge,) as ony fool con tell,
Because you *teach* me, but I *feeds* mysel."

ON THE ART OF SWIMMING, &c.

(Continued from page 286.)

Ne sutor ultra crepidam, is a piece of advice which does not unfrequently apply even to those learned personages who undertake to instruct and edify the world by their monthly or quarterly lucubrations. As these reviewers, from the miscellaneous nature of the office they assume, are in the habit of delivering their opinions upon every subject which comes before them, they must necessarily be sometimes at fault; and it is much to be regretted, that they do not confine themselves to those things with which they are really well acquainted; as it would be better that they should be wholly silent upon matters of which they are ignorant, than that they should, by their false conclusions, mislead such of their readers as implicitly rely upon their opinions or decisions.

It is not long since we had occasion to animadvert upon the sophistry and pernicious doctrines put forth in the *Edinburgh Review*, on the subject of absenteeism; and we shall now, with as little ceremony, question the facts and reasonings of its great rival, the *Quarterly Review*, the editor of which, in a recent article on the Art of Swimming, has ventured beyond his depth, in consequence of which, like other persons in a similar predicament, he flounders about, and catches at every thing within his reach to help him. In the brief observations we make upon this article, we shall identify the writer with the author of the work which he is reviewing; and this we conceive we are fully justified in doing, wherever he admits "false facts," or promulgates erroneous opinions, without apprizing his readers that they are the statements or mere opinions of another and not his own. The duty of a reviewer is to point out the errors of

authors for the purpose of rectifying them ; but if he meets with opinions at variance with those long established, without expressing his dissent from the innovation, his silence must be construed into tacit approval, and whether it proceed from ignorance or indolence, he gives countenance and currency to error.

The work to which the *Quarterly Reviewer* has called the attention of the public, is a Treatise on the Art of Swimming, written by a Neapolitan Canon, *Oronzio de Bernardi*, whose essay, the commentator informs us, is discursive and long-winded. The translator, we are further informed, might, with advantage, have curtailed one half of the work :—if we may judge by the specimen the Reviewer affords us, we are of opinion that if the remaining half were served after the same fashion, the world would be no loser. The principle upon which this author founds the practice he recommends is, that in swimming we should “adapt the habitual movements of the body on land, to its progress in the water.” This appears plausible at first sight, because the less we vary those motions to which the body is accustomed, the longer we shall be able to sustain our exertions ; and if the ordinary swinging of the arms backward and forward, as in walking, would impel us forward in the water, there is no question that we could, from habit, continue it for a much longer time without fatigue, than we can continue striking out as is necessary in swimming. But the misfortune is, that this ordinary mode of using the arms in walking would not advance us one inch in the water, as one arm would counteract the other.

There is not the slightest analogy between walking and swimming ; and yet Bernardi recommends the upright position in swimming in preference to the horizontal, as commonly practised, on account of “its conformity to the accustomed movement of the limbs ; the freedom it gives to

the hands and arms, by which any impediment may be removed, or any offered aid readily laid hold of; vision all around, and a much greater facility of breathing; and lastly, that much less of the body is exposed to the risk of being caught hold of by persons struggling in the water, a circumstance so often fatal to those who venture to the assistance of others." These, we believe, are his own words; but there is not one of his readers who understands swimming, who does not know that although the upright position is well adapted to ease the swimmer occasionally in "treading water," as it is called, it is the worst possible position for enabling him to make any progress. Indeed, it must be so, in the very nature of things, or a ship would sail as fast broadside as bow first; and as for any of the alleged advantages to be derived from the upright attitude, it is always in the power of any swimmer to assume that position at will. A powerful swimmer, who can swim well on his back, will make a more rapid progress through the water in that position than in any other, simply because his body is urged through the water horizontally, and not perpendicularly, as recommended by the Italian author whose theory we condemn. It has long been a popular notion, and it is a correct one, that a frog is the best swimming-master; but its position is as opposite to that suggested by Bernardi, as it possibly can be. Some of the statements of this author are as questionable as his theory is objectionable; and we are called upon to believe the old story of Peter, the diver, who used to spend the day and night in the water, and who could swim fifty miles in a day!

Bernardi does not, indeed, expect that the perpendicular pupils of his school should abide quite so long in the water nor travel so far; but he has set them out a pretty good day's work, nevertheless; for he gravely tells his readers that "a good swimmer ought to make about three miles an

hour," and, of course, by swimming ten hours, he will make, as he calls it, thirty miles. This Munchausen would, we suppose, laugh at those puny aquatic exploits of Byron and Aikenhead, which the world has hitherto ranked amongst the *memorabilia* of the age. We have seen some excellent swimming in our time, and if we were in the habit of making bets, we would wager a good round sum that neither Bernardi, nor any of his pupils, can swim at the ratio of half three miles in the hour. Some experiments we have made of short distances, at the very "top of our speed," incline us to believe that n^o man can swim two miles an hour, or even at that rate in still water, which, of course is understood.

The river Mersey has been crossed by swimming, perhaps a thousand times, and we know a gentleman who crossed it three times without resting. This feat, however, which is the most extraordinary ever performed in Liverpool, occupied between two and three hours, although the distance, independent of the current, did not exceed three miles. We never, indeed, heard of any person swimming from the Lancashire shore to any part of Cheshire in less than half an hour, and the average of passages has been near three quarters of an hour, and yet the distance, measured by the log, is short of one mile.* What a monstrous exaggeration then it must be on the part of the Italian author to talk of a good swimmer making three miles in the hour!

In the *Mercury* of September 14, 1821, there is an exploit recorded of Mr. Graham, of the Garrison of Gibraltar, who swam from Waterproof Wharf to Algesiras; this distance, in a straight line, is about five miles, but as he

* When this was written Mr. Matthew Vipond had not performed his astonishing exploit;—he swam from the Rock to Runcorn, a distance of from 20 to 24 miles in five hours and a half, which, in our climate, is a most surprising feat.

was forced from the direct course by a cross current, he is supposed to have swam eight miles; and the time he took to accomplish his task was four hours and a quarter, which was wonderful swimming, although short of two miles an hour. There is, however, no ascertaining the real distance passed over, as the current might have been sometimes in favour of the swimmer; the probability is, that Mr. Graham did not average one mile and a half in the hour.

If the author of this "upright" system had confined his recommendation of that position to those who are learning to swim, we should not have objected to the plan; but the obvious tendency of the work is to induce those who can already swim to adopt a mode the least adapted for making way through the water; and as we hold swimming in as much estimation as those nations of antiquity did, who used to say, by way of reproach, "he can neither read nor swim," we could not permit a new theory, in opposition to common sense and experience, to pass without a protest on our parts, convinced as we are, that Dr. Franklin is a much more able guide for swimmers to follow than the elaborate Neapolitan Canon, *Oronzio de Bernardi*, or his learned commentator of the *Quarterly Review*.

AQUATIC GYMNASIA.

EXPERIMENTS FOR RESCUING DROWNING PERSONS AND CARRYING PERSONS WHO CANNOT SWIM ACROSS RIVERS WITHOUT BOATS OR RAFTS.

There is scarcely a more perilous undertaking than the attempt to save a drowning man, as any person will readily admit who has made the experiment. The person in danger almost invariably loses all presence of mind, and does the very thing he ought to avoid. He is apt to throw his hands

out of the water, thereby diminishing his buoyancy, and he generally grasps convulsively at the person who wishes to rescue him, sometimes encircling him firmly with both arms and legs, so as completely to hinder him from making the requisite motion of the limbs. If the person in danger was in a state to be reasoned with, it would be easy to rescue him, if he would take hold of the hips of his deliverer in the manner described in the last number of this work, page 281. There is much danger, however, that instead of gently resting the hands on the hips, he will grasp the waist, or in some way disqualify the other in the manner we have already described. These considerations led us to make some experiments which we have never before seen described, and which will probably be new to our readers as they were to us, and to all those who have witnessed them with such deep interest and unmingled satisfaction.

The two main points to be accomplished in endeavouring to rescue a drowning person, is to keep as much of his body as possible immersed in the water, and prevent him seizing hold of his deliverer. These two objects are completely answered by the simple mode which we shall now proceed to describe.

We do not know whether it will be thought an objection to the plan that it requires two persons to co-operate together to accomplish the object; but for our own parts, we do not consider that circumstance as any drawback from its utility; because, where there is one man who will risk his life by ordinary means, there are hundreds who would not hesitate to adopt the plan we are about to recommend, which is equally simple, safe, and effectual. The first experiment we shall describe possesses one advantage, which is, that the means are almost always at hand. It very often happens that men who cannot swim fall into the docks, or off the quays into the river, and it is almost certain

as to be out of the re
seize hold of the stick,
so completely support
and as his hands would
he would be in the better
would be better, perhaps
should bear the stick in
place, one on each side
stick, being held out how
he would naturally lay his
ing to seize his deliverer
nearest his reach.

It must be obvious, however,
thus, with another between
each to strike out with, man
and we merely recommence
ing a drowning man for a moment
if the distance is inconsiderable.

The plan we most strongly
shall now describe, the simple
should be always at hand in
emergency.

admit the head. When the pole is to be used, the heads of the two swimmers are to be passed through these loops, so that the pole shall be in front. The swimmers, when this apparatus is used, have the free use of both hands, and they will with the greatest ease sustain as many persons as can grasp the pole. Our experiment was tried with four persons holding on, who did not stir hand or foot, but who were borne along by the two with ease, although, of course, slowly.

The experiment was so satisfactory and novel, that a considerable number of persons who witnessed it at the Floating Bath, with one accord testified their satisfaction by clapping of hands, and cries of "Bravo!" to see four persons so easily carried by two. Indeed, we are persuaded that if the pole had been longer, the two could have supported eight or ten persons, perhaps more, as it should be recollected that when a man's body is immersed in the water, a thread will keep his chin above the surface. But the great advantage of this method of supporting persons is, that they are so completely at their ease that they will make no struggle, feeling perfectly safe.

We now come to speak of the third method of operation, which is preferable to either of the former in one respect, as it does not require the swimmers to pass a loop round their neck, as in the last-mentioned mode, the pole being held by taking the small ropes or leather thongs (*x x*), in the teeth. Persons who have not made the experiment can hardly believe with what ease the pole, and four persons attached to it, can be supported in this way; there is not the least inconvenience experienced by the swimmers, nor is there the slightest violence done to the teeth.

It very frequently happens, that when boats are upset there are some on board who cannot swim, and who might, by this simple apparatus, be borne on shore or sustained

narrow rivers, and wh
All that is requisite for
a stick, which may be
of cord, a couple of gal

]

*On hearing that the Prince Re
by the applicati*

[WRITTE

If leeches he
Applied to
What pity 'ti
The malad
But every day
State *leech*
And while the
The state m

A COM

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES—1827.

“O, here’s pretty ruin brewing,
 What the d—l’s here a doing?
 Sure the world’s turn’d upside down.”—*Mr. Ryley’s Song.*

The following is a copy of a familiar letter to an absent
 friend, who requested the writer to give him “a full, true,
 and particular account” of the state of the times in England.

You ask for news, my friend; alas! I fear
 I’ve none to tell but what you’ll grieve to hear;
 For though you’ve left us, it was with regret,
 And you’ve a spice of John Bull in you yet;
 So you will sigh, wherever you may roam,
 To hear sad tidings from your native home.
 You know I’m not of a desponding mood,
 On ills imaginary apt to brood,
 But still I cannot view without dismay,
 Public distress increasing day by day,
 Whilst not one statesman throughout all the land
 Dares probe the nation’s wound with fearless hand.
 “The ulcerous part they only film and skin,
 Whilst deep corruption’s mining all within.”*

So disunited an administration
 Ne’er ruled the destinies of any nation;
 On leading principles they’re quite divided,
 On one point only they seem all decided.
 Let what will happen, they are to a man,
 Resolv’d to keep their places if they can.

Nor if we look around us do we see
 More evidence of unanimity;
 Each class, upon its separate interests bent,
 To over-reach the other seems intent;
 Regardless of our common country’s cause,
 Each seeks for partial and time-serving laws;
 ‘Midst such disunion need we be surprised
 To find the public interest compromised?

The landowners, who nothing so much dread
 As moderate rents, except it be cheap bread,—
 Their own immediate interests to serve,
 Compel the Parliament from right to swerve;

* *Vide Shakspeare’s Hamlet.*

And ministers, in mean complying mood,
Propose new laws t' enhance the price of food !
Whilst thousands of our manufacturing poor
The horrors of a famine must endure !

Millions of Irish, by despair impell'd,
Demand from Government their rights withheld ;
They fight and conquer in our country's cause,
And only ask to share her equal laws.
But Parliament a nation's prayer reject,
And call for bonds and pledges to protect
The Church and State, and keep Old England free
From Popes and Catholic supremacy !
Strange stipulations truly on their parts,
Who pass'd the Union by delusive arts ;
And who some mean and false pretext still find
To shirk the treaty once at Limerick sign'd.
The people, aided by their active friend,
A total change of system recommend ;
But ministers their insolence rebuke
By voting thousands to a Royal Duke !

Our merchants, who, in compliment of late,
To Huskisson, presented him with plate,
For his exertions to make commerce free,
Now in an altered light the matter see ;
Denounce the system they approv'd before,
And curse the free-trade project as a bore.

'Midst this confusion each man mounts the rostrum,
To recommend some sovereign favourite nostrum ;
All the Crown lands,* some would appropriate
To save from bankruptcy the sinking state ;
Others would leave the clergy in the lurch
And sell the rich possessions of the church ;
A tax upon the funds some would advise,
And some an equitable compromise,
Whilst some, prepar'd for a most desperate plunge,
Would wipe the debt at once off with a sponge.

In this dilemma there is one resource :
The Government, if honest, would enforce
A tax on property, but how, alas !
Could such a measure in the Commons pass ?

† The only house, on the south side of Pall Mall, which does not stand on Crown land, is owned and occupied by Dr. Heberden, and that property is freehold. On the site of it formerly stood the mansion of Nell Gwynne, which was given to her by that profligate monarch Charles II. and which was then made freehold, and has been alienated from the Crown ever since.

Our Parliaments have ever been too prone
To pick our pockets and to save their own.
Witness those laws, our age and nation's shame,
Which starve the people but protect the game.

Such now, my friend, is our distracted state,
Though ministers exulted so of late
In our "Prosperity," and England's King
Bade us rejoice, and *Io Pæans* sing,
While the state vessel with a favouring breeze
Mov'd gaily on—the mistress of the seas.
But Hope, it seems, whisper'd a flattering tale ;
The calm's succeeded by a furious gale,
More menacing than that which Pitt once brav'd,
When he, as Canning tells us, England sav'd,[•]
Of this "Immortal Pilot,"† now bereft,
What hope of safety for the state is left ?

Unless some abler hand this tempest weather,
The ship and crew most soon go down together ;
Our only refuge from the raging storm
Is in the bay of Radical Reform !

'S. If it be true, and it is rumour'd here,
That you your course to England mean to steer,
You'll "auld acquaintance" meet, whene'er you land,
Eager with me to shake you by the

Ω

ON A WORTHY MAN, BUT SORRY POET.

My worthy friend, no longer lose
Your time in flirting with the muse ;
No longer pore o'er midnight taper,
Consuming health, pens, ink, and paper ;
Your lucubrations may aspire
To line a trunk or light a fire ;
The pastry-cook mayhap may use them,
But be assur'd none will peruse them.
But if you are still bent on writing,
Sonnets and valentines inditing,
Take my advice, I mean it well ;
Study your grammar, and pray learn to spell.

oetical fiction in which Mr. Canning indulged, when piping hot from Etou, in
mild days.

"Immortal" we presume is meant, "D—d to eternal fame."

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE AND THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

[The following piece, with the exception of a few notes appended to it, originally appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*, of April 7, 1815, soon after the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and his unparalleled march to the French capital.]

The ease with which the French people pass from one extreme to its opposite, and the apparent facility with which they can transfer their allegiance and professions of devoted attachment from one ruler to another, would seem to justify the observation ascribed to Napoleon Buonaparte, who is said to have asserted that they had no national character at all.

It may indeed be urged as some extenuation of their apparent levity and inconsistency, that the people, in deserting Louis, may plead his own example:—he swore to “die at their head,” and they in return swore to “die at his feet,” and both seem to have been alike faithful to their pledges. He has found it prudent to decamp; and his flight was probably considered by his former adherents as a sufficient excuse for the infraction of their plighted faith.

From the almost universal joy diffused over France by the return of their Emperor, as well as by the language of all the public bodies, if any dependance is to be placed upon their official declarations, there is reason to believe, that, had Buonaparte remained quiet and inactive at Elba, there would still have been but slight prospect of the continuance of tranquillity; and the great probability is, that, had he not visited them, they would have visited him, and have borne him forcibly from a retreat, to which they believe he had been consigned by treachery.

The restoration of the Bourbons is said to be brought about not by the will of the people, but by foreign force, and all acts done in their reign are therein declared to be

“illegal, done in the presence of the enemies’ armies, and under foreign authority; they are merely the work of violence, essentially null, and inimical to the honour, the liberty, and the rights of the people.”*

Under such overbearing and undue influence, there is reason to believe that the professions of the partisans of the Bourbons and the public bodies were

—————“Mouth honour,
Which the poor wretch would fain deny, but dare not.”

Napoleon was elected to the office of First Consul, and afterwards to the dignity of Emperor, by the voice of the people; and if any proof of the validity of his title were yet wanting, it is to be found in the issue of his late unparalleled and unarmed appeal to the nation at large.

The circumstances of this most astonishing revolution appear altogether so like the effect of magic, and abound with such whimsical incidents and sudden transformations, that they would actually form the groundwork of an interesting pantomime, for the amusement of the Christmas holidays, and the following hints are thrown out as the outline of the piece, which might be called the second part of *Har-*

* The following whimsical extract of a letter from a native resident of France, to a friend in Liverpool, may throw some light upon the subject. It was written by a decided enemy of Buonaparte, at a time when there was no prospect of his restoration. We give the extract *verbatim et literatim*, for the amusement of our readers :—

“Our province offered no resistance at allied army, we longed a long ago for the fall of our Attila, he had miscontented the whole nation—which shall always happen to tyrants, who would trample at their feet the laws of humanity and rights of freedom; he had raised the indignation of every body against him; every body abhorred this wild beast, nevertheless we have had no matter to be well satisfied with the troops that have sojourned in the old *Franche Comte*, in spite of their noble proclamations they have acted without generosity and courage; we did abominate that gang, they had but stomach and bowels, *more germanico*, they were famished wolves, that we were at moment to hunt like they deserved when peace was announced, if it is the God’s will that these coward savages may return amongst our mountains, we shall measure ground with their foul corpses.”

lequin's Invasion, the first part of which is pretty generally ascribed to the celebrated David Garrick.

It may be necessary to call to the recollection of our readers a strange story, related at great length in many of the newspapers, under the title of the *Red Man*. This Red Man was a kind of familiar imp, or evil genius, of Buonaparte, who was in the habit, it seems, of paying him mysterious visits, on the eve of any great event: whether Napoleon had sold himself to the demon, as the renowned Dr. Faustus did to the devil, we were not informed.

SCENE I.

Napoleon is discovered in his study, in the island of Elba, surrounded by books, maps, and plans of sieges, upon which he is intently poring, when a sudden and violent storm arises, and the Red Man appears before him, and, presenting him with a magic wand, transforms him into Harlequin, and vanishes in a flash of lightning.

SCENE II.

Harlequin, by a flourish of his wand, produces a partial fog, which, whilst it prevents his enemies from seeing or pursuing him, affords him a full view of the promised land, where he soon arrives with a handful of followers.

SCENE III.

The pantomime here assumes something of a classical cast. In imitation of Alexander, when he cut the Gordian knot, no sooner has Harlequin leaped on shore, than, by a stroke of his wand, he dissolves the Congress at Vienna.

SCENE IV.

Travelling with the rapidity of lightning, he arrives at Melun, where Pantaloon has assembled a hostile force

sufficient to eat up his little party. A standard-bearer holds a colour, upon which, in large letters, is seen this inscription :—"Ten thousand frogs reward for the head of Harlequin,"—and on the other side this motto :—"Catch him who can !" Harlequin, by a tip of his wand, transforms all these enemies into friends, and, instead of charging bayonet, they fall to a hugging and kissing one another, *à la mode Française*.*

SCENE V.

Harlequin takes a flying leap through the palace window at Fontainebleau, and in the twinkling of an eye reaches Paris, where the whole army of Pantaloon is drawn up to oppose him. Harlequin, instead of crying "*peccavi*," cuts a few capers in front of the ranks, which so delight the Mounsieurs, that they roar out, "*Vive l'Harlequin*," "*A bas le Pantaloon*!" At the touch of his wand, their white cockades are instantly changed to the tri-colour, and the hugging and kissing is renewed with tenfold vigour.

* "It was between Mure and Vizele that Cambronne, who commanded his advanced guard of forty grenadiers, met suddenly a battalion sent forwards from Grenoble to arrest the march. The Colonel refused to parley with Cambronne; either party halted until Napoleon himself came up. He did not hesitate for a moment. He dismounted, and advanced alone; some paces behind him, came a hundred of his guard, with their arms reversed. There was perfect silence on all sides until he was within a few yards of the men; he then halted, threw open his surtout so as to show the star of the Legion of Honour, and exclaimed, 'If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general—his Emperor—let him do it now—here I am.' The old cry of *Vive l'Empereur*, burst instantaneously from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with cheverons and medals, by the whisker, said, 'Speak honestly, old Moustache, couldst thou have had the heart to kill thy Emperor?' The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, 'Judge if I could have done thee much harm!—all the rest are the same.' Napoleon gave the word, and the old adherents and the new marched together on Grenoble."—*Family Library, History of Napoleon Buonaparte*, vol. ii. p. 302.

**Discovers Pantaloon
jewels.**

S

Harlequin invites the show, where, by the aid of so dexterously, that the agents, and proceed to fort is proclaimed Emperor, as and Count, &c. upon the in the conduct of the pantion to bring home Columbus show concludes with a nation superb banquet of frogs and

• Extract of Napoleon's proclamation issued on his landing in France, at the eagles which you followed at (Come and range yourselves under shall march at the charging step shall fly from steeple to steeple—o

A ROUGH ETCHING.

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE LIVERPOOL
EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

DEDICATED TO THE RENOWNED THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

The following *bagatelle*, was originally written for and sung at the opening of the Liverpool Exhibition of Pictures, in 1811, and has been repeated at several of the anniversary dinners of the artists, although, it must be confessed, that it is a very outrageous specimen of what the late Mr. Roscoe used to term *literary squinting*. The name of the respected author of *Lorenzo* affords us the opportunity of remarking, *en passant*, that the writer of this trifle was not a little gratified to find his doggerels highly relished by Mr. Roscoe, a gentleman of whom we may say with justice, that he was, "In wit a man,—simplicity a child."

TUNE—"Bow, wow, wow!"

You perhaps may ask why I presume, unskill'd in graphic art,
To *group* with artists here to-day, and in your mirth bear part?
But hold, my friends, and by your leave, I'll prove before I go,
That all mankind are artists—although some are but so so.

Your learned DOCTORS artists are, for *execution* fam'd,
Their *dead game* pieces and *still life* need only to be nam'd;
Distemper is a branch of art they've studied to perfection,
Though critics think their *figures* have too sickly a complexion.

Your LAWYERS they are artists too, oft fam'd for bad *design*,—
Their *style* and *manners* very low, although they *varnish* fine;
The richest *subjects* from their hands are turn'd out poor and mean,
And their *figures*, spite of *costly suits*, as Pharaoh's kine, are lean.

BUM BAILIFFS they are artists, fam'd for *fine touch* and *interior*;
Their *subjects* p'rhaps are too *confined*, but their *keeping's* quite superior;
But for boldly *executed* heads, Jack Ketch, he is the boy,
And to give his *figures* more *effect*, he *hangs* them very high.

In *opposition* he exc
But he *shades* the ey
right.

Each grace of art is
Design, contour, tran
Her cheek's the *palle*
And her flowing *back*

MUSICIAN 's they are
Whose magic *touches*
For *aërial tints*, for *lig*
They *grace* and *harmo*

Your PEDAGOGUE 's an
His *strokes* are strong an
But his pupils in their c
In the *fundamental* part

Our TAILORS all are art
As the merit of their pie
Their boasted skill in *dre*
They never should take

Your PUNSTERS artists a
For forms *grotesque* e'en
But every rule of *keeping*
And all their *portraits*, like

And now my *crowded canv*
Though much I fear, it ma
But should it pass, I hope y
And shall bow to your awa

BLING ESTABLISHMENTS IN LIVERPOOL.

[WRITTEN IN JULY 1830.]

“Facilis descensus Averdi :

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Dites :

Sed revocare, gradum superasque evadere ad auras

Hoc opus, hic labor est.”—*Virgil*.

The gates of hell stand open night and day,

Smooth the descent and easy is the way ;

But to return to light and golden skies ;

That is the task ;—’tis there the labour lies.

the year 1350, we are informed, by respectable
 s, that a pestilence, called the sable or black death,
 read Europe, sweeping away myriads of the popula-
 This was an awful visitation ; but if the moral plague,
 h the dire symptoms have recently appeared amongst
 Liverpool, should spread its pestiferous influence
 ; if no means be devised to check its progress, or to
 radical cure of the dangerous malady, the conse-
 s will be more deplorable than the recurrence of a
 al pestilence as malignant as that which, as we have
 ted, visited Europe about five centuries ago.

r readers who know our opinions on the subject of
 ng will be at no loss to understand that we allude
 threatened establishment of Gaming Rooms, or, as
 e very properly styled *Hells*, in Liverpool. It ap-
 rom what passed at the last Common Council, that
 gistrates are fully aware of what is going forwards,
 managers of one of these establishments are, it ap-
 tenants of the Corporation. It is not a little singular
 hilst ample accommodations can be thus found for
 ng-rooms, no suitable place can be procured for a
 ent night asylum for the houseless poor.*

was written at a time when several applications had been made
 for suitable premises for the Night Asylum, which has since been

We have heard it whispered that a cock-pit is also about to be established here, but we most fervently hope that the town will escape this indelible disgrace.

As the subject of gambling, owing to recent circumstances, possesses at this moment peculiar interest, we shall make no apology for here transcribing a portion of an editorial article which appeared in the *Kaleidoscope* of September 6, 1825 :

“The vice of gaming, so indefensible in principle and ruinous in its consequences to the happiness of society, stands most pre-eminent in the catalogue of crimes. Many other vices which disgrace and disturb society may plead some redeeming feature in extenuation of their enormity. The highwayman or the housebreaker may sometimes have been impelled to the commission of crime by absolute want, or the irresistible cries of a perishing family. The sot may have been betrayed into his pernicious vice by a fondness for convivial company and good cheer, which, under proper regulations, is natural and allowable. His social habits, which originate in virtue rather than in vice, have insensibly led him astray, and his crime is the want of that fortitude and self-command, the possession of which is the boast of philosophy and stoicism. But the gamester is a wretch who can offer no rational plea in his behalf. Men are not prone to gambling as they are to the indulgence of sensual passions ; and indeed the feelings which ordinarily actuate the gamester are diametrically opposed to the natural ingenuousness and warm-heartedness of youth : they originate in mean and sordid selfishness ; and his highest gratification arises from the wretchedness of others. In order to exhibit

established in Freemason's-row, and which is admitted eminently useful by the general consent. The superintendent of the establishment will, at any time, show the premises, and explain the economy of its management to those who feel any interest on the subject.—Sunday afternoon or evening is recommended for the visit.

this detestable habit in its full deformity in few words, it is only necessary to say, that the gamester's exhaltation and enjoyment are generally enhanced precisely in the degree of the depression and despair of his victim.

“Gambling, fascinating and irresistible as it is generally found to be, when the habit is once formed, is a propensity which, in the first instance, is more easily resisted than the approach of almost any other species of vice. It is a vortex from whose influence men may readily keep aloof, but once having entered it, there is little hope of return or escape. This consideration ought to induce us to resist every species of game or rivalry, wherein our own gain or the losses of another are put to the issue of chance. Let parents rigorously prohibit every youthful sport, which tends, however remotely, to encourage the sad propensity we are lamenting; and let every rational man lay it down as an invariable rule, never to offer or accept a bet on any account. There are games enough, and of the best description too, which require no other stimulant than that *amour propre* which is inseparable from our nature; and which, under proper regulations, is the germ from which our most virtuous actions emanate.

TO THE FREEMEN OF LIVERPOOL.

WRITTEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE EXCLUSION OF THE REPORTERS
FROM THEIR MEETING.

Oh, Gentlemen, 'twas somewhat rude,
'Thus the reporters to exclude;
They only meant to take some *notes*,
But you forbade it by your votes,
And swore that they should not take any,
Though you had pocketed so *many*.

DOGGEREL EPISTLE TO A FRIEND ABROAD.

Accompanied with the London Newspapers announcing the Appointment of Mr. Canning to the Premiership, and the Resignation of Lord Eldon and his Party.

[WRITTEN IN APRIL 1837.]

The newspapers I herewith send
Will needs astonish you, my friend ;
I'm press'd for time, so pray excuse
The slip-slop manner of my muse ;
I fear the packet will be gone,
For time and tide will wait for none.

Our Cabinet, for some time past,
Had not a head—and now, at last,
When our good King has furnish'd one,
The tail and body are both gone !
So this new head has been invited
To see the members re-united.

Oh that the classic scone of Canning,
At Eton once so fam'd for scanning,
Were like the head of mighty Jove,
Which, in Olympus' realms above,
Brought forth Minerva, who combin'd,
Prudence and wit to bless mankind.
Vain wish ! there is more cause to fear
That, from the head of our Premier,
Some hideous being will arise—
Just the reverse of good or wise.
A heterogeneous Cabinet,
No better than the former set.

* * * * *

Worms, though we head and body sever,
Will re-unite as close as ever ;
The polypus will lose its head,
And get a new one in its stead ;
But though the parts combine together,
The reptiles are as foul as ever.
E'en so, when Canning's " master mind,"
As Tierney call'd it, once has join'd
The parts of his administration,
To rule o'er this bamboozled nation,
The change, perchance, may be for worse,
May prove no blessing, but a curse ;
And we may fall—oh, prospect dire !
From " frying-pan into the fire."

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 380.)

Not surprising, living, as we say, in the nineteenth century, when the progress of civilization, and the diffusion of rational knowledge, has been so general, that any person can be found with temerity sufficient to offer an apology for this infamous and degrading sport:—is it not surprising, that there should exist, crawling upon the earth, beings who are the external impression of human nature, but are so defective in its attributes, as to sanction, support, and participate in this most disreputable amusement. A low tone of morals can be referred to no cause more reasonably than to a continuance of an inhuman custom, the tendency of which is to deteriorate the character of a community;—to nip the blossoms of virtuous youth; to loosen the ties of humanity, and to relax the sinews of public morals. Such a custom might comport with the ignorance and darkness of past ages; might suit the genius of an uncivilized people; but surely it must be regarded as an indelible stain upon the character of an enlightened and professedly Christian people.”—*Tract upon the Annual Bull Running.*

Soon as the horse had concluded his narrative, he stepped forward into the general group, and, on a signal from the president, a stately bull, advancing a little forwards, thus addressed the assembly:—

My narrative will be much more brief than that of our friend who has just finished the recital of the wrongs and sufferings he endured on earth under the common tyrant of oppression. In the days of my purgatory, I was occasionally subjected to greater torments than those which our friend the horse, has so forcibly described; but my sufferings were not of such perpetual recurrence, as I enjoyed intervals of repose or respite from pain than appear to be allotted to his lot.

In my youth I was gay and happy, having nothing to do but to enjoy myself in browsing and frisking about in my native pasturage, associated with others of my kind, as

full of health and spirits as myself. As I grew older and stronger I soon discovered, however, that if I had hitherto escaped persecution from the hands of our common tyrant, it was not to be ascribed to any forbearance or humanity on his part, but to my tender years and want of power to endure the severe trials which were in store for me. It was my misfortune to be born in that part of England where the infernal custom of bull-baiting, as it is called, was justified by long prescription, regarded by the populace as a legitimate pastime, sanctioned by royal charter, and where any humane man who should have interfered to prevent the outrage would, probably, have forfeited his life to his fruitless sympathy. No sooner had I attained the requisite age and strength than my career of persecution commenced. At all the fairs and wakes in the neighbourhood I was periodically brought out to be baited by fierce dogs trained for the express purpose. I was secured by a strong rope to a huge post, firmly fixed in the ground, and, in that disadvantageous position, I was attacked by fierce dogs, urged on by their barbarous owners, who encourage them to the onset by the most deafening cheers. If any of these animals could seize me by the nose and pin me down to the ground, the surrounding ruffians would testify their delight by loud huzzas and cries of bravo! In one of these sanguinary contests I lost an eye, and it has not unfrequently happened that two fierce dogs have been hanging by my lip, part of which has been torn away, when, in my agony, I shook them off by a mighty convulsive effort. My assailants not unfrequently fell a sacrifice to my strength and desperation. Experience had rendered me extremely cunning and skilful in defence, and I often caught the dogs as they flew at me on the point of my horns, threw them sprawling aloft in the air, goring them to death in their fall, or trampling them under my feet until they were lifeless.

“ Since my arrival in this happy spot, I have often communed with the very animals which were my bitterest enemies when on earth, and I find that the bull-dog has no natural antipathy towards our race, but that it is owing entirely to the training which he receives from his ruffianly masters that he becomes our persecutor, and compels us, in self-defence, to become also his tormentor in our turn.

“ The dog is a faithful, generous animal, and may be rendered gentle or ferocious according to the disposition of his master. Unless instigated by those who ought to know better, he would never attack any creature, except urged by irresistible instinct, which, on earth, prompts one animal to hunt another for the purposes of prey.

“ In extenuation of the execrable practice of bull-baiting it has been pretended (and the heartless and senseless sophism has even been urged in the British senate) that it has a tendency to promote the courage and hardihood of the people. In refutation of this shallow fallacy I assert, from my own experience, without hesitation, that the inhuman custom can have no such effect upon the ruffians who join in the sport, as they term it.

“ Upon one occasion, maddened with anguish, in my fury I broke the rope by which I had been tethered and regained my liberty; and how did the ruffians who had been enjoying my torments behave on the occasion? Did they evince any courage who had displayed such barbarity? No; they all took to their heels, and hundreds of them scampered off, scared by the single animal they had taken such delight in tormenting, and if the dogs had not possessed more courage than their masters, and had not closed upon me in great numbers, I should have had a noble retaliation upon these

dastardly lords of the creation!—So much for the alleged tendency of cruelty to make men brave!*

“The noble pastime of bull-baiting, as it is styled, is, I understand, very general throughout England, but there was in that part of the country where I had the misfortune to be born, a refinement upon the sport, which is, perhaps, for savage barbarity, scarcely to be paralleled in any part of the world. The Stamford Annual Bull Running, to which I allude, is, perhaps, the most atrocious scene that ever disgraced even England, pre-eminent as that Christian land is for flagrant acts of wanton cruelty towards the miserable animals subjected to the caprice and tyranny of man. I will not harrow up the feelings of this respectable assembly by entering into a minute description of this most disgusting and disgraceful practice, which has been continued for centuries and sanctioned by Royal charter!† I shall, therefore,

* A modern writer, speaking of the brutal and bloody public exhibitions of the Romans, says, “The pretence held out by the state in permitting such a monstrous indulgence, was, that by their making people acquainted with the sight of pain and death, they became braver soldiers; but it only served to make them more inhuman, which is far from the character of a brave man. Indeed it is well known that the Emperors most infamous for their attachment to these barbarous spectacles, were, at the same time, the most utter cowards; so the cruel, in later times, have generally been found to be cowardly likewise.”

† The Stamford Annual Bull Running, one of the most scandalous and disgusting customs that ever disgraced a country, civilized or barbarous, is held by charter. In a small tract published on the subject by the London Association for Promoting Humanity to Animals, &c. we find the following account of the origin of this infamous practice:—

“Tradition says that, in the reign of King John, anno 1215, Earl Warren, as he was standing on his castle walls, in Stamford, and looking on the meadow, saw two bulls fighting for a cow. A butcher, to whom one of the bulls belonged, happening to come into the meadow just at that instant with a large mastiff, set the dog on his own bull, and drove him into the town, which he had no sooner entered than all the dogs, both great and small, followed him. The bull, being now rendered furious by the noise of the people and the fierceness of the dogs, ran over every one that chanced to be in his way. This brought other butchers and more people together, who made such a clamour that it reached the Earl in his castle, who mounted

pass over the revolting scene with all possible brevity, although it is impossible to glance at the subject, however lightly, without exciting sensations of the most painful nature.

“On the morning of the day when I was doomed to be the victim of this odious exhibition, at the tolling of a bell I was brought out of the prison, where I had been kept in total darkness, for the purpose, I understand, of rendering me more ferocious. The sudden light, and the immense crowd before me, armed with bludgeons and hostile weapons, had, however, such an effect upon me, that I was bewildered, and felt much more inclined to retreat to my prison than face such fearful odds. The ferocious populace was not, however, to be thus baffled, and the most cruel and unnatural means were adopted to rouse me to action, and to goad me to madness. I was attacked on all sides by bludgeons and sticks armed with spikes, and spirits of wine were poured over me

his steed and rode to learn the occasion of it; when he was so much delighted with the tumult the bull made, that he gave the meadow in which he saw him fighting as a common to the town butchers, to feed their cattle after the first grass is eaten, on condition that, annually, on that very day, they should find a mad bull to continue the sport, which was just six weeks before Christmas-day; and the meadow is called Castle Meadow. From this incident originated an annual custom, which has degenerated into a degree of barbarous cruelty never contemplated by the founder; yet it has existed for more than six hundred years! The butchers, at their charge, having, the night before, procured the wildest bull they could get, put him into a stable, or barn, and the next morning proclamation is made by the bellman, throughout the town, that no one, on pain of imprisonment, offer any violence to strangers; that no persons are to have ‘any iron on their clubs or staves,’ when they pursue the bull, (which is disregarded and violated every year;) but as the town is a great thoroughfare, and it being Term time, a guard is appointed to let passengers pass through without hurt or molestation. When the proclamation is over, and the shops and gates are all shut, the bull is turned out of the stable, and then all the dogs in the town, with men, women, and children, of all sorts and sizes, run promiscuously after him, spattering dirt with their clubs in each other’s faces, that one would think them, (as the historian observes), ‘so many furies out of hell.’ ”

and set on fire to stimulate me to action. Seeing all chance of retreat cut off, and rendered almost mad by the treatment I had received, I attempted to rush forwards upon my enemies, resolved upon a dreadful retaliation, and if my progress had not been impeded by a powerful ruffian whose hand was twisted in my tail, I should have had a noble revenge upon my persecutors. Thus harassed and impeded on all sides, I made the best of my way through the crowd, buffeted on the head and body by their sticks and staves, until I reached a bridge, where I was so hemmed in on all sides by the mob, that I could not proceed any further. Here the grand struggle commenced, as the object of the mob was to throw me over the battlements into the river, an exploit which entitles the ruffians to another victim. As I was a powerful and very large beast, it was no easy matter to effect their purpose but by dint of numbers; I was at length precipitated into the river, where I hoped that my persecution would cease. I was mistaken, however; the exploit was to be repeated, and I was not suffered to escape so easily; a line of coal boats was ranged across the river, to cut off my retreat, and by means of ropes thrown over my broken and bleeding horns, I was dragged on shore, where I was once more baited through the town, and once more forced over the bridge, in a state of exhaustion which deprived me of all power of resistance; and I was reconducted to my place of confinement, for the purpose of being again brought out by torch-light, to afford my tormentors some further sport.*

* "A man, on one occasion, jumped in after the bull, and, seizing it by the tail, swore he would follow it if it went to hell. In an extraordinary manner he relinquished his grasp, and sunk to rise no more! Sometimes, after running the poor beast till it falls from exhaustion, they will rip open its bowels while yet alive, and a struggle takes place which shall obtain the heart, which is seized and carried away in triumph! Others, with large knives, cut up the poor animal, hide and all, and bearing away pieces of the flesh to public-houses, roast them and eat them. What cannibals! What a disgrace to the Christian land in which we live!"—*Tract on the Stamford Bull Running.*

“ I was, however, too far gone to serve their bloody purposes, and my inhuman tormentors, finding that I could not survive the treatment I had received many hours, terminated my sufferings by firing balls into my head with a blunderbuss. It was not, however, compunction on their parts, or sympathy for my wretched condition, that prompted the fiends thus to put an end to my misery; no such feelings can ever enter the bosom of the wretch who delights in torturing poor, defenceless, and unoffending animals. Had it been the interest of my owners that I should perish piecemeal of hunger, like the miserable horses in the Knacker's Yard, as described by my friend who preceded me, I should have shared the same fate; but I was butchered simply for fear I should die of what is called a natural death, in which event my flesh would not have fetched so good a price on the shambles.”*

(To be continued.)

* The Rev. T. Winks published a sermon, from which we make the following extract. We wish there were more discourses from the pulpit, to inculcate proper feelings towards inferior animals. The sermon was published by Wightman, Paternoster-row, London, in 1829, and there is an appendix to it containing several historical facts relative to the origin of the Stamford Annual Bull Running. After animadverting upon the violent gestures, drunkenness, and blasphemous conduct of the rabble concerned in the scene, Mr. Winks proceeds thus :—

“ At length the party who were for confining the animal prevailed, and it was put into its prison-house for a season, while its tormentors went to refresh themselves. I now walked through the streets and looked in at the public-houses, which were crowded to excess with customers of both sexes and all ages. Ere the sport began I noticed several evidently intoxicated; but now the pale faces and staggering steps, and mad shouts of numbers, gave too certain note that a scene of dreadful and lawless riot would ensue. I felt concerned for my personal safety, and hastened from these scenes of vice and mischief. About an hour afterwards, being seated at dinner in the house of a friend on the other side of the river, we were aroused by the shouts of numbers rushing by and crying, ‘ It's in the river, it's in the river ! ’ I put on my hat and went out. The bull was swimming down the river, its head only appearing above the water; on either side of the river were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men, women, and children, hallooing and shouting. I presently discovered that they were afraid the animal would escape from them down the river. Two or three boats pushed off in pursuit; others met

That, blindfold
All said, none coo
That ever yet I
But Ted mis'd,
" There !—I've

it in the stream, and they ultimal
Fatigued with swimming, and
resistance, much less of mischief
condition, drove it before them
the scene of mad uproar was
blows, the violence of the mob, a
creature up to the bridge, and in
again. They now drew a line of
vented its escape. As the poor
seemed anxious to escape from the
of boats obstructed its progress, w
it in a small boat, and drove it,
towards land; it moaned most p
force of the lamentation of the an

* There is no flesh

Yes, I am not ashamed to own that
its piteous moans and witnessed it
tormentors; I felt ashamed, too, I
employ their superior sagacity to
the very brutes in savage barbar
torturing another for mere sport.
their sport was over; for lame, tre
walk, so they led it by the horns
three shouts at the houses of those
On rising the hill near to St. Mary
church

THE TIMES IN 1826.

The following lines were written as a counterpart to some clever anonymous verses entitled *Home Truths*, which originally appeared in the *Mercury* of 1811, a copy of which is appended to this article in the form of a note.*

Thus, fifteen years ago, in vigorous rhymes,
Some unknown bard described the woful times,
Deplor'd our loss of commerce and of trade,
Our port deserted, and our wealth decay'd ;
Nor can we wonder at his doleful strain,
War ever brings such evils in its train.
For twenty years we'd lavish'd our finance,
To place the Bourbons on the throne of France ;
After expending millions to oppose
This family, our crazy rulers chose
To throw away some hundred millions more,
The self-same Bourbon boobies to restore !
Such useless efforts wasted England's strength,
And when the tardy peace arriv'd at length,
Though we had gain'd some laurels in the fray,
It left an overwhelming debt to pay.
Having at last put stern Napoleon down,
Pluck'd from his haughty brow the Gallic crown,
We fondly hop'd our hard-earn'd peace at last
Would make amends for sacrifices past,
And soon, with matchless energy, the nation,
Seem'd to assume her former lofty station.

* "*Home Truths*," as it appeared in the *Mercury* of 1811.

Heavens ! what a change the last twelve-
months have made !

A sad, sad change in credit and in trade ;
All export stopp'd, all business at a stand,
Full warehouses, low prices, no demand ;
There's nothing stirring,—nothing through
the town

But idle merchants loitering up and down.

Where'er we turn, some melancholy sign
Appears to mark stagnation and decline.

Bare is the pole that tops yon western height,
No hoisted signal streaming to the sight ;
But seldom now, but very seldom there
Those fluttering flags the coming ship de-
clare.

In dock, alas ! the idle ship is laid,
High on her mast th' ill-omen'd broom dis-
played ;

In vain the porter takes his patient stand,
No busy toils his services demand ;

Beside the dock, obstructive of the way,
The deaf'ning carts stand idle thro' the day ;
Save, when it groans beneath some pond'-
rous rock,

Hewn from the quarry for a useless dock ;
Save, that from Wigan's disembowell'd plain
The min'ral load its bending shafts sustain ;
This export still the alter'd times allow,
And coal, alas ! is all our export now !

Tyrant ambition, and accurst decrees,
Have bound in chains the commerce of the
seas ;

Depress'd, discourag'd every useful art,
No more our labour feeds the foreign mart,
Each foreign mart a hostile world denies,
And its own want suppresses or supplies.
The snow-white robe that wraps in grace-
ful trim

The female form, and shades each lovely
limb

Even the Monarch's Speech to Parliament
 Pronounc'd the country prosperous and content.
 Alas! 'twas but a hectic flush'd the cheek,
 That often inward wasting doth bespeak;
 For in a few short months all was quite chang'd!
 Credit extinct—commerce and trade derang'd!
 It seems as though some hideous wizard's wand
 Had blasted with its touch our native land!
 While the foul fiend, with horrible delight,
 Torments by day, and harasses by night;
 Perch'd near men's pillows, whispers coming ills,
 Expected bankruptcies—dishonour'd bills!
 Meanwhile this sudden, melancholy change,
 As unaccountable as it is strange,
 By some is call'd a plethora of health,
 From surplus capital—redundant wealth;
 Others pronounce it panic—groundless fright,
 Which soon will cease, and all again be right;
 While Canning says 'tis gambling speculation
 Has brought embarrassment upon the nation;
 But ere our statesmen deal in such rebuffs,
 Let them remember their own scheming puffs;—
 Those grand state lotteries of Pitt's creation,
 The greatest swindle in this swindled nation.
 Arm'd with his gridiron, Cobbett cuts a caper,
 Roaring for gold! while Scotchmen call for paper;
 Protesting that metallic circulation,
 Is foreign to the habits of their nation.
 Their native banks had all stood firm, they say,
 While English banks by scores have given way.
 Commercial men, amidst these pressing ills,
 Pray for an issue of Exchequer bills;

Neglected lies,—Columbia now no more
 Admits the lawny fabric to her shore;
 No longer now our treasure-wasting fleets,
 The Arabian berry, or the juicy sweets
 Of India's cane, to northern climes convey;
 Those shackl'd realms a despot's will obey,
 O'eraw'd by terror, or by arms subdued,
 Our ev'ry product from their ports exclude;
 Dried at its sources, hence th' enriching Nile
 Of commerce ceases to o'erflow our iale,
 While a sad group of victims, with dismay
 The ruin'd harvest of their hopes survey!
 To 'Change, indeed, our merchants still
 repair,
 But for what purpose, pray, do they go there?
 Why each, no doubt, may have a different end,
 Some go for news, some go to see a friend,
 Some of them go from habit, some for show,
 And some, because they don't know where
 to go;

Well pleas'd on 'Change to kill an hour or two
 But one and all have nothing there to do!
 One species of exchanges I allow
 They still may make—they may exchange
 a bow;
 They may exchange a melancholy tale
 Of goods on hand that cannot find a sale;
 Of the sore rubs and losses they have met;
 Of what new names appear in the Gazette.
 Meanwhile, perhaps, their rising fears pre-
 sage
 Their own, ere long, may grace the gloomy
 page.
 They may exchange inquiries with their
 friends,
 About protested bills and dividends;
 What John-street meeting for the following
 day,
 What funds appear, and what th' estate will
 pay;

But Government at the request look blank,
 And send the deputation to the Bank;
 The Bank, in turn, like Ministers look shy,
 And bid them to the Government apply!
 The parties thus are bandied to and fro,
 Not knowing what to do, or where to go,
 While thousands upon thousands, wanting food,
 Cry out for bread in frantic, threat'ning mood.
 That something must be done, all men agree,
 But what that something is, no man can see;
 Debt's the disease, we know, but who can cure it?
 None, none, I fear, and we must e'en endure it.
 While cancer-like, within the veins it lurks,
 And though unseen, still silently it works.
 All palliatives serve but to delay
 And aggravate the evils of the day,
 Which, sure as fate, will overtake us yet,
 Unless, by some means, we reduce the debt;
 Let Government, like every upright man
 Who cannot pay in full, pay all they can;
 This is the step we must adopt perforce,—
 Half measures, in our case, make matters worse;
 The ulcerous place we only film and skin,
 While rank corruption's mining all within.*
 The only chance of "weathering the storm,"
 That howls around, is Radical Reform.

as these th' passing hour engage
 well comes and rings them off the
 !
 eir offices, the same burlesque
 ss still; along the crowded desk
 st number, what a charming show,
 ess'd clerks, all sitting in a row!
 loubt, Oh, surely, now and then,
 wl a little, or they mend a pen;
 ose whom Messrs. — and Co.
 and office kept some years ago;
 r books so constant—so intent,
 tters which were never sent.
 : banks, there the same scene ap-

es, book-keepers, and cashiers;
 ose salaries I do surmise,
 whole profits scarcely will suffice;
 ounts now, if they discount at all,
 ay guess can be but very small.

* * * * *
 ss clerk, no longer now employ'd,
 / prospects blasted and destroy'd,
 of finery, but lack of cash.
 ave, but fond to cut a dash,
 his wardrobe, and inspects with

will stand a turning or repair,

Unpacks his trunk, where from the beam
 of day,
 Excluded long the mouldy garment lay,
 That half-worn garment which his former
 pride
 In better times had vainly laid aside;
 Again the pantaloons are dragged to light,
 With frequent washing verging to a white;
 Where scarce the eye can draw the line
 between
 The doubtful hue of linen and nankeen;
 Again unfolded, how shall I express
 That vest, the most important of our dress,
 The robe of empire which the wedded pair
 Contend so fierce and frequent who shall
 wear.

* * * * *
 "Trimm'd at the skirts and bound where
 somewhat torn,
 No one will know this waistcoat has been
 worn;
 This shirt is broken, but another frill
 Will hide its age and make it decent still."
 Thus the full suit his anxious hand selects,
 Fairest to view, and freest from defects:
 New rigg'd, new brush'd, new fitted out for
 show,
 He takes the flag, and shines a Sundaybeau.

* "It will but film and skin the ulcerous place,
 While rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen."—*Hamlet*

An upright Parliament, the people's choice,
 The faithful echo of the nation's voice,
 Would rescue England from her perils yet,
 And with an even hand adjust the debt;
 Our odious corn laws instantly revise,
 Lest millions should in fierce rebellion rise;
 The British artisan his loaf should eat
 Cheaply as those with whom he must compete.
 Could England such a Parliament once see,
 She might be happy, glorious, and free.
 Each public drone they'd from the hive drive out,
 Send half the army to the "right about;"
 Pensions and sinecures forthwith reduce,
 And put the church-tithe to its proper use;
 For if the people must this tax endure,
 Let those who levy it maintain the poor;
 'Twas for such purpose tithe was first enacted,
 And not for churchmen's use alone exacted.

It may be idle to indulge in dreams
 Of future happiness—Utopian schemes!
 Yet though I scarce can hope, I'll not despair,
 Still shall it be my fond and fervent prayer,
 That my lov'd native country soon may be
 The land of plenty and of liberty!
 "May commerce, arts, and industry revive,
 And Liverpool, once more, be all alive."*

In former times, what happy times they
 were!
 When every thing was going smooth and
 fair,
 When the blest stream of confidence ran
 high,
 And all who sought received a full supply,
 E'er yet the rich had selfishly engross'd
 All business from the poor, who want it
 most;
 But every one impartial credit got,
 He who had capital and he who had not;
 In times when cash was plenty, such as
 these,
 A person could do business with such ease;
 Some London friend, provided no delay,
 No trouble then in payments, draw away.
 "Sir, here's a bill of parcels," on demand
 The ready draft on London was at hand.
 "Well, Sir, about those rums you wish'd to
 sell,
 I have resolv'd to take them."—"Very
 well."—
 "The mode of payment, Sir, is under-
 stood,
 My draft on London."—"Good, Sir, very
 good."

From hand to hand we bought and sold, we
 drew,
 Then sold and bought, and bought and sold
 anew;
 The wheel went round, and that was all
 our care,
 And all was credit, — and —
 In those blest times, when credit ran so high,
 — could make an eighty thousand fly;
 For then, indeed, before the times got tight,
 It was the simplest thing to fly a kite;
 No matter what the paper or the size,
 Tail, or no tail, it mounted to the skies;
 But God help them, God help the silly pack,
 Who placed themselves advent'rous on its
 back;
 Their dreadful fall, (and oh, what numbers
 fell,) —
 Let the Gazette's recording pages tell.
 These were the times, and times like
 these once more
 Some happier fate, I trust, may yet restore;
 Mercy again behold with conscious pride,
 Whole navies floating on her muddy tide;
 Again the merchant from the pier survey
 His mountain pole the flying flag display;
 Commerce and arts, and industry revive,
 And Liverpool, once more, be "all alive."

AMEN.

* The concluding couplet of the original *Home Truths*.

THE ELECTION SYSTEM PRIOR TO PASSING THE REFORM BILL.

In reviving the following *jeu d'esprit*, we most sincerely disclaim all intention of giving the slightest offence to any of our readers, by reviving political heart-burnings, or unpleasant local reminiscences. The Reform Bill has put a stop to scenes similar to those we are about to describe, and we have no doubt that the bitterest opponents of that Bill, who have no direct interest in clinging to the abuses which formerly disgraced our election contests, will, at no distant day, candidly confess their error, and frankly acknowledge that the great measure which has put the people in possession of their rights is one of sound wisdom, tending to promote the interest and happiness of the nation, and the stability of the throne.

The scenes described by Asmodeus, in his *tête à tête* with Cleofas, are, many of them, founded in fact; but, candour compels us to admit that bribery and corruption were not confined to the friends of any one party; but were most extensively practised on all sides in the Liverpool Election in 1812. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Brougham was, on that occasion, much more popular than Mr. Canning, and that he would have been returned as member for the borough had the elective franchise been vested in the ten pound householders.

The rejection of such a man as Henry Brougham, by the Liverpool freemen, and his subsequent elevation to the highest station a subject can enjoy, occasioned the following

lines which we originally published in the *Mercury* on his appointment to the office of Lord Chancellor :

In the twenty-first chapter of Matthew we read,
 As at verse forty-second 'tis shown,
 That the stone by the builders rejected at first,
 At length was esteemed the "first stone!"
 So Brougham, by the Liverpool freemen thrown out,
 And reviled by our sage Corporation,
 Has become, by his talents and virtues, at last,
 The principal man in the nation.

The writer of the subjoined election sketch is encouraged to reprint it by the recollection that the late Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, with whom he dined at a friend's house, immediately after the election, was so much pleased with the article, that he recommended its publication in a separate tract, as conveying a well-merited and not overcharged satire upon the general mode of conducting elections in England.

THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION IN 1812.

"Let the gall'd jade wince."—*Shakspeare*.

The readers of "*Le Diable Boiteux*" will recollect that the humorous and sociable Devil, Asmodeus, after having escorted his friend and *protegé* Don Cleofas through an infinite variety of adventures, and given him a supernatural insight into the human character, under all its modifications, bade him farewell, until he should see him again, and then vanished away. Asmodeus has more than once, since that period, renewed his visits to his old friend Cleofas, and accompanied him in fresh aërial excursions—seeing everything, themselves unseen. How the following extracts from the journal of their tour to England came into our possession, we are not at liberty to reveal.

A.—So you say you have never yet visited England?

C.—Never;—but I have read its history with peculiar interest, and have formed a most favourable opinion of its inhabitants. The noble efforts they are now making to defend our country against the invasion of the tyrant of Europe, prove them to be the genuine sons of liberty; their valour, which I have witnessed, has not been surpassed by that of any people of classic, or of modern times; but what charms me more than all the rest, is their form of government; if it be found in practice as good as it appears to be in theory, it may well excite the admiration of all Europe. Are not the English generally considered “the most rational and thinking people in Europe?”

A.—I know they have been so styled; but, as a philosopher, a traveller, and a man of good common sense, you should take nothing for granted when you have the means of forming your own judgment. We are, at this moment, hovering over England, and, if you please, we will descend a little to see what is going forward.—Oh! now I know where we are—the town which you perceive between those two clouds is one of the most extensive in the country, and contains upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants.

C.—Bless me! what a bustle and confusion there seems to be. What are they doing?

A.—It is what they call a General Election. But you will see presently. Let us take our seats on that noble pile of building, from the summit of which the statue of Britannia overlooks the town; there we shall be in the very centre of the bustle. You are probably sufficiently acquainted with the history of this country to understand what is meant by a General Election; the people are here assembled to make choice of two men, who are to represent them in Parliament, to make new laws, and impose new taxes.

C.—Of course, as the English are “a thinking people,”

they will take special care to select the best informed, and most virtuous men they can find.

A.—That, unfortunately, is not always the case; and I fear, my good friend, I cannot altogether agree in opinion with you, that the English are the most “rational and thinking people in Europe;” and though their constitution, or form of government, is most excellent in theory, the practice and theory are widely at variance; this, you know, is ever the case in mechanical machines, and in the state machine of this country particularly; for it unaccountably happens that this “most thinking people” raise a hue and cry against any honest man who would keep this same machine in perfect repair; if he would apply a little oil to facilitate its movements, or attempt to adjust any wheel which, through time or accident, may have been impaired, he is branded by a party as a daring innovator, and a dangerous reformer.

C.—All this is wholly inexplicable to me.

A.—Attend to what I am going to say, and you will find I am not too severe. I just told you that there are upwards of one hundred thousand persons in the town before you.—How many of them do you think have the right of voting upon these occasions?

C.—According to the knowledge I have been able to obtain from books, I concluded that every man who paid taxes had a voice in the choice of those who were to tax him; if not, it appears to me that they are taxed without their own consent.

A.—I believe your view of the subject to be correct, if the British constitution was administered in its original purity; and many of the best and wisest men in the country have laboured long to restore this constitutional right; but they are stigmatized by a large party of fools or knaves, as a set of dangerous levellers, and designing Jacobins.

C.—Jacobins! what are they?

A.—That is more than I know, nor did I ever find any person who could tell me. But to the point;—the number of resident voters in this populous town is about two thousand, excluding almost all the best informed and opulent inhabitants; and a neighbouring town, of equal extent, has no voice at all in choosing representatives, whilst one spot, consisting of two houses only, returns as many members to parliament as Liverpool, which contains ten thousand houses; and, on the other hand, one county in England sends as many members to Parliament as the whole kingdom of Scotland.

C.—Can you give me any reason for so palpable a violation of all the rules of justice and common sense?

A.—That is above my hand, I assure you; all I know on this subject is, that any man who dares to say it should be otherwise, is set down as a rank Jacobin.

C.—What you tell me is very strange in a country whose inhabitants are distinguished as a “rational and thinking people;” but, perhaps, there may be some reason for thus limiting the number of voters; one good effect, at least, must be the result, the disgraceful scene of confusion, tumult, and intoxication, which we now witness, will soon terminate, as it cannot require many hours to collect the votes of two thousand people.

A.—There you are a little out in your reckoning. This scene of riot will probably continue a week or ten days.

C.—I think I have somewhere read, that the Election for the American Congress, for the whole of the United States, is concluded in one and the same day.—Is this true?

A.—It is. Every man has a vote; and the thing is conducted in a very snug and quiet way—the voter has the names of his favourite candidates on a card, which card he deposits, without any one knowing for whom he has voted.

C.—Why is not so simple and convenient a plan adopted in England?

A.—Something of the same kind has been proposed by those who are advocates of reform; but they are always taxed with disloyalty to their own country, with a design of overthrowing its establishments, and subverting its laws, and, lastly, are told, that if they do not like the land they live in, they may leave it and “be d—d to them.”

C.—What you now tell me is so inconsistent with the conduct of a “rational and thinking people,” that I begin to doubt their claim to the title.

A.—It is time to introduce you to the candidates, who stand at the bar of the hustings, amongst the magistrates and lawyers. I shall not enter at large upon the merits of any of these gentlemen, but shall refer you to the parliamentary history of the last twenty years. The first I shall mention is a man of considerable genius, which, however, has been displayed rather in light and epigrammatic compositions, than in any work of deep political research. He is a brilliant orator, and a man of the world, who has secured to himself and his family the loaves and fishes; though in his daily harangues to his partisans he endeavours to persuade them that he has no ambition, having lately more than once rejected overtures to accept a place in the ministry, which, though it may be true enough, proceeds from an inward conviction that the present crazy Cabinet must soon fall to pieces;—in short, he is a complete courtier.

C.—I have heard quite enough of him; be so good as to proceed.

A.—The next is a General, of whom it is sufficient to say in his own words, that he is a “puppet in the hands of the Corporation.” There is, likewise, another General, but as his late friends appear to have deserted his standard, I shall say nothing farther about him.

C.—I suppose it is because there are so many Generals, that it is called a General Election.

A.—A whimsical reason, truly. But let us take leave of these military gentlemen. The next candidate is a man of most extraordinary talents and acquirements. He was celebrated at the university at a very early age, for his skill in almost every branch of science; he is a distinguished ornament of the British bar, an elegant writer, an able critic, an impressive orator, an enlightened advocate for peace, reform, and the liberty of the subject. Had his unanswerable arguments been sooner attended to, England and America would now have been at peace, and commerce would have brought plenty in her train. The last candidate I have to point out to you, is a native of the town, and one of the most able men in the British House of Commons:—he is equally distinguished for his correct views of the commerce and finance of the country, and for his persevering efforts to promote the general interests and natural rights of his countrymen. In short, he, like the last I have mentioned, is a truly honest man.

C.—What you have now said affords me an excellent criterion whereby I may judge whether these people be really a “rational and thinking people,” and according to the choice they now make, I shall draw my conclusions. Let us now look about us; bless me, there is such confusion just below us, that I cannot make out any thing distinctly; they seem all fighting, and tearing away each other’s ribbons; and pray who can that person be who is endeavouring to force a passage with his coach through the crowd, evidently against their consent, and to the manifest risk of their lives and limbs? I suppose he must be out of his senses.

A.—You will not presume to suppose any such thing when you hear that he is the Chief Magistrate of the town.

one of the Corporation ; and corporate bodies are proverbial in England for their wisdom.

C.—Well, I really should not have guessed that, by his present conduct ; it is the duty of a Chief Magistrate to preside over the people, but not to ride over them. I am glad, however, to see that he is compelled to turn back, and I think it highly creditable to the people that he has got off in a whole skin. I see a number of men in red leather aprons, who seem to act a very conspicuous part in the scene ; why do they enter so warmly into the interest of one of the candidates ; I suppose he must have rendered them some important service in Parliament ?

A.—No such thing. Those men are tanners, whose masters have ordered them to act as they do ; but, so far from being under any obligation to the candidate whose body-guard they appear to be, the direct reverse happens to be the case, as one of the other candidates has rendered very important services in Parliament to the leather trade.

C.—Let us turn from such a scene of slavish stupidity and ingratitude.

A.—With all my heart. 'Take notice of a fellow yonder, who is tying his clothes in a handkerchief, as if he was on the point of taking a journey ; see how carefully he bedaubs his shoes with mud, and now he takes his stick, and throws his bundle over his shoulder, and, leaving home, turns into the road leading from the neighbouring county ; and observe, now he comes back towards the town, and is met by a party of canvassers, who take him into a public-house, where, after satisfying them that he is a freeman, who has come fifty miles on foot to vote according to his conscience, they offer him twenty pounds for the expenses of his journey, on condition that he will lay his conscience aside. Look that way, and you will see a quizzical old fellow, in a purple velvet coat, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a kind of

Welsh wig, who is just alighting from his own carriage; he is a squire of considerable property, but the curmudgeon will not vote until he receives ten pounds as travelling charges, for a journey of about half a day.

C.—I see a man at the bar of the hustings, who appears much agitated and enraged at some questions they are putting to him; and now he turns away without giving his vote. Pray what is the meaning of all that?

A.—They have been administering the bribery oath to that man; and though he has now in his pocket fourteen pounds, which were slipped into his hand the moment he alighted from the stage coach, on condition that he would change sides, yet the oath sticks in his throat.

C.—Well, really, that fellow has some conscience, however.

A.—Take notice of that man with two blue ribbons in his hat, who is purchasing some pink ribbons at a mercer's shop. He means to give those to his wife and children. Poor fellow! his interest compels him to wear a colour he detests; but as those who have obliged him so to do, are not in the habit of visiting such humble mansions as his, except at election time, he is in hopes that his wife and children may escape detection, and follow their own inclinations; and I could point out to you many hundreds in the same situation.

C.—For Heaven's sake, let us turn from the contemplation of a scene so sickening, so degrading.

A.—Well then, by way of change, turn your eyes upon that double-faced, pitiful hypocrite; with a rose at his breast, and a crimson ribbon at his watch. He, prudent soul! wishes to stand well with both parties. When he spies the banners of the "Blood Red Knight," he buttons himself up, and taking out his watch, inquires the state of the poll at

that hour; but when the other party approaches, he buries his crimson ribbon in his fob, opens his bosom, exclaiming, "Bless me, how hot it is! pray, Gentlemen, how does our glorious cause go on?"

C.—Well, I really despise that poltroon more than any of the rest. I see a genteel looking man offering a wager of ten pounds with a person who does not appear to be worth as many pence.

A.—The gentleman you speak of is a canvasser, and the other is a freeman. That freeman is a deep fellow; he has taken up his freedom, and lived with several of his comrades for a week at the expence of one of the parties; they have run up a bill of forty pounds, which this gentleman, who is a canvasser for the other party, is just now paying off to the landlord, on condition that three of these fellows who are free shall poll in the morning for his candidate. See, now they all tear off the ribbons they have worn for a week, and give three huzzas for the other side, and swear to poll the first thing in the morning. The gentleman who is canvassing them, well knowing what little dependance is to be placed upon such fellows, is determined to make "assurance doubly sure;" he is now offering a wager of ten pounds that they do not poll in the morning. He knows he shall lose his wager, but he also knows he can make it up some other way.

C.—Why, this is barefaced bribery.

A—Ay; but it is not easy to bring it home to the principals; and if you are startled at this slight specimen of bribery, we had better take flight at once, for I promise you this is nothing to what I could show you. I see a number of gentlemen, who, at the last election, marched under the banners of "No Popery," and who are now warmly engaged in the behalf of the candidate who stands pledged to favour Catholic emancipation.

C.—Catholic Emancipation ! Have not the Catholics in England then the same privileges as the other citizens ?

A.—Oh ! no. They are too conscientious to take a false oath, and are therefore deemed unfit to be trusted ; though they contribute to the state equally with other classes, and though the army and navy contain a vast proportion of Catholics, who are distinguished for their bravery, yet they can neither hold a chief command in the army or navy, nor a situation in the state.

C.—From the readiness with which the British have stepped forward to assist my countrymen, who are all Catholics, I should have supposed they were superior to such narrow prejudices.

A.—Well, I declare, they are, at this moment, polling a dead man !

C.—Though I can believe almost any thing after what I have witnessed, yet you now rather stagger my faith.

A.—Well, I will explain. The man who is now tendering his vote is not free at all ; he lodged in the same house in London, where the out-voters, as they are called, assembled to drink free ale, previous to their coming down to give their votes. One of these out-voters got drunk, and broke his neck ; this fellow has made free with his indentures ; has politely taken the journey in his stead, and is now actually personating the dead man ; nor is this a solitary instance.

C.—I see a poor emaciated figure at the hustings, who is not permitted to vote ; I suppose he is also not free.

A.—Yes, he is, poor fellow ! But, during the last winter, this unfortunate man, who has a large family, and was willing to work, not being able to get any employment, was compelled to receive relief from the parish, and, in consequence, has lost his right of voting.

C.—Well, I really pity him from my soul, as it appears

your permission.

A.—Well then, to
amidst all this corru
pany assembled yond
independent men; t
offer of free ale, or bri
put various questions
club-room, and have m
whose answers have p
men have resolved not to
of their favourite candid
from their own pockets
purpose to give their unl

C.—These are noble
by the hand. A nation
would be happy, free, ar

A.—I am sorry to
your attention to a scene
conduct of the club you
the very reverse of that
men have ribbons of eve
them —

the sight, so pray turn your eyes this way, and observe one of the canvassers paying a freeman twenty pounds for an old mangy cat.

C.—Pray, has that cat any peculiar properties?

A.—None in life. The creature is fully as worthless as she appears to be, and the purchaser will probably give her to his dogs to be worried; but then you know the late owner, having made so good a bargain, is bound in gratitude to vote as his generous friend recommends.

C.—Well, really, the tricks practised on these occasions would do credit to the most accomplished swindler.

A.—Yonder I see a landlady, who is chalking two for one against one of the candidates, which she justifies to herself, because her former score, at the last election, is yet unpaid

C.—Enough, enough! my dear Asmodeus, I have seen too much of your election. I have visited mankind in uncultivated and in the polished regions of the earth; have studied their characters, customs, and manners, with some attention, but never before did I witness so unblushing a display of drunkenness, meanness, folly, fraud, falsehood, hypocrisy, and vice of every description, as is exhibited at an English general election! For Heaven's sake, let us depart to some quarter of the globe where I can look around me without blushing to own myself a man.

A.—Stop a moment; I wish you to witness the last scene of the farce, and then I promise to carry you where you please; for I swear by my crutches, I am almost as weary of the puppet show as yourself. You see two of the candidates have left the hustings long before the usual hour, from which it appears that they consider the day as lost.

C.—That is very strange; for it seems to me as if nine-tenths of the people were in their favour. And this is what

is called "collecting the sense of the people!" Pshaw! But what sound is that we hear resembling thunder?'

A.—Oh! that is the report of a salute of cannon from the King's ship, which you see in the river decked out with colours as on a gala day.

C.—I suppose it happens to be the birth-day of the King, the Prince Regent, or some of the Royal Family?

A.—No. The display of colours, and the cannonading, is in honour of the election.

C.—Is it then considered as a national triumph, that a Courtier and a General are chosen to transact the business of the first commercial town in the country? Let us go, Asmodeus.

A.—Stop one moment; observe a number of persons taking the pink ribbons from their hats, and joining the party they have opposed during the election. I also see a great number of others, who never mounted any colour until this day, who are at this moment preparing to join the procession of the winning party; but, the grand ceremony of chairing the members is about to take place, and then, perhaps, we shall hear the "voice of the people." Behold what a gorgeous triumphal car is prepared for the "Blood Red Knight!" see how it is bedizened all round with the mottoes of "Freedom of Trade," "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce." This car, I imagine by the inscriptions, must have been intended for one of the unsuccessful candidates; for it would puzzle Old Nick himself to find out their application to the hero who bears "his blushing honours thick upon him." Look towards yonder square, where you see a man bringing a massy arm chair out of the Theatre; that is the theatrical State Throne, and it appears that they are going to carry the other member in triumph, in the identical chair which Siddons, Kemble, and Cooke

have alternately graced ! that chair, so long dedicated to Shakspeare and the Muses ! Could the immortal bard witness its fallen state, he would once more exclaim, "To what vile uses may we not return !" The procession now begins to move forward ; let me hear your opinion of the "Grand Finale."

C.—I see the Triumphal Car, but see no triumph ; I hear the voices of those who form the procession, but I hear not the "voice of the people." I see a gaudy profusion of the "colour of the heart," but a lamentable absence of the heart itself ; the eyes of thousands are turned towards the procession, but I search in vain in those eyes for any thing resembling satisfaction or delight : the whole has the appearance of a gorgeous funeral, or solemn sacrifice ; and many of those who march in its train, resemble devoted victims about to be immolated at the shrine of avarice, ambition, and slavery. Let us quit the scene.

A.—Most willingly ; but, before we finally take our flight, tell me what are the conclusions you have formed of the "most rational and thinking people in Europe ?"

C.—Perhaps, Asmodeus, a general election may not be a fair criterion to found my judgment upon, and I may, therefore, be uncharitable ; but, the conclusions I have drawn from the scenes I have lately witnessed, are, that no good can be expected from an assembly appointed by such dishonourable means ; that those who do not scruple to buy the people's votes, will not hesitate to sell their rights ; that a great portion of the "most thinking people in Europe," have not common sense ; and, finally, that the majority of "the independent electors," are venal slaves, and their boasted liberties an empty name !

A.—As these are your conclusions, it is high time to be off.

[*Exeunt volantes*



TO

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then raising the right foot from the ground, and swinging it gradually backwards and forwards until you are in the position of the figure, which is supposed to be as far as you can stretch backwards, you must throw the book or other matter from your foot in such a way that it shall pass directly over your head, and fall immediately before you. Independently of the difficulty of getting the book, &c. to pass from your foot over your head, there are two minor difficulties to overcome. In the first place, you must be able to balance yourself very steadily on one leg, while your body is inclined forwards; and, in the next place, you must contrive to prevent the book, &c. from slipping off your foot as it moves backwards and forwards. In order to acquire steadiness, whilst on one leg, it is advisable in practising the trick, to place a chair at your left hand, by which you may hold, until you are enabled to dispense with it; and to acquire facility in keeping the book, &c. attached to the foot, you may wrap twine, a piece of leather, or a little brown paper round the book, or other thing to be thrown over the head, in order to render it less liable to slip off the foot, as the smooth leather of the book makes it very difficult to retain it in its place during the backward and forward swing of the foot.

There is one caution necessary to be given in the performance of this trick, without which it cannot be accomplished:—this is, to swing your foot backward and forward slowly and regularly, like a pendulum. Unless this be particularly attended to, you will never succeed in the trick. If I were disposed to write pedantically, I should say, “the oscillations of the foot ought to be isochronal.”

It may, on the first glance, be thought that this trick is performed by some turn of the foot, but this is not the case, as the foot, at the very moment of throwing off the book, &c. retains the position described in the figure.

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A TIMELY HINT TO THE
REFORM

[WRITTEN BY

PROPOSAL TO EMPLOY LOCOMOTIVE STEAM ENGINES ON THE BANKS OF CANALS.

[FROM THE MERCURY OF OCTOBER 8, 1830, WITH ADDITIONS.]

Locomotive carriages worked by steam, or some other powerful agent, upon railroads, will, unquestionably, bear in all competition, and will have the decided preference over every other mode at present known for conveying passengers, goods, and mails. The superiority of this mode of travelling ought to stimulate the proprietors of canals to adopt every practicable means to rescue their property from serious deterioration with which it is menaced. Certain experiments have recently been made which throw quite a new light upon canal navigation, and which prove that engineers and writers on hydraulics must have hitherto been assuming false data, if the experiments to which we are about to draw the attention of the public have been made with due care, and recorded with due fidelity.

In Scotland, canal boats have been constructed for the purpose of increasing the speed without lessening the burden, and it is said, that they have succeeded beyond the expectations of the projectors. The resistance to solid bodies moving through a fluid, according to the generally received theory, increases with the speed in such a ratio as to preclude all hopes of impelling vessels of any description much faster than our best sailing ships now move by the action of the wind. Notwithstanding this natural impediment in the way of expedition, there is one circumstance which should be taken into account before we can decide upon the maximum speed at which boats may be moved on a canal. Owing to the friction and tear of the banks at present, although the average speed of the boats does not, perhaps, exceed, if it equals, three miles in the hour, it seems to have been taken for granted that

if the speed of the canal boats was considerably increased, the banks would soon be washed away. By recent experiments, however, made on the Ardrossan and Paisley canal, it has been proved that the "greater the speed the less the surge or wave is found, and that at a high rate of speed the surge or wave is done away with altogether." These very important experiments were made under great disadvantages, as the Ardrossan canal is throughout very narrow, being at the bridges not more than nine feet broad, with a number of very narrow turns.

In the *Glasgow Free Press*, there is a description of the first voyage of the Paisley Canal New Passage boat, from which we make the following brief extract, in reference to the experiments under consideration :

"A statement of these experiments on the Forth and Clyde canal has already appeared in the newspapers, and the only fact therein mentioned, which it seems necessary to repeat here, is the remarkable circumstance, that the quicker the boats were propelled through the water, the less appearance there was of surge or wave on the sides of the canal. This result, so contrary to every previous theory, was doubted by several of the parties present at these experiments. The surge was at no time, and in no instance, to any extent; and the apparent diminution of it at a high rate of velocity was supposed to be imaginary. The result of the experiment, however, was so satisfactory, that a twin boat, of a gig shape, sixty feet in length, and nine feet broad, is at present building by Mr. Hunter, Brown-street, Glasgow, and will be launched in the Forth and Clyde canal in the course of the present month."

The result here recorded by our brother editor, although it is perfectly new to us, is such as might, we think, have been inferred *a priori*, from analogy, upon a little consideration, especially when it is borne in mind, that the horse that draws the boat moves on a level above that of the water. If we drag a plank or raft through the water by means of a cord, we shall find that when we move it quickly, by

running, it draws less water, to use a seaman's phrase, than when we draw it slower, by only walking. If we should attach it to a galloping horse, the plank would, no doubt, merely glide over the surface, like a stone when school-boys play at ducks and drakes. Thus, although it might be natural to expect that the resistance, or *vis inertiae* of the water would increase in some regular ratio with the velocity of the body impelled through it, it appears that this resistance is counteracted by the circumstance to which we have adverted. The boat on the Paisley canal, when urged forwards at the speed of ten miles in the hour, drew, it seems, considerably less water than when it was moved at a slower rate; and what is of still greater importance, the surge or wave was, as we have observed, less at the greater than the smaller velocity. If these facts can be depended upon, the next point to be determined is the maximum speed which can be attained.

Although the experiments on the Paisley canal were, as we have already stated, made under great disadvantages, the important fact was established, that a canal boat can be drawn through the water at the rate of seven miles in forty-five minutes, which is somewhat more than at the rate of nine miles in the hour, while, at one time, the boat travelled two miles in eleven minutes, being, as nearly as possible, eleven miles in the hour. When moving at this velocity, the surge behind was almost entirely got rid of; "the water escaped in the centre of the canal, and met in two noisy and rapid currents from each side of the boat, at the rudder."

But, although the experiments we have just noticed have established the fact, that boats may be drawn through the water by horses at the rate of nearly eleven miles in the hour, the fatigue and wear and tear of horses, to produce this speed, must be so excessive, that unless steam can, by some means, be made to perform the work, a permanent rate of ten miles

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with some diffidence, as we have for many years ceased to pay much attention to scientific subjects. If, therefore, our reasoning be incorrect, and if the adaptation of locomotive machines to the banks of canals, which we have suggested, be impracticable, we shall feel glad to be set right by competent persons, who unite theoretical knowledge with practical experience. Of course, where locks occur, some time must be lost, as at present, but we think it would be no difficult mechanical problem to elevate the locomotive tug to the new level in the time which it would occupy to fill the lock.

Three years have elapsed since we first published the foregoing article, and the phenomenon of the increased speed and diminishing resistance of canal boats, has become quite familiar to the public. The Ardrossan and Paisley boats have continued to travel at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, and boats now regularly ply at the same rate between Preston and Kendal. If the following paragraph, which we copy from the London papers of recent date, can be depended upon, canal boats have been moved forwards at a greater rate than has been attained on the Ardrossan and Paisley canal, or the canal between Lancaster and Preston :

“ A trial has been made upon the Paddington canal of the new boat. It is constructed of sheet iron, riveted hot, seventy feet long by five and a half wide; painted green and white, and provided with an awning of white twilled cotton cloth, rendered semi-transparent with oil. The rudder is a single sheet of iron, about a yard long, and moved by a tiller made of about two yards of stout rod iron. Two steady hunting horses, each mounted by a lad, and the two harnessed to a towing rope of about 150 feet in length, constituted the moving power. The speed from one station to another showed a progress at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. The motion is the easiest imaginable; the boat glides along the water so smoothly and noiselessly, that its progress

"The proprietors intend adopting a plan which has been attended at Preston. These are above eight miles and passengers."

To return to our subject, a tug on a railroad in England it has just occurred to me a plan might be adopted in his travels in China the grand canal in that width to the other direction. If they should be it would afford for the accommodation as the canal is six hundred lock. We can discover it is purposely constructed, and a ten or fifteen horse power might not traverse the distance in hours, or six hundred hours; this speculation of ours is to certain — "

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 318.)

CHAP. XIII.

The Frantic No Popery ex-Chancellor—The Lawyer and Parson, or the Cheap Christening—Doctors differ in Literature as well as in Physic.

“Who is that venerable but stern-looking old gentleman, tossing and tumbling about, yonder, in his bed? (said Ferdinand.) To judge from the appearance of the apartment and its furniture, he must be a personage of no ordinary consequence. He seems to be under the influence of some horrid night-mare.”

“You mortals (replied Asmodeus) are most unaccountable creatures. The very event, the apprehension of which now haunts the imagination of that man, and so scares him in his sleep, is calculated more than any circumstance that has occurred for centuries to tranquillize the nation, to promote good-will amongst men, to render your country prosperous at home,—respected and formidable abroad; and yet the bare dream of such a consummation almost terrifies the old gentleman out of his senses.”

“That is a riddle to me, (said Ferdinand.) Do tell me who the poor fellow is. But, see! he starts up in wild affright!—and now he gets out of bed and hobbles about the room like one distracted; and, see, he sits down to the table and takes up a newspaper, which he seems to peruse with as much dismay as if it were his own death-warrant.”

“If it be not his own death-warrant, (said Asmodeus,) he regards, or affects to regard, that paper as the death-warrant of the British constitution. It is the appalling

speech of his *ci-devant* friend, Mr. Peel, pledging Government to do an act of tardy justice to the Irish Catholics."

"That, then, (said Ferdinand,) can be no other than Lord Eldon, the pink of Toryism, and the *Preux Chevalier* of orthodoxy. I now recognise him from the recollection of the portraits I have seen of his Lordship."

"It is the ex-Chancellor himself, (said Asmodeus,) of whom it is related, that he is so habitual a *doubter*, that being once on a shooting party, with his double-barreled gun, he hesitated so long which trigger he should pull, that the birds always escaped. However, he can, it seems, be decided enough upon some occasions. He is decidedly opposed to putting the British Catholic subjects of his Royal Master on as good a footing as his Catholic subjects who reside abroad; and, whilst he thinks himself a patriot, he is decidedly opposed to the best interests of the country and constitution to which he professes such enthusiastic devotion."

"Suppose (said Ferdinand) we take our leave of the ex-Chancellor, and turn to some more entertaining subject. Tell me, I pray you, who are those two persons seated *vis à vis* at a small table, in a snug back parlour, playing at all-fours, or some other game; for they are so enveloped in the smoke from their pipes that it is not easy to distinguish exactly what they are about. They are two very portly personages: the one a layman, and the other a divine, I presume?"

"One of them, (replied Asmodeus,) who is chuckling at his success, is a lawyer, and the master of the house; the other, Mr. Rosygill, who is, as you conjecture, a parson, is his guest. The lawyer is a shrewd fellow, and a great humorist, as the parson now finds to his cost."

"Law (said Ferdinand) seems, on this occasion, to have been more than a match for divinity, if I may judge by the countenance of Mr. Rosygill."

"You are right, (said Asmodeus.) The parson has, indeed, made a sorry day's work of it. The lawyer is in principle what you call a latitudinarian, who does not hold the cloth in due respect. Like Falstaff, he has almost forgotten what the inside of a church is, for he has not been in one since the day of his marriage."

"Perhaps (said Ferdinand) his indifference may be traced to the recollection of the awkward consequences of the ceremony which was performed on that occasion."

"However that may be, (said Asmodeus,) certain it is that he is very lax in his observances of the regulations of mother church; in proof of which I need only tell you, that although he has six children, one of them old enough to be a quill-driver in his own office, not one of them was ever baptized until this very day, notwithstanding the incessant remonstrances of his wife. Rosygill is in the habit of visiting him frequently, as some say, in order to convert him; although they are not wanting persons who insinuate that a well-stocked cellar has had no small influence in determining him to keep on visiting terms with the hospitable lawyer. But to proceed. At length, by dint of the wife's entreaties, backed by Mr. Rosygill's arguments, the father has consented to have his children baptized in the lump, and the tardy ceremony has been performed this day, in consequence of which Rosygill was invited to stay dinner. The lawyer, in the true spirit of trade, insisted upon a handsome discount for so extensive an order, and the parson, after some bargaining, agreed to perform the ceremony at half-a-sovereign a head. The best part of the story remains to be told. The lawyer, aware of his guest's attachment to the bottle, and, having a scheme in his head, plied him briskly with good old Madeira and port after dinner; and, as an inducement to fill his glass, and leave 'no daylight,' he selected all the prime orthodox toasts

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ancestor, your old friend there, is somewhat the worse for wear, so that it is as well not to make too frequent a display of it. As one of our humorists says,

‘A ragged coat might jokes escape,
Did not the puppies lace the cape.’

I therefore gave the translation as I lately heard it very well delivered by a Mr. Pemberton, who, by the bye, was to make his *debüt* at Covent-garden this very evening, as it now strikes me. I wish I had recollected the circumstance sooner; I am afraid it is now too late to catch a glimpse of him.”

“Nearly so, (said Asmodeus,) pointing to the globe. He is just making his exit there, amidst the applause of the audience; and to-morrow you will have a specimen of Cockney criticism, censuring him, damning him with faint praise, or, perhaps, extolling him to the skies, according to the humour or prejudice of the critics, and the manœuvres of the rival theatre, or rival favourites”

“It is strange (said Ferdinand) that even candid men, of equal talent, often pass opposite judgments upon the same actor, in the very same scene. It would seem as if there were no recognised standard of taste.”

“Why should you be surprised (said Asmodeus) that the transient scenes hurried over by the poor player, who, as our favourite says, ‘frets and struts his hour upon the stage,’ should leave different impressions upon different observers, when you recollect that your most able commentators have formed very different estimates of the literary and poetical merits of works which they could examine and criticise at their leisure? Can you name any author respecting whom critics of eminent and unquestionable talent have not pronounced different judgments? If Shakspeare could not escape such a fate, who shall expect to fare better?”

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competent judges would differ materially in their estimate of the works of Milton?"

"That is what I was just going to explain when you interrupted me, (said Asmodeus.) I have before reproved you for the same fault. I beg of you to correct this defect in breeding. You will find what I have said by way of preface is not irrelevant to my purpose. Fox and Gilbert Wakefield are generally admitted to have been men of high literary and critical attainment; and yet if you will refer to the printed correspondence between these two scholars, you will find that Fox preferred the versification of Cowper to that of Milton; whilst Gilbert Wakefield considered Cowper's blank verse as absolutely execrable. Speaking of his translation of Homer, Wakefield observed, that 'of all the miserable versification in blank verse, that was the most miserable he had yet seen.' Fox, on the contrary, says that Cowper, in fact, reconciled him to blank verse, which was what Milton never did. I will quote you his precise words:—'I certainly, in common with all the world, admire the grand and stupendous passages of the *Paradise Lost*; but yet, with all his study of harmony, it has not reconciled me to blank verse. There is a want of flow, of ease, of what the painters call a free pencil, even in his blank verse.' I could cite you a thousand instances of similar discrepancy, but it perhaps may, for the present, serve to refute your position, and establish mine, by showing that one man of classical acquirements and of high genius can be found, who preferred the versification of Cowper to that of Milton; whilst another scholar and critic of eminence pronounced the blank verse of the popular author of the *Task* to be execrable."

"I grant that you have fully made out your position, (said Ferdinand,) and, indeed, when I claimed the meed of

perfection for Milton, I ought to have recollected that another poet has said,

‘ Whoe’er expects a faultless piece to see,
Seeks what nor is, nor was, nor e’er shall be.’ ”

CHAP. XIV.

A literary Old Friend with a New Face—Le Musicien Imaginaire—No Popery Petitions—Triple Signatures; or, Men in Buckram.

“ You seem in a brown study, my friend,” said Asmodeus, as he entered Ferdinand’s apartment.

“ I had just finished a very singular story, (said Ferdinand,) and although I cannot immediately recollect where I have met with it before, the main incident is quite familiar to me. In the *London Weekly Review*, here, I find the first article headed ‘ Traits of Travel, or Tales of Men and Cities, by the Author of Highways and By-ways.’ The work, as the reviewer intimates, is not yet regularly before the public, for you know it has become a fashion with our literary jackals to favour their readers with a peep behind the curtain, and books, now-a-days, just as

‘ Coming events, cast their shadows before.’

Thus, we have here, by anticipation and special favour, a little sprinkling of Mr. Grattan’s forthcoming work, and amongst these is a frightful tale, entitled ‘ A Convent Memorial,’ which I take to be ‘ an old friend with a new face,’ or an old dish with new sauce and trimmings. I was ‘ casting back ’ to retrace the prototype of this story when you entered; perhaps you will put me on the right scent ?”

“ The main incident of that tale, (said Asmodeus, glancing at the page with a rapid *coup d’œil*,) appeared in the

French papers some years ago. In the new version, the Netherlands, I perceive, are substituted for Grenada, and a cavalry officer is metamorphosed into an American traveller; but the plot, in which the main interest consists, is essentially the same."

"I now perfectly recollect the original narrative, (said Ferdinand, taking down a volume from his library shelf;) I believe I can point it out in the twinkling of an eye, on reference to the index of the *Kaleidoscope*. Here is the very thing I was in quest of, in the seventh volume, page 248, where it is related as a horrible story of a Nun. I think Mr. Grattan, who is a very pleasing and popular writer, has not been quite so explicit on this occasion as might be expected;—what think you, my friend?"

"Perhaps, (said Asmodeus,) our author thought the anonymous story too good to remain unappropriated. In the unclaimed state in which he found it, he might regard it as belonging to the genus *feræ naturæ*, to which one man has as good a claim as another. With the substitution of the word 'story,' for 'action,' there is a passage in Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy, which might be applied to this adoption of a literary bantling:—'For, rather than any good action should walk through the world like an unappropriated adjective in an ill-arranged sentence, he is always willing to stand noun substantive to it himself.' After all, this plagiarism is of a very venial nature. Mr. Grattan has not, like your gipsies, mutilated the bantling to escape detection; on the contrary, he has dressed up his protégé in such good style that he need not be ashamed of the child of his adoption."

"A circumstance with which I recollect having been, amused some years ago, (said Ferdinand,) would incline me to admit that Mr. Grattan may possibly fancy himself the contriver of the plot of this story. In the course of his

reading he may have met with the incident, which left, however, so vague an impression on his mind, that he may possibly consider it as a dream which has occurred to himself, and which he, therefore, may fairly regard as his own literary property. The circumstance to which I have adverted renders this delusion not improbable; a friend, who was passionately fond of music, dreamed that he had composed a trio, which he committed to paper in the morning. On calling upon him on the following day, I found him busy strumming the air on his violoncello, not a little proud of his first essay in composition.—‘Well, my friend, (said he, with an air of triumph,) what do you think of that?—Neither Mozart nor Haydn would have blushed to own it.’ Upon my inquiring whose composition it was, he replied, with an air of self-complacency, ‘Whose composition?—why, Sir, it is mine. That beautiful melody was conceived in my dream, and I committed it to writing the moment I awoke. I was more successful than Tartini, (continued he;) that composer, as you may recollect, dreamed that he had heard his Satanic Majesty play so superb a solo on his cremona, that he awoke in raptures, and succeeded in recollecting the first movement of the charming diabolic strain; but he was so enraged that he could not recollect the remainder, that he shivered his instrument into a thousand pieces; but, (continued my friend,) you have not told me your opinion of this my first effort at composition?’ ‘I admire the trio so much, (replied I,) that when I heard Lindley play it the other night, I joined the whole audience in encoring it. I am sorry, (continued I,) to break the fascinating spell which hangs over you, my friend; and I trust it will not be an irrecoverable shock to your *amour propre*, if I tell you that you have dreamt somewhat too late for your musical reputation; an eminent composer, in his waking moments, has anticipated you by a score of years at least. You have very

truly observed that Haydn himself need not have blushed to lay claim to this trio ; if you will turn to No. VI. of the fifth set of the incomparable symphonies of this great composer, you will find that the subject of your airy dream is the identical trio to the minuet in E \flat . It is fanciful, original, and delicious, but, I am obliged to add, my friend, that it is not an original conception of yours.' ”

“ I can furnish you with another illustration in aid of your theory, (said Asmodeus.) Some years since, one of those fanciful projectors, who are almost as abundant and eccentric in your country as they were in Swift's Laputa, took out a patent for an air bed, or a bed filled with common air, instead of chaff or feathers. Now, any person conversant with the works of Ben Jonson would swear that the fellow had borrowed the hint from his play of the Alchymist, wherein Sir Epicure Mammon says,

‘ I'll have my bed blown up, not stuff'd,
Down is too hard.’

Here is, apparently, a pretty palpable plagiarism for you, although the mechanic, probably, knew no more of Ben Jonson than of the man in the moon.”

“ I see a person dressed like a gentleman, (said Ferdinand,) entering a low pot-house yonder, with a roll of parchment in his hand; what is he about?”

“ That, (said Asmodeus,) is a red-hot No-Popery man, whose zeal for the Establishment is so fervent that he has promised a quart of ale to every man in the club-room, up stairs, who will sign the anti-Catholic petition he has in his hand. They are, most of them, carters and porters, who know as much of the merits of the question as about the longitude; but they have been told that if the Ministers succeed, the New Custom-house, when finished, will be turned into a Popish Cathedral, and no Protestant cart horses be permitted to ply on the quays. The club consists of a dozen, (con-

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SCHOOL FOR ORATORS, OR A PEEP AT THE FORUM;—A FARCE,

As now

PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN OR DRURY-LANE WITH UNBOUNDED
APPLAUSE.

"And as for rhetoric, he could not open
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."—*Huclibras*.
"he would talk—ye gods, how he would talk!"—*Alexander the Great*.

INTRODUCTION.

In reviving "The Peep at the Forum, or School for Orators," we deem it necessary to offer a few prefatory remarks upon the original design of the work, and the circumstances which have led to its republication. About twenty years ago, Mr. Ryley, the well-known author of the "Itinerary" and several other works, and of a number of excellent songs, established a debating society in Liverpool which was very numerous and respectably attended. He officiated as president, and in that capacity gave

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One of our poets talks of
speaking

gar it may be deemed by those solemn fops, who mistake gravity for wisdom, and whom we would remind, *en passant*, that, as a celebrated writer observes, "Gravity is often a mystery of the body, assumed to conceal the defects of the mind; that the most solemn bird is the owl, and the most solemn beast the ass."

But to return from this digression. As it was our custom to note down all the whimsical passages which occurred during the debates at the Marble-street Forum, our collection of malapropos, grammatical slips, broken metaphors, and grotesque rhetorical tropes, became, in a short time, very copious. We were tempted to arrange this heterogeneous mass of absurdity into the form of a speech, which we put into the mouth of a Mr. Bother'em, an ideal character, or kind of scape-goat, intended as a personification of every species of oratorical and rhetorical absurdity which our notes supplied, or our invention suggested.

Having, by chance, shown this caricature to Mr. Terry, subsequently one of the managers of the Adelphi Theatre, a gentleman of talent and excellent education, he was so much diverted with its absurdity, that he urged us to write an interlude, or farce, in which Mr. Bother'em should be the hero of the *dramatis personæ*. The result of this suggestion was the "Peep at the Forum," which was published in London in 1809, and afterwards in America, as we ascertained from a friend now in Liverpool, who, to our surprise, presented us with a copy.

We shall here briefly state our reasons for reviving this dramatic caricature, as we feel that some apology is requisite on the occasion. The whole original edition of the work was very soon disposed of, and it became a scarcity somewhat in request; a proof, by the bye, that scarce and valuable, as applied to books, are by no means synonymous

terms. We were urged by some partial and laughter-loving friends to put forth a second edition, but we declined it; nor should we ever have thought of republishing it, had not a friend, who happened to be in London, last May, informed us that Mr. Mathews had adopted Mr. Bother'em under another name, and that our resuscitated orator was very well received by the London audience. This facetious gentleman, during his late visit, introduced Bother'em to the Liverpool audience; and, as our townsmen appeared also to be much diverted with the peculiar powers of that extraordinary orator, we have adopted the suggestion of a few friends to republish the whole farce, with the exception of the dedication, which was originally addressed to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, but which is not only too long, but, as it now strikes us, too tedious for repetition.

The annexed engraving originally appeared as a frontispiece to the "Peep at the Forum," and is explanatory of a *fracas* described towards the conclusion of the piece.

We intended to detail more minutely the plot of the piece; but, upon second thought, we are of opinion that it will be better to append a few notes as we proceed; we shall, therefore, only further add, by way of introduction, that the "Peep at the Forum," as it was originally printed, consisted of a dedication, which, as we have already observed, we shall omit; a brief preface, and two acts, the first of which consists chiefly of a dialogue between Mr. Schemer, the president, and his friend Fickle; the second act is wholly taken up with the speeches and the *fracas* in the debating-room. We shall, for the present month, confine ourselves to the introduction and preface, as we have not the vanity to imagine that the quality of the work would be deemed a sufficient apology for the exclusion of almost every other subject.

PREFACE.

Comedy has been aptly compared to a mirror, reflecting men and manners as they are found in real life. Not considering it necessary, however, to stop here to inquire whether many of our five act farces answer this description, it may be observed, pursuing the simile, that mirrors are of various forms, and have different properties.

Satirical farce may be compared to a concave mirror, the property of which is to magnify and distort the object; and the simile holds good in another view,—in both cases, the more brilliant the point, the greater is the smart inflicted.

Broad burlesque farce, to which class the reader may probably be disposed to refer this “School for Orators,” may be compared to one of those irregular mirrors, for which no name has been assigned, but which the reader may have seen at some museum, or perhaps in the lecture-room of the renowned Dr. Katterfelto; their property is to lengthen an object, or extend it in breadth in a ludicrous manner. Perhaps, indeed, the present work may be thought to combine these properties, and be deemed, in the estimation of the judicious reader, too broad as well as too long.

Let it be remembered, however, that the reflection from all these mirrors bears a greater or less a resemblance to some original; how far they are correct or distorted will, perhaps, be best proved by the portrait being claimed or rejected. If any person, after taking a peep into our mirror, should fancy he recognises a likeness, he is welcome to it, however flattering or otherwise it may be in his estimation. It will probably, however, be mere fancy on his part, and the passage from the celebrated author of *Gil Blas*, which is appended as a note below, is recommended to his notice.*

* Comme il y a des personnes qui ne sauroient lire, sans faire des applications des caractères vicieux ou ridicules qu’elles trouvent dans ces ouvrages, je declare à ces lecteurs malins, qu’ils auroient tort d’appliquer

Perhaps some apology is due to the reader of taste for the liberty the author has here taken in printing in italic characters some of the most striking beauties in the various speeches in the second act of this farce, particularly in the oration of Mr. Bother'em. This arose from a conviction that the intrinsic merit of a work does not always secure it a second perusal; and, as he was anxious that none of what he deems peculiar beauties should escape even the most superficial observer, there seemed no other way of accomplishing this desirable object than that which he has adopted of using italics, which has the advantage of brevity, or of following the example of a learned and Lofty* editor of modern poetry, who has very considerably spared his readers the trouble of thinking, judging, or feeling for themselves, by giving laconic notes upon almost every line; in the prosecution of which ingenious idea, all the typographical marks or references are pressed into the service of each page. By consulting the note on the passage to which * is affixed, we learn that it is pathetic; † simple and affecting; ‡ delicate; § sublime, &c.

This is certainly a most ingenious thought, and is probably capable of great and important extension. Applied to novels, for instance, it would be of essential service, as the great mischief of such publications arises from the circumstance of the readers often feeling in the wrong place, which would be entirely prevented by their consulting the notes before they suffer their imaginations to be affected, or their sensibility worked to an alarming crisis.

les portraits qui sont dans le présent livre, j'en fais un aveu public : je ne me suis proposé que de représenter la vie des hommes telle qu'elle est. A Dieu ne plaise que j'aie eu dessein de désigner quelqu'un en particulier. Qu'aucun lecteur ne prenne donc pour lui, ce qui peut convenir à d'autres aussi bien qu'à lui ; autrement comme dit Phédre, il se fera connoître mal-a-propos.—*Stultè nudabit animi conscientiam.*"

* See Capel Loft's edition of Bloomfield's poems.

But though no one can admire this new "feeling made easy" more than our author does, motives of economy have induced him to prefer the use of italics. In a speech so replete with beauties as that of Mr. Bother'em, notes upon each striking passage would have swelled the work to an immeasurable length, and resembled the Koran, the first verse of which is said to have given rise to 200 volumes of commentaries.

The author also wishing to promote by every means in his power, the noble science of elocution, considered it a duty to render the "School for Orators" accessible to purchasers of every station; and, for that reason, amongst others, confined himself to the use of italics upon such passages as appears to him remarkable, either for singularity of expression or thought.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHDUKE CONSTANTINE AND HIS MONKEY.

Harro Haring, in his recently published work, entitled "Poland under the Dominion of Russia," relates many disgusting instances of the cruelty and caprice of that arbitrary despot, Constantine of Russia. The Grand Duke had, it seems, a favourite monkey, with which the two-legged brute used to amuse his leisure hours. "A monkey," says the writer, "may be dangerous; and an event took place at the Belvidere, which proves that the most petted favourite is not always to be trusted. One day Constantine was busy writing in his own apartment, while his favourite companion was, as usual, capering about, playing all sorts of tricks, and meddling with every thing which lay within his reach. At length, fixing his eyes on a loaded gun, he snatched it

BRUCE BRANCH,

226 West 42nd St

up unperceived, deliberately took aim at his master, and was on the point of pulling the trigger. At this critical moment the Grand Duke happened to raise his eyes from his desk, and though almost petrified with alarm, uttered a loud cry, upon which the monkey averted the weapon, and discharged its contents in another direction.—This anecdote gave rise to the following lines:—

A plague on thee—thou clumsy brute !
 Thy awkwardness, beyond dispute,
 Will bring down on the pug-nos'd race
 Deep and indelible disgrace !
 Thou would'st have earned a lasting fame,
 Hadst thou more surely taken aim.
 By love of liberty impell'd,
 When Brutus haughty Cæsar fell'd,
 His countrymen extoll'd a deed,
 That from the yoke their nation freed :
 Had'st thou, like him, perform'd thy part,
 And smote a tyrant to the heart,
 Admiring millions would have thank'd thee,
 And amongst patriot heroes rank'd thee.
 Never henceforth at fairs or wakes
 Will I give apples, nuts, or cakes
 To the vile pugs, nor share my bun
 With them, as I have often done.
 No !—never, long as I may live,
 Thy blundering aim can I forgive ;
 And may thy execrated name
 Be “damn'd to everlasting fame !”
 For that mischievous act of thine,
 Which spar'd the ruffian Constantine.

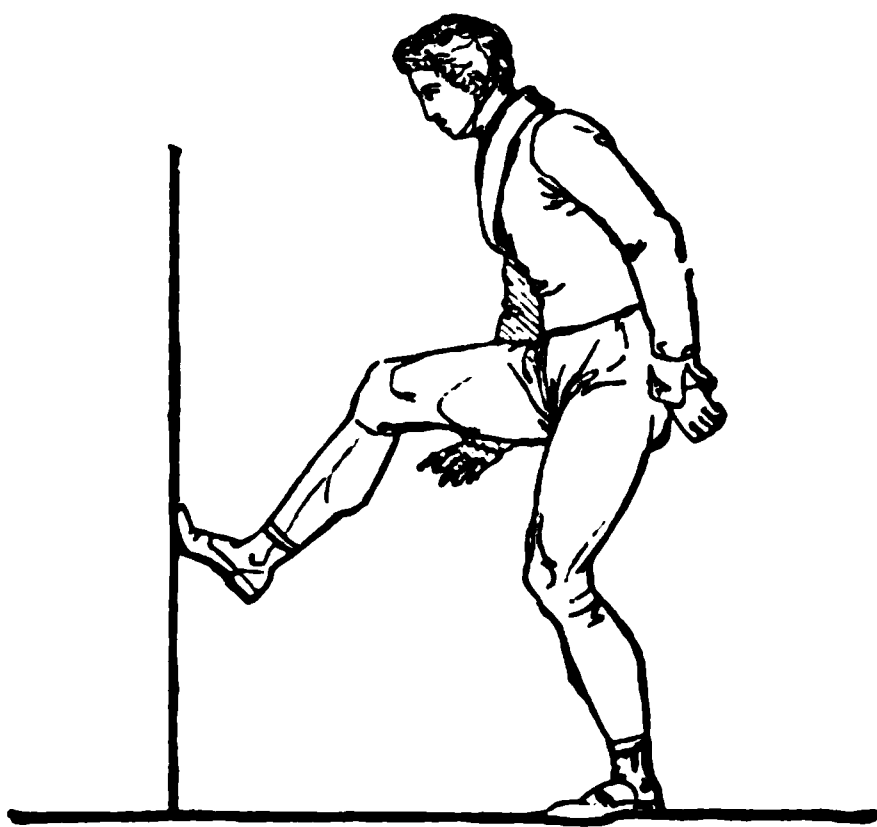
THE USE OF SPECTACLES DEMONSTRATED.

One day, when passing through a crowded street,
 Old Franklin, with his spectacles on nose,
 Jostled against a man he chanc'd to meet,
 Who damn'd his spectacles, the story goes.
 “Thanks to my glasses, then” the Doctor cries,
 “For though, my friend, you deem them such a bore,
 On this occasion they have sav'd my eyes,
 As they have very often done before.”

GYMNASIA.

(Continued from page 372.)

No. X.

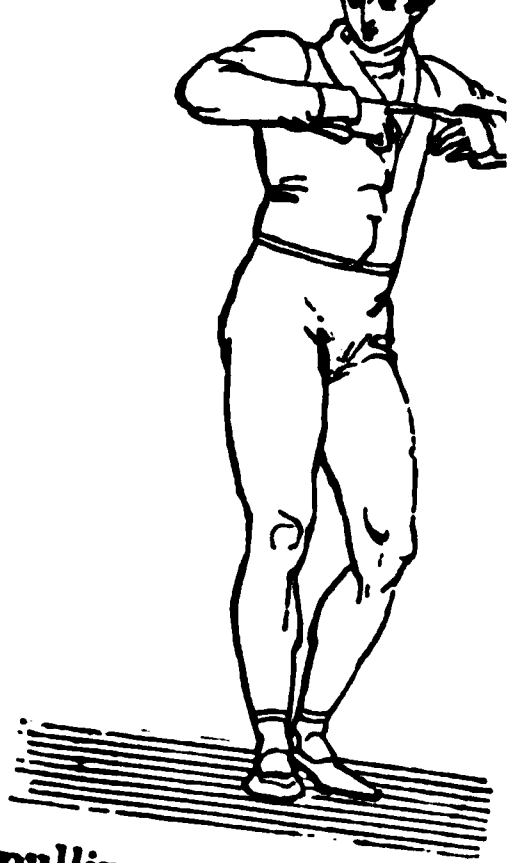


HOW TO LEAP OVER YOUR OWN LEG WHILST YOUR TOE
CONTINUES AGAINST THE WALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In performing this feat it is necessary to take a short run, as it cannot otherwise be effected,—half a dozen paces is sufficient for the purpose. The trick is to place the toe of the right foot* against the wall, and to throw the left leg over it, making an entire revolution, so that when your left leg reaches the ground, your back will be to the wall. The toe of the right foot is the pivot upon which you must turn; and it must not quit the wall during the performance of the exploit. The toe, as in the figure, may touch the wall about the height of the knee from the ground.

* It can hardly be necessary to state, that either leg may be used, according to the whim or convenience of the person performing the trick.



pulling at each arm, he
than you, he will not be
hold them properly. I k
all my efforts to separate
it may appear it is an
moderate strength is able
two persons, each stronge
able to separate his fingers,
although one person

and the inner side of the feet, then kick up, backwards, with both feet, and throw the book over your head.

No. XIII.

Place the left foot on the lowest back rail of a chair, then pass your right leg over the back of the chair, and bring it to the floor, between the chair and your left leg. This is to be done without touching the chair with your hands. In doing this trick the chair should not stand upon a slippery floor, as it may move from under you, and cause a fall. A heavy chair should also be selected.

No. XIV.



The following simple feat is to be performed with a common fire poker, which you must hold near the top, between the fingers and thumb, as shown in the annexed figure; you must then, by the mere motion of the fingers and thumb, work or screw the poker upwards, until the slender part (marked *) is moved up to the hand, whilst the poker remains perpendicular during the whole process.

This feat ought to be performed with a large heavy kitchen poker; but I should recommend a light parlour one by way of rehearsal. The poker, during the time that you are working or screwing it upwards, will be performing slow revolutions; but the trick may be accomplished without producing the rotatory motion.

(To be continued.)

Addressed to a Friend
who signed the N
actuated more by

"A fellow who had go
melling him soundly as
man rise and fight him, so
had to get him down, the
Joe Miller.

You say
Not for
Fearing
Should h
Who, sta
Will take
But why, i
You woul
They've th
And thus I
At once to
Look at the
Does not the
Mean power,
If so, my frien
The matter lo
The *higher* m
The *lower*, as
The *higher-arc*
Must keep the

**DR. SPURZHEIM AND MR. LOCKE ON THE
HUMAN MIND;****DOES THE STUDY OF PHRENOLOGY LEAD TO ATHEISM?**

**"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."—*Pope*.**

A correspondent has expressed the opinion that the learned Professor Spurzheim, in the course of one of his lectures at our Royal Institution, has fallen into an error in that part of his discourse, where he says, "It was a maxim of some philosophers, and of Locke amongst the rest, that all men are born alike, and that the difference afterwards arising was solely to be attributed to education or the want of it." Our correspondent thinks that this is a misrepresentation of the meaning of Locke, and he has appealed to us on the subject, not having himself immediate access to the celebrated *Essay on the Human Understanding*. His impression is, that although Locke maintains that the mind of every man is originally alike destitute of ideas, he does not deny that men have naturally or constitutionally different capacities for acquiring ideas, and for improving the mind.

As we have been referred to on the occasion, we shall offer a few words in reply; and, in order to prevent the possibility of misrepresentation, we shall preface what we have to observe by transcribing the subjoined passage from Locke's immortal essay:—

"Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all character, without any ideas—how came it to be furnished?—Whence comes it by the vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety?—Whence has it all its material for reason and knowledge? To this I answer in one word—from experience;—in that all our knowledge is

founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself."—*Chap. i. book 2.*

It appears clearly to us that Dr. Spurzheim is fully borne out by this passage in his inference that Locke considered the minds of all men capable of attaining equal perfection, if subjected to the same treatment, or placed under precisely the same external circumstances. If this was Locke's opinion, as it appears to have been from his writings, it is a theory from which we presume to dissent; for although the human mind may, originally, be a *tabula rasa*, experience and analogy lead us to the conclusion that the physical organization of men differs so essentially, that if it were possible to bring up all the members of a numerous family precisely in the same manner, to bestow upon each the same care and attention in every respect, there would still be exhibited as much difference in their capacities as is found to exist in their lineaments, their voices, and all other external characteristics. This variety is, in our opinion, an essential attribute of human nature, impressed upon it by Providence for the wisest purposes; and to seek to impart to all men one uniform intellectual character, would be as hopeless a task as to attempt to wash the Ethiopian white.

The designs of Providence are inscrutable, and it would, therefore, be the height of presumption to pretend to assign reasons for that infinite variety which we know to exist in the human mind, and the human form. But we clearly perceive some of the advantages which arise from this order of nature, when we consider what would be the result had it been otherwise ordained; if, for instance, the form, features, voice, and other externals of every man were precisely similar, the most inextricable confusion would necessarily result from such identity. Partial approximations to personal resemblances have been known to defeat the ends of justice, and if that uniformity of external appearance prevailed,

which we have supposed for the sake of illustration, many criminals must escape with impunity, and all human testimony would become suspicious, if not utterly worthless. As analogous to the illustration we have adduced, we may advert to the endless variety which prevails in the handwriting of different men. Let a hundred boys be brought up under the same master, and let precisely the same pains be bestowed upon each, and the same copy be exhibited for imitation, there will not be two persons in that hundred between whose writing there shall not be a palpable and essential difference.

If it should be urged that we have diverged from the argument, by adducing physical rather than metaphysical illustration, our answer is, that we may be permitted to reason by analogy, when we cannot attain a sound conclusion by a more direct process. We are of opinion that there are no two things in nature precisely alike; that although there exists between the leaves of the same plant, for instance, a general resemblance, which enables a naturalist at a glance to distinguish the class, order, or variety to which they belong, yet no two of the leaves, when compared, bear an exact resemblance to each other. It is usual to say, "as like as two peas;" and yet we have known a blind gentleman who could always, by the touch, distinguish a difference between any two which were subjected to his examination.

The inference we draw from these considerations is, that as no two objects which we can compare together are found to be precisely alike, the same diversity prevails in the human mind; and that no education, discipline, or fortuitous combination of circumstances would ever have enabled the writer of this essay to become a Shakspeare, a Mozart, or a Raphael.

One objection sometimes urged against the theory, or science, as its professors regard it, of phrenology, appears

to us to be extremely ridiculous. It is said that it leads to the doctrine of materialism and scepticism. Whether this be or be not the tendency of the pursuit, is not so much the question with rational men, as whether it be true or false. If true, they should adopt it, persuaded that the knowledge of truth can neither militate against human happiness, nor lead to atheism.*—Truth and Justice are lovely twin sisters, and the motto of every honest and independent man ought to be *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*.

Elaborate and subtle discussions about matter and spirit have always appeared to us to be vain and futile. Of what possible consequence can it be to man to know whether the Almighty perform his operations by the agency of matter, or of what we call spirit or essence, of which we can form no idea, all our knowledge being deduced from experiment?

If the brain and the soul could be proved to be one and the same, how would such a discovery tend to diminish the admiration of man, for that great unknown Cause who could endow matter with the faculty of reasoning, which assimilates it to the Deity himself? Whether the soul be essence or matter, it is equally above our conception, as we can produce neither the one nor the other; all that we can do is, to modify the matter supplied to our hands; and a material body, and an immaterial essence, are phenomena alike above the grasp of our finite comprehension. There are effects produced in nature which are palpable to our senses, and yet we cannot determine whether they result from the agency of matter, or of what we term essence, or spirit. Such is the

* If there be a reasoning Atheist amongst our readers, we advise him to procure a solar microscope; he will find a drop of water, not larger than the head of a small pin, magnified into an immense ocean, in which thousands of living beings are playing their gambols. If one of these animalculæ should cease to move for one moment, its heart may be distinctly seen to beat, and its blood to circulate. Thus may we, as Shakspeare truly says, find "Sermons in running brooks."

magnetic fluid, which conveys to our mind the idea of an immaterial quality, rather than a material fluid, as it possesses attributes which do not belong to matter. One magnet, without losing a particle of its virtue, will communicate to a thousand, or any number of other magnets, a power equal to its own; thus, in the language of Pope, it "operates unspent."* This is a property totally unlike, and indeed opposite to that which is inherent in matter; and the magnetic fluid, therefore, may serve to convey some faint idea of essence in opposition to substance. But whether this fluid be tangible, material, and ponderable; or, impalpable, immaterial, and imponderable, the phenomenon is equally a miracle to man, and equally indicative of Divine power. To say, therefore, that the doctrine of materialism leads to scepticism, appears to us to be as illogical as it is superlatively preposterous.

* There are some anomalous facts connected with the magnetic fluid which countenance this opinion. If a magnet possesses an attractive power equal to sustain a bag of sand of exactly one pound weight, hung to its extremity, the weight may be gradually increased to a most surprising degree; and thus its virtue not only "operates unspent," but actually augments, by a process which it is natural to suppose would result in exhaustion.

IS KNOWLEDGE POWER?

Not always; at least the converse of the proposition does not always hold good, as the following epigram shows. It is supposed to be addressed anonymously by a school-boy to his master, an ignorant pedagogue, notorious for flogging.

"Knowledge is power," so saith Lord Bacon,
 But you're a proof he was mistaken;
 For though you were brought up at college,
 You're destitute of wit or knowledge,
 While by your floggings every hour
 You prove you have tremendous power.

ATTACK OF
THE SHEEP ON THE COMMONS.

The following piece was originally written in April 1812, but its publication was deferred for several months in consequence of a circumstance which, as it may be regarded as a singular coincidence, we shall state by way of preface.

At that time, great dissatisfaction prevailed throughout the country; the ministry were very unpopular, and the Orders in Council had almost annihilated the commerce and trade of Liverpool, as but too faithfully described by the author of *Home Truths*, whose *Sketch of the Times* appeared in the last number of the *Melange*, page 351.—

“ All export stopp’d, all business at a stand,
Full warehouses, low prices, no demand !”

Mr. Perceval was the Prime Minister at the time;—high Toryism and no Popery were all the fashion at headquarters, and it was under such circumstances that the following dream was written, the plot of which is, that the House of Commons was attacked by a flock of enraged rams and sheep, indignant at the vile uses to which the skins of their tribe were too often converted, in the form of petitions in favour of war, in opposition to slave emancipation, and in defence of a profligate administration. The most curious part of the story which we have assimilated to a coincidence, remains to be told.—As the lines were originally written, it was against Mr. Perceval that the ram made the terrible attack described in the sequel of the piece, and the catastrophe was the ejection of the Premier through the window; the concluding couplet stood as follows,—

“ The Premier utter’d such a scream,
I awoke, and lo ! ’twas all a dream !”

The lines were arranged in the type, and intended for insertion in the *Mercury* of the 15th of May, 1812, when the

news arrived that Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval. As the catastrophe in the original related to the unfortunate Minister, and as the insane perpetrator of the dreadful deed was a Liverpool man, the verses were withdrawn, and were not published till some months afterwards, with the supplement to the first volume of the *Mercury*, with the substitution of Lord Castlereagh's name for that of Mr. Perceval. Had the verses appeared as originally intended, in the *Mercury* of May 15, it would have been somewhat remarkable that on the very day when the news of the assassination of Mr. Perceval reached Liverpool, a Liverpool paper contained an anticipation of a violent outrage committed on him, and that the perpetrator of the crime was a Liverpool man. We are not quite sure that we should not have been accused by our political enemies of being aware of Bellingham's intentions, as the Tory faction are not very nice in such matters.

THE DREAM.

[WRITTEN IN APRIL 1812.]

SCENE.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

A few evenings since, after perusing the clear and convincing evidence given by Mr. Attwood and others, at the bar of the House of Commons, respecting the injurious effects of our Orders in Council, (to which I fear may be traced, in a great degree, the riots and disorders which have lately disgraced the country,) I fell into a kind of reverie, during which, war, famine, slavery, bankruptcy, plots, and murders, passed in melancholy succession before my fancy. At length, a profound sleep overtook me, while the same gloomy train of ideas continued to haunt my imagination. On a sudden, I found myself transported to the House of

A fragment o
into verse.—In p
when the Membe
commenced his sp

He scarce had
And awful peal
So loud, so strai
When, lo! in r
A Ram, their le
Whose fiery look
In marshall'd on
Such as no morta
A flag, inscrib'd
High on a black b
Two rams, as sent
To keep the fright
Whilst from full m
The roseate hue at
Whose withering lo
'Twas plain they wa
Now General Ru
And thus in voi
"Behold the spirits of
We once were sheep,
But now transplanted
For ever free from bu
This awful prelude to
Put half the C.

Our fleecy coats contentedly we yield,
 From winter's blasts your feeble frames to shield ;
 Nor do we deem you guilty of a sin
 For manufacturing parchments from our skin :
 'Tis Heav'n's high will, that in our mortal state,
 We should be slaves, and we submit to fate.
 But man, who boasts his origin divine,
 Still counteracts his Maker's wise design !—
 Our spotless skins, though we're most peaceful cattle,
 You use for drums to stir you up to battle !
 For base addresses too, for war and slavery,
 Against reform—though tender still of knavery !
 Against the civil rights too of your neighbours,
 Your Cath'lic brothers, though they share your labours !
 And now, whilst through the land plots and disorders,
 Famine and murder mark your ' Council Orders,'
 In favour of these most pernicious measures,
 They who from war and spoil derive their treasures
 On our dishonour'd skins, oh ! dire disgrace !
 Write base addresses to this ' Commons' Place !'
 But why thus waste our breath, when here we know
 The authors sit from whom these evils flow ?
 We come this day, determin'd to expel 'em,
 For turning to such shameful use our vellum !"

The Ram here paus'd ;—the House was mute as death,
 The speechless Speaker scarcely drew his breath ;
 Whilst Doctor Duigenan, Ryder, Stephen, Rose,
 With horror view'd their deadly four-legg'd foes,
 As did the renegado, Castlereagh,
 Who, sighing, " Oh ! my country," swoon'd away.
 Methought two Gen'als seem'd to show contrition,
 At bitter thoughts of many a vile petition
 Against the horrid Slave-trade abolition !
 Whilst many a Boroughmong'ring sinecurist,
 And some whom, waking, I had deem'd the purest,
 Both Whigs and Tories, seem'd struck dumb with awe
 At the mysterious things they heard and saw.

And now great General Ram thus spoke his flock :
 " No more these tyrants shall our patience mock,
 Let each brave sheep his duty well discharge,
 Revenge ! Revenge ! Charge ! noble muttons, Charge !"

It far exceeds my Muse's flight,
 To paint the horrors of the fight.

An Irish troop rush'd foremost in the fray
 On Doctor Duigenan and Lord Castlereagh,
 Forming a union with an English flock,
 In front and rear the bigots felt the shock :

At length, methought, so desperate hard they ram'd them,
 Beneath the Treasury bench they fairly jam'd them,
 Where, for the first time, from this fav'rite station,
 They roar'd out lustily, "Emancipation!"
 And now, methought, I mark'd a sable host,
 Whose wool bespoke them of Angola's coast,*
 Headlong rush'd on, two Generals to defeat,
 By practice taught, one made a good retreat,†
 The other, more courageous, scorn'd to fly,
 Boldly resolved to conquer or to die:—
 But what, alas! can human power avail,
 When supernatural battering rams assail‡
 The mightiest chief, like Tarleton, must turn tail.
 I could but smile to see a lambkin start,
 As if to rush on Mister Vanstuart,
 Then check his speed, and, ba-a-ing, turn his back,
 Disdaining so inglorious an attack.

A tough stout Ram resolved to have a bout
 With Old Jack Fuller, whom he challeng'd out;‡
 By wine inspir'd, the Knight car'd not a damn,
 But stagger'd forth to grapple with the Ram:
 By wond'rous luck his pate receiv'd the stroke,
 And his foe's horn in countless shivers broke,
 Whilst Jack lay bellowing stretch'd out on the floor,
 Not much more senseless than he was before.
 And now a troop of half-wild mountain sheep,
 Roving freebooters of the craggy steep,
 Forming a junction with a Hampshire flock,
 From Botley, mingle in the battle's shock,§
 Overwhelming with an irresistible rage,
 The hero of our Ex-officio age:
 It was a Libel on Sir Vicary Gibbs,
 "*Malice prepense* was proved against—his ribs.
 At length, by way of finishing their sport,
 They toss'd him through the window out of court.
 And now, strange sight! methought nine head of mutton
 Rush'd furious, rump in front, on Manners Sutton;
 And whilst fierce lightnings from their eye-balls flash,
 With their "Nine-tails his naked back they lash.||

* In allusion to the Slave Trade.

† General Gascoyne.

‡ Fuller, generally called Old Jack Fuller, who used to cause great laughter in the House by his oddities; he once threatened to throw his chair at the Speaker.

§ When this was written Cobbett had a somewhat better title to respect for political integrity than he has subsequently been found to merit.

|| In allusion to the Cat-of-nine-tails;—Mr. Manners Sutton, at that time of day, was a warm advocate for the lash.

A numerous legion from Columbia's strand,
 Leagu'd with an English and Hibernian band,
 Yorke, Ryder, Croker, and old Rose attack,
 Who fought with Peel and Stephen, back to back ;
 A furious Tup one branching horn had driven
 Into the hinder parts of Master Stephen ;
 Then rushing headlong with the other, stuck it
 Into old Rose, who, roaring, " kick'd the bucket."*

And now, methought, I chanc'd to turn my face
 Towards Viscount Castlereagh's sly hiding-place,
 Who saw, half dead with fright, the gath'ring storm,
 Nor deem'd him safe beneath the Treasury form ;
 Near him it seem'd a large green bag there lay,
 The same the Viscount brought up t'other day
 To stow the Habeas Corpus Act away.
 And now the bag with trembling hand he reaches,
 And crams with haste, methought, into his breeches,
 In hopes thereby to make himself bomb-proof ;
 And then more safely quit St. Stephen's roof.
 But General Ram, who'd not yet join'd the battle,
 But still watch'd every motion of his cattle,
 Now deem'd it time to join the busy fray,
 And, by one blow decisive, turn the day :
 Full drive he charges, with intent to meet
 And cut off Castlereagh's proposed retreat :
 His branching horn just caught the Viscount's breeches,
 And o'er his head him and the green bag pitches.
 Then as the Ram, receding from his foe,
 Collects fresh force to follow up the blow,
 The Noble Viscount utter'd such a scream
 That I awoke, and, lo ! 'twas all a dream.

* These trans-atlantic sheep were incited to rage by the petitions against rescinding
 Orders in Council, by which the commerce with America was annihilated.

LINES,

*Addressed to a Friend, who expressed great impatience at hearing a certain
 Orator make a very long speech, " full of sound and fury signifying
 nothing."*

When you, my friend, heard Proser prate,
 Why should you feel so much displeasure ?
 For though his speech is short of weight,
 You can't deny he gives *full measure*.

...for Old E
The vile borough
For forty years
And at length he

Fill every gla
Let the toast
Success to th

We may boast of
At the Nile, Cope
Those were gallan
But Grey's peacefu

Old England abroa
From each foreign
But at home, a Cab
The people improve

The people, whom
At length are arous'd
In an attitude firm,
Their birthright ;—a

George Canning, tha
Hailed Pitt as " the
Though that storm in
When the King to the

To our matchless Pre
Who the country has

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 390.)

CHAP. XV.

*Lord Grenville's Vindication of the University of Oxford—
Other Peccadilloes of Alma Mater—College Discipline—
Six-bottle Men, &c.*

“ I ought, perhaps, to blush to own that I am half angry with my Lord Grenville for doing an act of common justice’ (said Ferdinand.) I have been so disgusted with the bigotry and intolerance of the Oxonians upon several occasions, that I almost wish the Chancellor of the University had not wiped out one of the blots which have hitherto attached to Alma Mater. You know, my friend, that it has been very generally taken for granted that the illustrious John Locke was expelled the University of Oxford in consequence of the liberal and enlightened principles avowed by that eminent philosopher. It appears, however, that my Lord Grenville, in a letter addressed to the late Mr. Horner, has vindicated the University from this foul reproach ; and has proved, to the satisfaction of the late Dugald Stewart, that the expulsion of Locke was the special act of King Charles the Second, in his capacity of founder and visitor of Christ Church College.”

“ Oxford has so many other sins to answer for, (said Asmodeus,) that you may transfer the expulsion of Locke to the account of Charles, without completely purifying the reputation of the University. The Chancellor will not deny that ‘ on the very day on which Russell was executed, this same University passed their famous decree, denouncing, as impious and heretical propositions, every principle upon which the constitution of this or any other free country can

maintain itself.* Fox, in his 'History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II,' adverting to this circumstance, says, that if 'Much Ado about Nothing' had been published in those days, it would have been taken for a satire: Dogberry, Verges, and their followers, representing the Vice-chancellor and Doctors of our learned University."

"Does not the same spirit continue to characterize this boasted seat of learning at the present day, (said Ferdinand,) which distinguished it in the days of the Stuarts?"

"It would appear (said Asmodeus) that whether Locke was expelled by the King or the University, the college youths have not, in later times, set that value upon your great moral philosopher which attaches to his name in every civilized country in Europe. In 1815, his picture was taken down from the great hall, in Christ's Church, Oxford, to make room for that of the Right Hon. George Canning."

"I recollect the disgraceful circumstance very well, (said Ferdinand.) A friend, at the time, put forth the following doggerels on the occasion:—

' Ye asses, while your changes planning,
Why take down Locke to hang up Canning?
It had been more in season
Had ye kept both, placed *vis à vis*,
For what more opposite can be
Than sophistry and reason?' "

"It is not surprising (said Asmodeus) that Locke should have been thus indignantly treated at the capital of intolerance, and head-quarters of Toryism, when we recollect the bold doctrines inculcated by this enlightened philosopher, who maintained that the people ought to possess the supreme power, to remove or alter the legislature when they find the legislature acting contrary to the trust reposed in them; for all power, he contended, given with trust for attaining an

* See Fox's History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II. Introduction, p. 51.

end, being limited by that end, whenever that end is manifestly neglected or opposed, the trust must necessarily be forfeited, and the power devolve into the hands of those who gave it, who may place it anew where they shall think best for their safety and security."

"Had the late Mr. Canning dared to avow such a doctrine as this, (said Ferdinand,) I will venture to say that his portrait would have been indignantly turned out of Christ Church, to give place to that of some creature as inferior to him as he was to John Locke.—*Apropos* of this said University of Oxford, Vicissimus Knox has shown that, in his time, the system of moral and intellectual discipline inculcated there was defective and slovenly almost beyond belief. After reading my Lord Grenville's letter to Mr. Horner, recollecting Knox's description of the practices of *Alma Mater*, I consulted his works, and transcribed a passage, which, by your leave, I will read to you:—'It is reckoned good management (says the writer) to get acquainted with two or three jolly young Masters of Arts, and supply them well with port previously to the examination. The poor young man to be examined in the sciences (continues the same author) often knows no more of them than his bed-maker, and masters who examine are sometimes equally unacquainted with such mysteries; but schemes, as they are called, or little books, containing forty or fifty questions on each science, are handed down from age to age, from one to another.'—This is a pretty 'peep behind the curtain,' (continued Ferdinand.) Pray inform me whether the system is reformed since Knox thus 'let the cat out of the bag?'"

"If there has been any change (said Asmodeus) I can assure you it has not been for the better. The learning of a great majority of the students is little better than pedantry; it was ironically observed by Porson, that 'their quantity of knowledge was a knowledge of quantity.' As to their

metaphysical disputations, they remind one of the Scotch blacksmith's definition—'Two folks disputin' together—he that's listenin' disna ken what he that's speakin' means, and he that's speakin' disna ken what he means himsel'—and that's metaphysics.' ”

“ To judge from some samples I have myself seen, (said Ferdinand,) I should imagine that the pedagogues in this far-famed seminary excel chiefly in inculcating the manners of a dancing-master, and the morals of a ****, as Dr. Johnson said of Lord Chesterfield. Old Porson, whom you have just mentioned, need not have travelled to the Continent to get fuddled with pedants and professors; he would have found his six-bottle men in Oxford as well as in Germany. I have forgotten the whimsical lines in which our celebrated Greek scholar commemorated his tour to the Continent; perhaps you will give my memory a friendly jog, as I recollect being much amused with the *naïveté* of the learned Doctor.”

“ I suppose (said Asmodeus) you allude to the lines which the eccentric scholar published as the narrative of his tour to Germany, and its great result.

‘ I went to Frankfort and got drunk,
With that most learn'd Professor Brunck;
I went to Wortz and got more drunken,
With that more learn'd Professor Brunken.’ ”

CHAP. XVI.

Duelling—Futility of reasoning upon the subject—Satire the most likely means of bringing Duels into disrepute—Defence of the custom—Whimsical Challenge—The subject interrupted—The disinterested and philanthropic Doctor prescribing for the poor gratis.

“ You seem lost in thought, my friend, (said Asmodeus

as he entered ;) as your Paul Pry says, 'I hope I don't intrude.' "

" You are always welcome, (said Ferdinand,) and you come particularly *apropos* just now, as I was in a quandary, from which your advice may relieve me. I was deliberating whether I should proceed with my manuscript, or light my cigar with it as a more rational mode of disposing of it. It has become the fashion, you know, to write moral essays on duelling, since the affair between the Prime Minister and the orthodox boroughmonger; and I had the vanity to believe that I could say something new on the subject, and prove to demonstration that duelling is a senseless appeal to chance, and as irrational a mode of settling the merits of a question as the dice-box."

" All this has been a hundred times demonstrated, (said Asmodeus,) and rather than waste your time in establishing a hackneyed truism, I advise you, by all means, to burn your essay, and light your cigar with it, as the lesser bore of the two. If ever you succeed in exploding the practice of duelling, it will not be by sermons or argumentative dissertations; those to whom you address your reasonings are as well aware as yourself that the custom is wholly indefensible in the eye of morality or religion. If your man of honour is branded as a liar, the method he adopts to disprove it is to show that he is no coward. A certain mathematician of the Society of Friends once set this anomaly in a ludicrous and forcible point of view: a vulgar fellow having called him a liar, he philosophically replied, 'Friend, do thou prove that, or thou art the liar, not I.' Men of honour, however, are, it seems, bound by a code of laws more imperative, in their estimation, than the maxims of philosophy or the Decalogue of Moses. Fashion, how absurd and capricious soever she may be, is a deity who rules her votaries with a rod of iron."

tions of the fatal complications which were
sibility of such a result
dread of not being 'a

" Your illustration
the tight lacing to w
proof that they bow wi
than to the shrine of
cate women will thus l
to the mandates of fa
should do the same?
is an unpardonable wa

" What then, (said I)
means of bringing duel
laws are, it seems, foun
from the practice?"

" The only way to c
to render duelling ridic
rather than that which
you could get up a few
they would do more ge
sertations -- "

the gallows adorned with the ruff and farthingale, which brought the fashion into such contempt that it was speedily abandoned."

"There is one objection to your proposal (said Ferdinand.) Many of those who now claim the exclusive privilege of shooting each other, are frivolous and useless members of society, only fit, as Falstaff says, 'for food for powder.' But if the practice changed hands, society might be a loser by the arrangement; and we can better spare the drones than the working bees."

"Duelling, however absurd as you deem it, (said Asmodeus,) has found apologists amongst men of talent and learning, who have contended that it was the lesser of two evils; and that the few who perish by this mode of settling differences bear no proportion to the many who are kept in proper bounds by an apprehension of its consequences. Your celebrated lawyer, the Scotch reviewer, Mr. Jeffrey, in his speech, on a trial, in 1826, observed, that duelling 'was sometimes a remedy for that for which law tribunals could afford no redress;' and Mandeville, in his fable of the Bees, has this passage on the subject: 'Those who rail at duelling, don't consider the benefit society receives from that fashion; if every ill-bred fellow might use what language he pleased, without being called to account for it, all conversation would be spoiled. Some grave people (continued he) tell us that the Greeks and Romans were such valiant men, and yet they knew nothing of duelling but in their country's quarrel. This is very true; but for that reason the Kings and Princes of Homer gave one another worse language than our porters and hackney-coachmen would bear without resentment.' But the most straightforward vindicator of force against the force of argument was a Scandinavian Prince, who declared, by public edict, that 'it was better to terminate dif-

By the bye, I think
duellists would be
'What dir

"You have been
nious writer, or, rather
sities of Literature,'
work to the subject,
more complete. In
serious and reasoning
his correspondence, v
rest of the addenda t
escaped you, I will re
rather those of his tra

"You will much ob

"Most readily (said
—'Sir,—'To-morrow, at
will give me satisfaction
To-morrow, Sir; that is
you the leisure to repent
and shall leave neither of
of passion, we will cut ea
cold blood. I believe —

only add contempt to resentment; but if you succeed in killing me, I esteem you for it the more by anticipation, and not only pardon you your offence, but my death; for, in reality, I entertain towards you neither hatred nor disdain, and would not confer on many others the honour that I do you. Our fathers have instructed us, that there are a thousand occasions in life in which we cannot dispense with killing our best friend. I hope you will believe them on my word, and that without hating each other, we shall not the less be each other's assassins. To plunge our sword in the bosom of an enemy to our country, is a low and vulgar action: we have the greatest inducements to excite us to it: but to kill a fellow-citizen, a friend, for the slightest offence, this, according to the feudal code of the Germans, our worthy ancestors, is the height of grandeur and magnanimity—you know the place and hour—be punctual.*

* The following anecdotes of whimsicalities, or absurdities of duelling have appeared in some of the recent newspapers, and may amuse our readers, although there may be something of an anachronism in appending them as notes to an article which was written many years prior to their publication.

“Egan, Judge of the county of Dublin, fought the Master of the Rolls-Barret, and three others, one with the sword. Egan was a humorist, and his duel with Barret was characteristic. On the combatants taking their ground, Barret, though he was the challenger, immediately fired, and missing his antagonist, walked away, cooling saying, “Egan, now my honour is satisfied.” The Judge, however, who was not satisfied, called out, “Halloa, stop, Roger, till I take a shot at your *honour*!” Roger returned, and with the same composure said, “Very well, fire away.” Jack Egan presented, and seemed by his motions determined to finish Roger; at length he cried out, “Pho, pho, I wont humour you—I wont be bothered shooting you, so now you may go to the ——— your own way, or shake hands, whichever you like best.” The finale may be anticipated. The circumstance took place on the celebrated ground of Donnybrook fair, and some hundreds of amateurs were present.”

“One day after dinner two officers in a celebrated Irish regiment, and very intimate friends, having carried their badinage beyond the precision of military punctilio, a Major and a Captain, well known for their love of duelling, interfered, and at length gave the young friends to understand that they must have a shot at one another. As they walked to the field of

“ And now, (continued Asmodeus, pointing to a spot on the globe,) suppose, by way of episode, we diverge from this subject for a moment, and turn our attention to what is going forward yonder. Don't you see a grave-looking gentleman in a rusty black suit, seated in an arm-chair in a back parlour, with his hat on, and his walking cane in his hand, as if he were on the point of setting out on some important business. Can you guess who or what he is?”

“ Probably an undertaker going to a funeral,” (said Ferdinand.)

“ Say, rather, a friend to the undertaker, (rejoined Asmodeus.) He is a doctor, who, fortunately for mankind, has got a plentiful lack of patients; although, to do him justice, he has tried almost every means to make both ends meet. Let us observe him; I think it will afford us some amusement.”

(To be continued.)

blood, without a grain of animosity against one another, but with no little displeasure against their friends upon the occasion, who would listen to no excuse, apology, or explanation, Calamy, having a moment's opportunity of speaking to Trollope apart, whispered—“ I'll fire at your second, if you'll fire at mine.” “ Agreed,” replied Trollope. When they came upon the ground, and all due preliminaries had taken place, off went their pistols together in a straight line at their seconds. The Major and the Captain were startled, and were found very ready to settle the affair.”

PARLIAMENTARY ETIQUETTE.

In the House of Lords, strangers are not allowed to sit down; in the House of Commons they are not permitted to stand up. This arrangement gave rise to the following:—

To the House of the Peers should a stranger repair,
He must never sit down—he must stand while he's there—
But if he to visit the Commons think fit
He must not stand up—while he's there,—he must sit—
Whilst the members themselves such restraints don't annoy,
They can sit, or can stand, and sometimes they can *lie*.

AN EMINENT LAWYER'S ADVICE,

SHOWING HOW THE CATHOLICS MIGHT OBTAIN EMANCIPATION.

It was whispered, but we were inclined to doubt the truth of the rumour, that after the Master of the Rolls had delivered a furious philippic against Catholic emancipation, a body of Catholics came to the singular resolution of consulting that great law-officer, professionally, on the best means of obtaining the object they had so much at heart. It is added, that some objection was raised to the proposal, on the ground that Sir John Copley was so decidedly hostile to the Catholics, that his judgment, even though stimulated by a handsome fee, would not be honest or impartial. The objection was overruled by a majority of the company, who contended that the violence of the Master of the Rolls in Parliament was all in the way of business, merely meant to promote his own interests; but that his opinion, when consulted as counsel, would, for the sake of his professional reputation, be sound, and might be depended on. Under this impression it is said that a case was drawn up by a committee of Catholics, and forwarded, together with a very persuasive fee, to the learned gentleman, who, in return, has pointed out a very easy and immediate mode of obtaining emancipation, and a share of the state "loaves and fishes."

If your sect is proscrib'd, it is all your own fault,
 Why still at mere trifles thus boggle and halt?
 If there be in your way a small bit of an oath,
 Or two oaths to take—why not swallow them both?
 Your word now as Catholics can't be believed,
 Your oath now as Catholics can't be received ;*

* The Catholics were quite willing to take the oath of allegiance, which is all that any Government had a right to require; but the answer was,—“ You Catholics are not to be believed on your oaths; you keep no faith with those you deem heretics.”—A Catholic soldier, with arms in his hands, was only required to take the oath of allegiance; but when he asked to be admitted to the civil and political rights of the country for which he had fought and bled, he was told that another kind of oath would be required of him, as if the state needed more protection and guarantees from an unarmed citizen than from an armed soldier!

Would cry
For, as Hudib
Not he who fa
Then down wi
In your hearts

PEAS

INTENDED AS A SONG
NUMEROUS

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Co

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 349.)

When the Bull had concluded his story, he retired into the general group, and on a signal from the elephant a Bear advanced and spoke to the following effect:—

“Although the greater portion of my wretched existence upon earth was spent in England, Lapland was the beloved country of my nativity, where I spent my early youth in the full and vigorous enjoyment of liberty amongst interminable forests and romantic solitudes, until by the treachery of man, the common persecutor of all living creatures within his power, I was betrayed into a pit fall, so ingeniously contrived as to lull all suspicion and to baffle all attempts to escape. The bear, in my country, is generally killed by fire-arms and spears, but the object was to take me alive, and to sell me to the captain of an English ship who used occasionally to trade to my native country. It is but justice to the Laplanders to admit, that although necessity compels them to hunt down my species to satisfy the cravings of nature, and shelter their bodies from the inclemency of the weather, they are seldom guilty of any wanton cruelty to the animals within their power, in which respect they differ as widely from the polished British, as the coxcombs consider themselves, as white differs from black.

“On that earth, which we have all happily exchanged for this blessed abode, the law of nature seems to be, “Eat, or be eaten;” and although the bear was deprived of life to supply the necessities and administer to the comforts of

and selfish English
God's creatures, v

"Soon after 1

* Few animals are c
bear. In Rees' Encycl
to be found:—

"Bear's flesh is reck
insomuch that, as Der
hundred leagues into T
Their flesh is reckoned
chatka, that they seldom
to partake of the delicie
properly scraped, are wor
the sun beams, which be
blacken the skin, by whi
complexions. The Russia
intestines, which are as
glass; of the shoulder bla
and the heads and haunch
ments or trophies on the ti

† "The bear in Laplan
superstitious veneration, ar
The animal, it seems, is a f
Lapland genius to compose
death.—They begin by than
pleased to do them no misch
they then address their than
the use of man, and given

away for ever from the dear land of my sires; and from that moment my life was almost one uninterrupted scene of misery. Upon my arrival in England, I was sold to an itinerant show man, who immediately set about the work of my education; the first accomplishment I was taught was to dance; and the process by which the object was effected shows that man is a thorough adept in the art of ingeniously tormenting.—I was trained in a small room, the floor of which was made of plates of iron, which being heated by fires applied below, obliged me to raise my feet alternately, to avoid being severely burned. Whilst this process was going on my odious dancing master would play a particular air upon the pipe and tabor, until at length, by dint of painful association, I would begin to caper whenever I heard that dismal tune, which was the never-failing signal of annoyance to me. It was with a heavy heart and a sulky spirit that I performed my unnatural gambols, but if I was for a moment refractory, the hot irons soon reminded me that it was my best policy to dance with apparent good will, whenever I heard the summons of the detested pipe and tabor. As I went through these irksome and grotesque motions, I inwardly cursed the grinning two-legged fools who could be delighted with such a farce, and I eagerly longed to close with them, and give them a specimen of the peculiar mode in which we bears embrace our enemies when we come to close quarters with them.

“Besides being thus compelled to appear lively and frisky when I was broken in spirit, and often so fatigued that I could scarcely stand, I was, like our friend who last addressed you, occasionally baited by fierce dogs, encouraged to attack me whilst I was secured to a strong post firmly fixed in the ground to prevent me from doing any mischief to the human ruffians around me, and muzzled to prevent my using my teeth against the dogs that assailed me. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, I often inflicted

There was and occasionally subjected as it affords of itself depravity of wretchedness of the reasoning faculties on a very short tether, the few pence, were all in their head, with all their force, my paws, the wheel, which pose, would inflict death on the two-legged fiends at delight.†

“ At length, after a long time as I have described, I could afford no further support to my master, in order to save myself, who was in the habit of doing me wrong, cutting my throat, when I was in time, took compassion on me, and praved,) purchased me

• “ When Queen Mary visited her confinement at Hatfield House, an exhibition of her

come with him, where I was comfortably lodged fed ; but his humane attention was all in vain, in weeks the welcome hand of death terminated my pilgrimage."

the bear had brought his narrative to a conclusion, from the elephant, a Cock of the most beautiful plumage addressed the assembly in the following terms :—

sojourn upon earth was but of short duration, the sanguinary conflicts in which I was per- engaged, for the amusement and emolument of rent ruffians into whose possession I successively -but my brief history will tend further to illustrate vity of the common tyrant of the creation, the cha- : of whose nature is, that he alone, of all God's , delights in cruelty, for its own sake ; and derives nt from those pangs which the inferior animals, as mptuously calls them, would never inflict upon r, unless impelled, by irresistible instinct, self- ion, or the instigation of the " Lord of the Crea- in never lacks an excuse for the indulgence of his nsities, and we need not wonder, therefore, that the ports of the cock-pit should be justified on the that as cocks are naturally pugnacious animals, left to themselves, would perpetually war upon r, it can be no sin to turn the propensity to the nt of the ' Lord of the Creation.'

callous sophists who resort to so flimsy an apology ing their own vicious inclinations, only add hypo- depravity, in their attempts to palliate what is, abominable and indefensible. It is true, indeed, feathered tribe to which I belong did make fierce

Author of nature, and why, during our sojourn so very different from happy and peaceful the difficulty is, that the good in that world of woe. But what can we do? His actions are the result of instinct," when we find the worst propensities of other animals to settle the arms the heel of the with long and sharp spurs is to see them strike these heart, or through each other.

"I shall not enlarge upon being at cocks, because they are on the decline amongst the fortune to dwell amongst ever, been informed by some at one time a favourite soldier confined to the rabble."

"If the custom has been abolished, my experience of the character of man warrants the conclusion that the reformation is the result of fashion or caprice, rather than of any conviction of its enormity.

"That no material moral reform has taken place in England, I think may be fairly inferred from what I am about to relate, as the result of my own experience.

"Of all the diabolical customs which disgrace England, I think the fighting of Welsh mains, as they are termed, may claim pre-eminence. A number of cocks, armed with steel spurs, are brought out together into the pit, where they continue to fight in couples until one-half of the number is killed; the remainder are then pitted against each other, until the half of the residue is destroyed; and the process is repeated until there is but one survivor left, who is, of course, the "conquering hero" of the main.*

pleasure received from the reiteration of its torments."—*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*, p. 283

"Sir Richard Steele, reprobating the inhumanity of throwing at cocks, makes these pertinent observations:—'Some French writers have represented the diversion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to a natural fierceness and cruelty of temper, as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear gardens. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been set together by the ears, or died an untimely death, only to make us sport.' The ladies of the present day will, probably, be surprised to hear that all, or the greater part of these barbarous recreations were much frequented by the fair sex, and countenanced by those among them of the highest rank and most polished education, being brought by degrees, no doubt, to sacrifice their feelings to the prevalency of a vicious and vulgar fashion, which even the sanction of royalty, joined with that of ancient custom, cannot reconcile with decency or propriety."—*Ibid*, (Introduction,) p. 43.

* The "Welsh Main" consists of a certain or given number of pairs of cocks, suppose sixteen, which fight with each other until one half of them are killed. The sixteen conquerors are pitted a second time, in like manner,

It was my misfortune to be the solitary champion on one occasion, as the only remnant out of sixteen couple, the original number of the belligerents; and my prowess so charmed a celebrated amateur of the cockpit, that he purchased me from my owner for an enormous sum, with the hope of reimbursing himself by my future achievements. My wounds were so numerous and so severe that I should not have survived them, had it not been the interest of my new master that I should recover. I was treated, therefore, with such care and tenderness that, in a few months, I was again in a condition to administer to the amusement of the human monsters who frequent the cockpit. The strength and courage with which I was endued by nature enabled me to vanquish a vast number of my species, in a succession of battles at fairs and races, and my master's expectations of gain from my exploits were more than realised. A reverse of fortune was, however, at hand; and after having beaten every antagonist with whom I was brought into hostile contact, I was at last overmatched, and obliged to retreat ignominiously before the superior physical power of a formidable rival, with whom I waged a long and bloody conflict, until finding my usual strength and energy rapidly on the decline, I, for the first time in my life, sought safety in flight, which recreant act so exasperated my master, who had an enormous sum at stake on the match, that in a paroxysm of rage he seized upon me and bore me off to his kitchen, where he thrust a spit through my body, and actually roasted me alive before the fire; vociferating, with the most dreadful oaths, that he would knock out the brains of

and half are slain; the eight survivors a third time, the four a fourth time, and the remaining two a fifth time; so that thirty one cocks are sure to be inhumanly murdered for the sport and pleasure of the spectators."—*Ibid*, p. 282.

any one who attempted to rescue me.* Terrible as must have been the death-pangs of some of our friends who have already related the tale of their sufferings on earth, the barbarous deed of the monster who thus sacrificed me to his revenge and cupidity, surpasses in atrocity any outrage they have described; and it has been with extreme repugnance that I have adverted to a deed almost unparalleled even in the annals of human depravity.

(To be continued.)

* Appalling as the circumstance here related in our fictitious narrative is, it is frightful to think that it is literally true. The atrocious act was recorded in seventy-two lines, in verses, entitled, "The Cockfighter's Garland;" but as the piece is, in our opinion, rather common-place, and scarcely worthy of the muse of Cowper, we shall not here transcribe it, as it is painful to dwell unnecessarily upon so revolting a theme. The poet does not reveal the name of the monster who perpetrated the heinous crime, as he commences "The Cockfighter's Garland" thus—

" Muse! hide his name of whom I sing,
Lest his surviving house thou bring,
For his sake into scorn;
Nor speak the school from whence he drew
The much or little that he knew,
Nor place where he was born."

The ruffian's memory must not escape so easily; and we shall copy the following paragraph on the subject from the obituary of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, 1789.—"Died, April 4, at Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esq.; a young man of large fortune, and in the splendour of his carriages and horses rivalled by few country gentlemen. His table was that of hospitality, where it may be said he sacrificed too much to conviviality. Mr. Ardesoif was very fond of cockfighting, and he had a favourite cock upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock he lost; which so enraged him that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so exasperated Mr. Ardesoif that he seized the poker, and, with the most furious vehemence, declared that he would kill the first man who interfered; but, in the midst of his passionate assertions, he fell down dead upon the spot!"—*Voice of Humanity.*

RAPID INTELLIGENCE.

INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION BY MEANS OF SPEAKING
TUBES.

A correspondent has been pleased to ask our opinion respecting the practicability of conveying a message by means of what are called speaking pipes, instantaneously, through the whole length of the tunnel of our railway. Our reply is, that we are convinced that it would be practicable to transmit articulate sounds by such means to a much greater extent; and we shall adduce the reasons which have led us to that conclusion. Several years ago we had an opportunity of making some experiments with a considerable number of hollow tubes, about a yard long, screwed into each other. These tubes were in sufficient number to extend forty or fifty yards, and the diameter of the bore was about a quarter of an inch. When a person whispered as low as possible through a dozen or more of them, we could distinctly hear the words uttered; but we noticed another circumstance, which we thought rather remarkable at the time, which was, that when all the tubes were screwed together, forming a length, as we have said, of forty or fifty yards, the sound transmitted did not appear to have lost any thing of its intensity or distinctness; which warrants us in the inference we have hazarded, that articulate sounds may be conveyed much further, by means of hollow tubes, than is generally presumed; and we entertain very little doubts that communication might be thus effected, not only throughout the whole length of the large tunnel of our own railway, but through ten times that space.

In our note books we find several experiments recorded respecting the transmission of sound through hollow and

solid substances, and through fluids; from which we select the following, because it is on the largest scale.

In Herschell's *Treatise on Sound*, in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, it is stated that "in the cast-iron water-pipe of Paris, which formed a continuous tube, with only two bendings near its middle, the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other, through a distance of 3,120 feet. A pistol fired at one end blew out a candle at the other end, and drove out light substances with great velocity."

The length of the larger tunnel of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, is about a mile and a quarter, or 6600 feet, which is more than twice the length of the cast-iron water-pipe at Paris, through which, as has been stated, the lowest whisper was distinctly transmitted. Had that pipe been twice, thrice, or ten times the length mentioned, we are of opinion, as we have already intimated, that the voice would have been distinctly heard from one extremity to the other; although we have no data to enable us to surmise the maximum distance to which intelligence might be thus carried. Who can take upon himself to say that this distance may not be twenty, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand times greater than that between one extremity and the other of the water-pipe of Paris?*

* In the interesting *Treatise on Sound* by Dr. Herschell, we find recorded a most extraordinary instance of the transmission of sound under water, which we shall here transcribe, although, strictly speaking, it has no bearing upon the subject of transmission of articulate sounds through the medium of air:—

"MM. Colladon and Sturm conceived the happy idea of plunging a tube into the water, at any distance from the bell, to receive the vibrations, which the surface of the water would not allow to escape, and to transmit them to the ear of an observer out of the water. With this view, they plunged, vertically, into the lake a thin tin cylinder, about three yards long, and eight inches wide, closed at the lower end and open above; and the sonorous vibrations propagated under the water were thus stopped and made to enter the air in the tube, which transmitted them to the ear of the observer. By means of this beautiful contrivance they were enabled to hear the strokes

We would not challenge any man to prove a negative; but we may, perhaps, be allowed with propriety to ask some of our scientific readers to assign satisfactory reasons why the results we have conjectured might not be realized, if the experiment could be made on the requisite scale? or why oral communication might not be practicable between Liverpool and Manchester, if not by one stage, by a succession of stations, with attendants at each, to receive information by the ear, and to pass it on by the voice almost simultaneously.

of the bell under water at the distance of *nine miles* across the whole breadth of the Lake of Geneva!"

We are of opinion that the experiment here related would not succeed in a river like the Mersey, where the vibrations would be disturbed by the current; but in a tranquil lake it might, probably, be practicable to communicate under water, by the means here pointed out, a much greater distance than across the Lake of Geneva.

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing, in the course of Mr. Hume's speech, that if we should go to war to-morrow, we had a twenty years' stock of gunpowder on hand.

[WRITTEN IN MARCH 1822.]

Billy Cobbett declares, we are not in condition
For war; but 'tis false,—see our grand ammunition,
Oh! provident Croker!—Oh! thrice happy land!
With a twenty-years' stock of gunpowder on hand!
The Navy Board nobly their duty have done,
'Tis ours to complete the great work they've begun;
Nor let the whole weight fall to Ministers' lot,
Let them find the powder,—John Bull's share's THE SHOT.

THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW

The tails to lawyers' heads appended,
Are emblems of their trade intended;
For law's a game at "heads and tails,"
Where chance in general turns the scales.

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 424.)

CHAP. XVII.

Doctor Bolus—Advice to the Poor, gratis—How to rise in the Profession—The Humbug.

“ Doctor Bolus, for that is the name of the medical man to whom I wish to introduce you, (said Asmodeus,) might be the most disinterested man living, as he professes to prescribe for the poor gratis, as intimated in conspicuous letters over his door.”

“ I am at a loss (said Ferdinand) to know how a man can live by giving ; you will, perhaps, explain the mystery.”

“ Willingly (replied Asmodeus.) It is a professional secret worth knowing. Philanthropy is a rare virtue, which ought not to pass unrewarded ; and it is consoling to reflect that the Doctor's benevolence, so far from exhausting his resources, brings ‘ grist to the mill,’ thus realizing the assurance that ‘ virtue is its own reward.’ ”

“ A truce with your irony, my friend, (said Ferdinand.) I long to hear more of this novel mode of ‘ raising the wind.’ ”

“ Well then, (replied Asmodeus,) you must know that Bolus, when he prescribes for poor patients, directs all the prescriptions to be made up at the shop of his friend Gallipot, the druggist, with whom he keeps a check account and receives half the profits of the drugs; so that you see he gets credit for disinterestedness from the patient, and for something more substantial from his friend Gallipot. But let us mark what is going forwards. There is a poor patient at the door, you may perceive, with his head wrapped up, ringing at the bell.”

"Why does Bolus bolt out of the back door, as the servant admits the stranger at the front door, (said Ferdinand.) Is the Doctor afraid of a bailiff in disguise?"

"He has no such apprehension, (replied Asmodeus,) on the contrary, he has been waiting at home expressly for this patient; and I suspect, from certain preparations going forward, that this manœuvre will turn out to be a trump card for Bolus."

"But, (repeated Ferdinand,) why did he decamp in such haste as this patient entered?"

"It is his usual custom whoever knocks, (said Asmodeus,) and singular as it may appear to you, it is one of the Doctor's ingenious modes of establishing a reputation. You must know that the medical men in this town are so numerous, that they have not half elbow-room. The place, too, unluckily for them, is most provokingly salubrious, so that they are put to their shifts, and obliged to resort to a variety of manœuvres to obtain a share of patients, for which they look out with as keen an eye as Dennis Bulgrudery, in the play, watched for customers for the Red Cow. Bolus is well aware that there are two different paths leading to professional eminence. Patient study and experience is the tedious, round-about way:—quackery the short cut. The most certain means of getting patients is to seem not to want them; and if a medical man can once succeed in persuading the world that he is over head and ears in business, his fortune is made. Bolus, as I told you before, has, at present, a plentiful lack of patients; but he will soon distance those of the profession who are his superiors in education and ability, but who are ignorant of the short path to fame and fortune. Never did a medical man cut so great a figure with so few patients. It may be truly said of him,

'Sans aucune affaire, il est toujours affairé.'

Let him be at church, the coffee-houses, auction-rooms, or

any other place of public resort, Bolus is sure to be called out in a hurry, to attend some patient. He has an eye to business in every thing he does, and his exit just now shows that he understands the maxim,

“Reculer pour mieux avancer.”

Whenever a patient rings at the front door, the Doctor makes this retrograde movement—the Abigail's cue is to inform the visitor that her master, who has stepped out to visit Mr. or Mrs. Thingumbob, will be back immediately; which is sure enough to happen, as the Doctor's visit is merely from the back door to the front.”

“This is truly a most whimsical game at bo-peep, (said Ferdinand,) and, *apropos*, we have him at this moment in the ‘manner,’ as the lawyers say;—he is now ringing for admission.”

“It would be well (said Asmodeus) if all the Doctor's manoeuvres were as harmless as this; but this is by no means the case. He is determined to get into practice ‘by hook or by crook,’ and one of the arts he recently employed for procuring patients was so extremely reprehensible, that had he been known in the affair, it would have placed his disinterestedness and philanthropy in a very questionable shape. He anonymously wrote a false and insidious libel upon the *****, one of the most useful medical establishments of which your liberal town can boast. There poor people are supplied gratuitously with advice and medicine, which they are unable to purchase. Had Bolus's calumny gained general credit, that establishment might have been ruined, as its supporters would have withdrawn their pecuniary aid if they had believed that all the imputed imposition and mismanagement prevailed in all its arrangements.”

“I perfectly recollect the circumstance, (said Ferdi-

nand,) but I was as much at a loss to guess at the author of the falsehood, as at the motive in which it originated. Now, however, I understand the matter clearly. By aiming a blow at the reputation of the charity, and casting an odium upon the character of the professional gentlemen attached to it, Bolus, no doubt, hoped to swell the ranks of his own patients. Is it not so?"

"Exactly (replied Asmodeus.) These poor patients are worth having, too, even on the terms of gratuitous prescription. Besides going snacks with Gallipot, Bolus has another source of emolument of which you may not be aware. Poor men have wives, and wives will have children, and often, too, as we see in Ireland, in the inverse ratio of their other goods and chattels. When an accouchment takes place, it is very natural that so disinterested and humane a doctor as Bolus should be employed on the occasion;—and although poor women may not pay so well as the rich, they do, in spite of Parson Malthus's injunctions to the contrary, require the Doctor's assistance in this line so much oftener as to make up the difference."

"I thought you told me, (said Ferdinand,) that Bolus, although he gives advice to the poor gratuitously, sends them to purchase their physic from his friend Gallipot, with whom he goes snacks. I perceive, however, that he and Mrs. Abigail are in the very act of applying a poultice to the face of the patient who entered just now."

"*Exceptio probat regulam* (replied Asmodeus.) This is a special case, as I hinted to you before; here you will see a master-stroke of policy, which will ensure for Bolus as high a reputation amongst the vulgar, as ever was enjoyed by the most successful of his brother charlatans."

"What you now say is altogether past my comprehension," (said Ferdinand.)

"Doubtless, (said Asmodeus,) for I myself should have been equally ignorant of the matter, if I had not had an eye to Mrs. Abigail as she was preparing the poultice."

"What the plague can the poultice have to do with the Doctor's reputation?" (exclaimed Ferdinand.)

"Every thing, my friend, (replied Asmodeus.) This poultice will do the Doctor much more good than the patient, I can assure you. But I perceive you are impatient, and so I will initiate you into the grand secret without tantalizing you further. You must know that this poor man's complaint is the ear-ache, and as the Doctor knows the fellow to be 'no small fool,' as the man in the song says, he has taken him under his especial care, instead of handing him over, as usual, to Gallipot. He has assured his dupe that the complaint was occasioned by a large bug, that, by some means, had found its way into his ear; adding, by way of consolation, that the poultice was compounded of ingredients so palatable to this species of vermin, that the bug would be enticed out of its unnatural hiding-place, and be found dead in the poultice when removed in the morning."

"Ridiculous (exclaimed Ferdinand.) Surely you are making merry at my expense?"

"I never was more serious, (replied Asmodeus.) As sure as you are living, the bug will be found in the poultice in the morning, according to the Doctor's prediction."

"Now, (said Ferdinand,) I have caught even you napping, my good friend—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, applies, I see, to spirits as well as mortals. How can you foretel what will happen in the morning, when you have repeatedly told me that your knowledge is confined to the past and the present, not to the future?"

"That is literally true," (said Asmodeus.)

“ Then, how can you venture to predict that a bug will be found in the poultice in the morning ?” (said Ferdinand.)

“ For the best of all possible reasons, (rejoined Asmodeus.) You have a saying, ‘ that he who hides can find.’ The bug will be in the poultice in the morning, because Mrs. Abigail herself put it there not five minutes since. When the marvellous discovery is made known, the Doctor’s fame will spread like wildfire, and this story of the bug will humbug ninety-nine out of the hundred of the people, whom Frederick of Prussia used to call ‘ masses of intellectual imbecility, made to be the dupes of those who will take the trouble to impose upon them ’ ”

CHAP. XVIII.

The subject of Duelling resumed—Duelling sometimes practised by the Senators who pass the laws to suppress it, and by the Judges whose duty it is to see those laws enforced—Frequency of Duelling in France in former days—Turkish point of Honour—Duel between a Man and a Dog, in consequence of a suspicion of Murder.

“ By your leave, my friend, (said Ferdinand,) we will resume our conversation on the subject of duelling, which was interrupted the other night by a whimsical episode of the philanthropic Doctor Bolus and his friend Gallipot.”

“ As you please, (said Asmodeus,) but let us not waste our time in endeavouring to establish the hackneyed and self-evident proposition, that duelling is indefensible in principle. One thing is evident and undeniable, and that is, that the practice can neither be suppressed by divine nor human laws. What is called the law of honour is the code *sui generis*. It is only another name for fashion, and, as I

observed before, until you can succeed in rendering the fashion ridiculous in men's eyes, in vain will your moralists declaim, your divines denounce, or your lawgivers legislate against the practice. The very senators who have enacted laws for its suppression, and the Judges whose office it is to see those laws enforced, have themselves often stultified their own acts by appealing to arms instead of arguments."

"I have (said Ferdinand) a faint recollection of a striking instance of the truth of your observation, which occurred in the United States of America. I have forgotten the particulars;—perhaps you will do me the favour to revive my recollection on the subject."

"Most willingly, (said Asmodeus.) I was about to adduce the very circumstance in confirmation of the position I have advanced. The account of the affair, as it appeared in the newspapers, under the head '*Precept versus Practice*,' was as follows:—'A southern Judge, some years ago, in his charge to a Grand Jury, denounced duelling in terms so severe, that they presented two men, one for giving, and the other for receiving a challenge. The magistrate caused both of the parties to be arrested, and enforced the law so rigidly, that both parties, after the rising of the court, challenged him. To round the circle of absurdity, the Judge accepted the challenge, fought, and wounded them both.' "

"Never was the subject placed in a more strikingly absurd point of view, (said Ferdinand.) Such instances of the prostration of common sense and duty at the shrine of false honour, forbid the hope that duelling will ever be effectually suppressed by human legislation."

"How can you expect that it should? (replied Asmodeus.) The man who, in consequence of the most trifling provocation, real or imaginary, will run the risk of having his brains blown out, is not likely to be restrained by the

dread of incurring the penalty of the law, which, in cases of duelling, has seldom been enforced, except where foul play has been resorted to. Were it otherwise, the occasional execution of a duellist would be found insufficient to deter others from following his example. The notorious Bouteville was put to death, in France, for this offence against the law, as a terror to others, but the experiment failed; and Henry IV, after enacting that any of his subjects who fought duels should be adjudged guilty of high treason, and a confiscation of property, soon after admitted and lamented, that, notwithstanding the rigour of the laws, duels had increased instead of having diminished. Holcroft, in his Travels in France, &c., speaking of the former frequency of duels in that country, states that it was proved to Henry IV, by the registry of many thousand pardons, that between seven and eight thousand gentlemen had lost their lives in duels during the last eighteen years."

"From my cursory reading on the subject, (said Ferdinand,) it appears that the laws passed to suppress this practice have, in every other country, been mere dead letter. I am not deeply read in law; but, if I mistake not, both the principal and second in these affairs of honour are liable to be hanged by the existing statutes of England."

"You are quite right, (said Asmodeus,) and as I have always had a decided *penchant* for the law, I will quote you chapter and verse on this point. Hawke, in his Pleas of the Crown, page 82, sec. 31, says, 'But the law so far abhors all duelling in cold blood, that not only the principal, who actually kills the other, but also his seconds, are guilty of murder, whether they fought or not, and some have gone so far as to hold, that the seconds of the person killed are also equally guilty in respect of that countenance which they gave to their principals in the execution of their purpose, by accompanying them therein, and being

ready to bear a part with them.' Then, again, Blackstone, in his Commentaries, page 198, speaking of *malice prepense*, says, 'This takes in the case of deliberate duelling, where both parties meet avowedly with intent to murder, thinking it their duty, as gentlemen, and claiming it as their right, to wanton with their own lives and those of their fellow-creatures, without any warrant or authority from any power, either divine or human, but in direct contradiction to the laws of both God and man; and, therefore, the law has justly fixed the crime and punishment of murder on them and on their seconds also.'"

"Pray, tell me, my good friend, (said Ferdinand,) is there any modern nation amongst whom the practice of duelling is not prevalent?"

"There is (replied Asmodeus.) In Turkey the custom is discountenanced, and almost wholly unknown; and yet, whatever prejudices may be entertained against the Turks, there are no people on earth who entertain nicer notions of honour, although, in some respects, the Turkish point of honour differs as much from that of the English or French as their religious creeds do. With your military men, for instance, to preserve their colours in battle is a prime point of honour. What, think you, is the Turkish officer most solicitous to preserve from the grasp of the enemy?"

"I do not recollect having read any thing on the subject," (said Ferdinand.)

"The principal solicitude of the Turkish officer, (said Asmodeus,) is not to preserve his colours, but his camp kettles. You smile, my friend, but that is the Turkish point of honour; and in as much as kettles are of more use than colours, the prejudice, if such it be, is less ridiculous than you seem to imagine."

"It was the novelty of the thing (said Ferdinand) which made me smile, rather than its absurdity."

“As you appear never to have heard of this circumstance before, (said Asmodeus,) I will quote you a passage on the subject from Dallaway’s account of Constantinople:—“Their (the Janissaries’) sense of military honour does not exert itself to preserve their colours, but the greatest calamity that can befall a regiment is the loss of their kettles, and to remedy this calamity, they have two sets of cooking utensils; when both are taken by the enemy, the regiment is broken, and a new one formed, to which new kettles are given. The Russians never shocked them so much as during the late war, when, having seized the camp equipage, they used their kettles in the presence of the Turkish captives, who were highly scandalized by such a profanation.”

“As I observed, in the course of our former conversation, (said Ferdinand,) a whimsical and interesting volume might be written on the subject of this same point of honour.”

“There are, indeed, ample materials for such a work, (said Asmodeus,) and as a climax to the absurdities to be put upon record, the author ought to reserve the account of the duel between a gentleman of the Court of Charles V, of France, and a dog, in consequence of a suspicion that the gentleman had murdered the master of the faithful animal.”

“Did such a circumstance ever take place?” (said Ferdinand, with surprise.)

“It did, (said Asmodeus,) and I will relate it to you in the very words of the author of the translation of Petrarch’s Life, who has thus recorded the singular rencontre:—‘The strangest duel I ever met with was one fought between a dog and a man in the year 1371, in presence of King Charles V, of France, and related by Montfauçon. A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, and who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the person’s dog, a large

greyhound, which, with uncommon rage, attacked this
 ed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a
 man and a man of very nice honour (though, by the
 e really had murdered him) he could not bear lying
 so dishonourable a suspicion, and, therefore, applied
 King for leave to justify his innocence by a single
 with the said dog. The King being a great lover of
 granted his suit, ordered the lists to be made ready,
 ted the time, and named the weapons. The gentle-
 as to have an offensive club in his hand, and the dog
 isive tub to resort occasionally. The Irish grey-
 willingly met this fair inviter, at the time and place
 ted. They fought: the dog prevailed, and almost
 he honourable gentleman, who had then the honour
 ess his guilt, and to be hanged for it in a few days.'"

(To be continued.)

KEEPING GOOD HOURS AND GOOD COMPANY.

SED TO A MEMBER OF AN ANCIENT AND LOYAL CLUB OF CHOICE
 FELLOWS.

You keep but low company, some people say,
 And very bad hours, turning night into day;
 But they wrong thee, Jack, prithee ne'er mind 'em;
 Whilst with your choice fellows, you drink the clock round,
 If any such thing as good hours can be found,
 Or good company, sure you must find 'em.

TRIPLET,

ING THE NAME OF "GEORGE REX" GAZETTED AMONGST THE
 BANKRUPTS.

With daily bankruptcies poor John Bull's fretted,
 Beyond redemption is the state indebted,
 And to crown all, behold *George Rex* gazetted.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

ADDRESSED TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.

From deadliest poisons and the rankest weeds
The learned chemist by his skill succeeds
To extract life-invigorating balm,
The anguish of the suffering wretch to calm ;
So may the man of philosophic mind
In Charlotte's fate a useful lesson find ;
And as he deeply mourns the sad event
Which freedom's sons unfeignedly lament,
Let him awhile suppress the starting tear,
To point this moral for the poor man's ear:—

“ Ye who, with patient and unceasing toil,
Still ply the loom, or cultivate the soil ;
Ye unambitious tenants of the cot,
Taught by her fate, repine not at your lot ;
But ere ye murmur at your humbler state,
Think—to be happy, is not to be great ;
No privileg'd rank claims Heaven's peculiar care,
And earthly dignity 's an empty snare ;
That pomp, and luxury, and wealth, and power,
Embitter death's inevitable hour.
Then while your vigour and your health are spar'd,
Grateful for life, still be for death prepar'd ;
With cheerfulness await that last event,
Which has no terrors to a life well spent.”

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, FROM WHOM THE WRITER HAD BORROWED A RING, FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING AN EXPERIMENT.

Fair lady, in pastime last night,
When a ring from your finger I drew,
You claim'd it again as your right,
And, though loth, I restor'd it to you.

But would you accept one from me,
I'd not ask it again while I live ;
No loan, but a free gift 'twould be,
And my heart, too, as freely I'd give.

REIGNING TASTE FOR THE HORRIBLE AND
TERRIFIC.

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news."

Shakspeare.

"The taste for murders in this country is so extravagantly eager, that murderers will come to be held in the light of public benefactors. An occasional bloody deed puts the reading world on the "*qui vive*," and keeps the intellectual water from growing stagnant."—*Spectator*.

"Corder's trial is now printing in sixpenny numbers, with myriads of wood-cuts! Of the first number 30,000 copies have been sold! There are to be 24 numbers—twelve shillings for this ruffian!"—*London Papers*.

If national tastes and predilections are a fair criterion by which to estimate the moral and intellectual character of a people, our countrymen must be a horde of barbarians. The eagerness with which they congregate to witness an execution, and the intense interest with which they luxuriate on the horrible narratives served up to them in such profusion, by a pandering press, need only be adduced in proof that the reproach is but too well merited.

We are aware that our conclusion will be denied by many of those who, while they voluntarily witness the pangs of a dying wretch at the gallows, are loth to believe themselves deficient either in delicacy or humanity.

We think it was related by Sterne that his servant returned home in tears, because a man, who was on the point of being hanged, and whose execution she expected to witness, was reprieved; the vindication set up for her apparent inhumanity was, that she did not weep because the man was reprieved, but because she had been deprived of seeing the spectacle she had anticipated. Such an explanation is any thing but satisfactory to us; for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to convince us that any per-

son who voluntarily witnesses an execution can be possessed of that sensibility which constitutes the principal distinction between rational man, and what are termed irrational brutes.

Those caterers for the press, who have whimsically been termed penny-a-line reporters and dreadful-accident-makers, have reaped a fine harvest out of the fatal Red Barn, in which Corder, according to the charges in the indictment, murdered Maria Marten, with a pistol, a gun, a sword, and a handkerchief, each of which perpetrated death.

It appears that the public curiosity has been excited to such a pitch by the newspapers, that every remnant of Corder's wearing apparel has been disposed of as relics. The fatal rope which terminated his mortal career, has been retailed at so much an inch; and the public, unsatiated with the spectacle of his execution, thronged to see his dead body apparently resuscitated by the galvanic process. Although we have been put in possession of almost every particular concerning this interesting public character, from his birth to his death, there is one thing which appears to have been unaccountably omitted. We have not been told whether Corder wore his own hair or a wig. The reader may ask why we attach any consequence to so immaterial a circumstance? to which we reply, that if he wore his own hair, we are not a little surprised that it did not occur to Jack Ketch to turn the locks of the murderer to good account, by having them formed into finger rings, as Cobbett proposed to deal with the hair of Thomas Paine, who died bald.

The gullibility of our countrymen reminds us of a whimsical circumstance that happened soon after Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab George III. A fellow, taking advantage of the deep interest with which every thing connected with "Mad Peg" was regarded, put over his door the

following irresistible temptation to the Cockneys :—" Here you may see the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab his gracious Majesty. God bless him ! Admission, twopence."—Another fellow, who lived opposite, finding the knife so attractive, that the doors of the exhibitor were literally besieged, and that hundreds could not gain admission at all, hit upon an admirable expedient to profit by the popular mania, and to gratify it also on very economical terms. He, accordingly, put forth a rival inscription to this purport :—" Here may be seen the fork that belonged to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted the life of his gracious Majesty. Admission, only one penny." And thus, those who could not get a peep at the knife, or could not afford twopence, were gratified by a sight of the fork.

Whether a man be conspicuously great by having rendered eminent services to his country, or by having flagrantly outraged the laws of God and man, he becomes equally an object of public interest, and the portrait of the hero or patriot, and that of the murderer, alike share the public patronage. All the artists in wood and copper are set in requisition to administer to the public taste, and those of the humbler classes connected with the press, who cannot afford to purchase an original likeness, not unfrequently contrive to make the head of one man pass for that of another, and, by this means, turn some worn-out block to profitable account. A whimsical instance of this species of metamorphosis happened some years ago in this town. When John Lomas rendered himself a very notorious, and, of course, a very interesting personage, by the murder of his master, a gentleman, connected with the press, published a wood-cut of the murderer, together with a sketch of his birth, parentage, life and death, and confession. As it is necessary, in such cases, to "strike while the iron is

hot," or, as the Irishman said, when skating in a snow-storm, to "make hay while the sun shines," the publisher having no means of ascertaining, on the spur of the moment, what manner of man Lomas might be, very ingeniously introduced an old wood block, representing a great military captain, which had served to illustrate a history of his life and achievements. The Duke of Wellington, with a few touches of the graver, passed off very well for John Lomas, and it is said that the murderer's head was much more in request than that of the hero !

While we are on the subject, we cannot refrain from alluding to another instance of this species of graphic resuscitation, in which a Scripture piece was most ingeniously converted into a patriotic and historical portrait. A certain publisher of tracts had embellished some of his works with a picture of Abraham offering up Isaac, in which the father was represented using a sword, for the purpose of effecting the sacrifice. The piece, for some reason, did not take, and the wood-block was thrown aside as lumber. About this time, however, the immortal Kosciusko became popular throughout Europe ; and it was resolved to have a portrait of the patriot hero, represented in the act of swearing to maintain the Polish Constitution. The publisher bethought him of the picture of Abraham and Isaac, which, by a little graphic ingenuity, was made to answer the purpose. Isaac was altogether obliterated. Abraham's beard was trimmed down, and the sword, transferred from the hand of the patriarch to that of the modern patriot, appeared quite in character, as it required very little stretch of the imagination to suppose him invoking Heaven, and in the act of raising his sword, which he vowed never to sheath until he had achieved his country's liberation.

In like manner we have lately seen in more journals than one an old friend with a new face, or in other words, we

have met with the portrait of a man long since hanged, but now passed off as an exact likeness of Corder.

One word more, by way of hint, before we take our leave of the caterers for murders, and dreadful catastrophies. In our opinion, the style in which these interesting and appalling narratives are generally related is not sufficiently elevated for subjects of so dignified a nature; and the model we would propose for imitation may be found in the chaste and sublime description of Pyramus, stabbing himself over the bloody garments of his Thisbe, as given by prologue in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Whereat with blade, with bloody, blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast."

THE SAILOR AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A highwayman once stopp'd a bold Irish tar,
Those pockets were lin'd with the spoils of the war,
And bade him surrender;—but Pat had no notion
Land pirates should grab what he'd earn'd on the ocean,
And as of the whiskey he'd made rather free,
His shillalegh he flourished, prepar'd for a spree;
When the ruffian a horse-pistol clapp'd to his head,
And swore he would blow out his brains,—when Pat said,
"Oh! bad luck to you then, you may blow away, honey,
I'd as soon any time be without brains as the money."

LOGIC.

ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF PEERS IN CONSEQUENCE OF THEIR
OPPOSITION TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION IN 1825.

"Experience makes fools wise," they say,
And 'tis the best of schools;
But it has fail'd to make you wise,
Ergo—you are not fools.

"THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM."

Sung at a public dinner in the Liverpool Tennis-court, many years ago, on the Anniversary of Mr. Pitt's birth-day. The admirers of that Statesman having chosen to celebrate that event, the Reformers assembled on the same day to celebrate the early principles of the apostate son of Chatham

TUNE.—Charley over the Water.

It has often been said, "speak no ill of the dead,"
 But truth is not surely a libel,
 And my narrative's back'd with plain matter of fact,
 As I'll swear any day on the Bible ;
 Pitt's friends us inform, that he "weather'd the storm,"
 'Tis sure a political riddle,
 As well we might say, that the man won the day,
 Who the battle left off in the middle.

CHORUS.

Then fill up each glass, let this sentiment pass,
 Success to the friends of Reform, Sir,
 To the King, and the Laws, and the People's good cause,
 And may Britain still weather the storm, Sir.

When Pitt took command, and to the helm clapt his hand,
 Few finer ships e'er swam the seas, Sir,
 Though the weather was rough, the old vessel was tough,
 And well steer'd might have weather'd the breeze, Sir,
 He promis'd the folks, but 'twas only a hoax,
 He would steer for the land of Reform, Sir,
 For oft would he say, there was no other way,
 To help us to weather the storm, Sir.

CHORUS.

He steer'd at first, well, tho' 'twas but a short spell,
 With Freedom's bright star for his guide, Sir,
 A worthy descendant of England's defendant,
 Old Chatham, of patriots the pride, Sir ;
 But he had not long steer'd, e'er the old track he veer'd,
 And our vessel became rather crank, Sir,
 Corruption's vile blast had so rotted our mast,
 That we struck on the National Bank, Sir.

CHORUS.

Since the course he thus changed, and himself thus estranged
 From the people he once swore to stand by,
 Our ship has been toss'd, Sir, from pillar to post, Sir,
 With ne'er a safe harbour to land by

Spite of famine and storm, Pitt ne'er made for Reform,
 Though the vessel lay on her beam ends, Sir,
 Though the waves ran quite o'er us, and Reform lay before,
 The thought makes my hair stand on end, Sir.

CHORUS.

Whilst thus we were toss'd, a fine vessel we cross'd,
 In distress, with the Gallic flag flying,
 From Tyranny Cape she had made her escape,
 And for Liberty Port was hard plying ;
 The sailors on board, our assistance implor'd,
 But our pilot reply'd with a frown, Sir,
 " Let her come along side, then pour in a broadside,
 She's a Frenchman, and should be run down, Sir."

CHORUS.

But this pitiful deed, quite fail'd to succeed,
 And our pilot committed a bull, Sir,
 For nimble Monsieur soon contriv'd to get clear,
 And we bulg'd in our own vessel's hull, Sir ;
 The strong box in the hold, that contain'd all our gold,
 By the shock was so tumbled about, Sir,
 And the hole in her side being d—nably wide,
 Some millions of guineas fell out, Sir.

CHORUS.

By the tempest drove on, chart and compass both gone,
 Our vessel was almost a wreck, Sir,
 When an Austerlitz gale, tore away our main sail,
 And the pilot swept clear off the deck, Sir ;—
 Then some clerks of the pilot aspir'd to the high lot,
 Of carrying the ship thro' the storm, Sir,
 But the people all swore, they should never reach shore,
 If they didn't make straight for Reform, Sir.

CHORUS.

Now the old Commodore, had for some time before,
 Been by sickness confined to his cot, Sir,
 So he never yet knew that himself and his crew,
 And the ship had well nigh gone to pot, Sir ;
 Till some messmates so bold, like our patriots of old,
 Who hop'd that their Commodore lov'd them,
 Sent up a petition, to state their condition,
 But the gang from the cabin door shov'd them.

CHORUS.

Then our crew roundly swore, and set up such a roar,
 That our Commodore couldn't but hear it ;
 So he pip'd up all hands, and he laid his commands,—
 We should speak boldly out, and ne'er fear it ;

Then our spokesman across, long the dread of his foes,
 Brave Cochrane, as honest as bold, Sir,
 "Please your Honour, (says he,) the case is, d'ye see,
 There's the devil to play in the hold, Sir.

CHORUS.

"For the Purser and Proctors, Contractors, Quack Doctors,
 Have plunder'd and physic'd the crew, Sir;
 And the vermin and rats, for the want of good cats,
 Have gnaw'd our main timbers near thro', Sir;
 But what is the worst, please your Honour, none durst
 Complain of our sufferings and hardships;
 But Burdett and a few, the delight of our crew,
 And the scamps have sent them to the *guardships*.

CHORUS.

"Please your Honour, we grumbled, and thought to have tumbled
 The pitiful lubbers o'erboard, Sir,
 But, says I, never fear, if we once gain his ear,
 His Honour redress will afford, Sir,
 For though our old hull is of worm holes too full,
 Our crews are still sound hearts of oak, Sir,
 And no foreign foe shall e'er take her in tow,
 For Britons wont stand such a joke, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then our good Commodore, in an honest wrath swore,
 That his officers much had bely'd us;
 They'd e'en been persuading, he'd call foreign aid in,
 And flog us before they had try'd us!
 But says he, I love dearly my crew, and see clearly,
 No safe shore we ever shall land on;
 Such pilots must fail, who're alarm'd at a *Gale*,
 They haven't a leg for to stand on!

CHORUS.

May our old Commodore, and his ship reach the shore,
 And moor snug in the dock of Reform, Sir,
 And we so love the ship, we wont cut a chip
 More than needful to weather the storm, Sir.
 Then let each fill his glass, and this sentiment pass—
 Success to the friends of Reform, Sir,
 To the King, and the Laws, and the People's good cause,
 And may Britain still weather the storm, Sir.

* Gale Jones, the popular orator.

SCHOOL FOR ORATORS, OR A PEEP AT THE
FORUM—A FARCE,

As never

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE WITH UNBOUNDED
APPLAUSE.

(Continued from page 397.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCHEMER, Proprietor and general President of the Forum.

FICKLE, an old acquaintance of Schemer.

CHECK, the Door-keeper.

Mr. BOTHER'EM, }
Mr. SIMPER, } Orators.
Mr. O'BORE'EM, }

Mr. SNEAK, Deputy President for the Evening.

PADDY O'PUMMEL, }
TERENCE O'TERRIBLE, } Two Irish labourers hired to applaud.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An Antichamber leading into the Debating-room.—Schemer dressed for the evening, seated on a Sofa, with the tea things before him.

[Rings the bell, Enter SERVANT.]

Schemer. Tell Mr. Check I wish to speak with him.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter CHECK.

Schemer. Well, Check, is the room ready for the company?

Check. Every thing in order, Sir.

Schemer. I think we may light up *all the sconces* this evening, as I expect the audience will be numerous and brilliant; the question cannot fail to *draw*, if I know any thing of their *humour* and *taste*; and, Check, have you hired the two fellows, and provided them sticks?

Check. They are within, Sir, and a precious pair they are for the purpose; they are two sturdy fellows, however, and may, in another light, be very useful appendages to the Forum.

Schemer. What do you mean?

Check. Why, you know, Sir, that in spite of all my care at the door, improper persons have sometimes gained admission; don't you remember a drunken fellow, who, one evening, advised you to take the chair in future with your *nose ready soaped*, as he should certainly pull it the next time you called him to order.

Schemer. I do, the puppy! what of him?

Check. Consider, Sir, in the case of such an affront being again put upon the chair, what a security a body guard like this would be to you.

Schemer. Well thought of, indeed, Check; and, in case of emergency, I can get them sworn in as special constables; but do you think they know what they have to do?

Check. That is more than I dare answer for; they are the two strangest fellows I ever met with; there is no getting a direct answer from them to any question; but that no blame may attach to me, I will send them up to take your own instructions.

Schemer. I will ring for them when I want them; but hark ye, Check, there is one caution I wish you particularly to observe; people have taken into their heads that I am *making a fortune* here; and I have absolutely had notice from those *prying ferrets*, the Income Tax Commissioners, to explain why I have returned my income below the rateable amount; so that it would be as well that the receipts at the door should, in future, be a *profound secret* between ourselves; you understand me?

Check. Perfectly; don't fear my blabbing; no one shall know the amount, if I can help it,—(*Aside.*)—not even yourself.

Schemer. That's perfectly right; but it is time you should be at your post. *[Exit Check.*

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, a gentleman below wishes to speak with you.

Schemer. Show him up, and send the tea.—(*Exit Servant.*)
—Some new aspiring young orator, I suppose; well, every novelty of this kind is so much stock in trade to me—

Enter FICKLE.

Schemer. My dear Fickle, who dreamt of seeing you at this moment,—what has brought you to town?

Fickle. Faith, I am heartily glad to see you, my old friend; 'tis a long time since I heard any thing of you, and it might have been much longer, if I had not accidentally seen your name at the bottom of an advertisement in the newspaper of this day, as President of a *Debating Society*. Who could have thought of finding you after so many changes, seated at last in the President's chair; let me see, how many characters have I known you in since you quitted that of itinerant preacher?

Schemer. Come, come, Fickle, don't you be too hard upon me; you have been a little whimsical yourself; and I have always thought the lines of the poet peculiarly applicable to you:—

“He's every thing by fits, and nothing long;
But in the space of one revolving moon,
Is lawyer, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,”

But I trust you are at length fixed.

Fickle. Ay, marry, where thousands have been *fixed* before, in the *law*; but allow me to ask, how you succeed in your new calling?—I hope you give the lie to the old proverb, “that the rolling stone gathers no moss.”

Schemer. I will tell you all, but be seated; I always take tea previous to my taking the chair; it clears the head, and

it requires a very *clear head*, I assure you, to follow some of my speakers.

Fickle. I don't at all doubt it, and will willingly join you in the poet's beverage, as I mean to stay and hear your debate; and even have a notion I shall show off amongst you myself some evening, after I am once settled.

[*Sit down to the tea table together.*]

Schemer. I shall be much obliged to you to give us a lift some night: how long have you been an orator?

Fickle. Ever since I thought of settling to the law. I need not tell you that one of the first requisites for shining at the *bar* is a *modest assurance*; and that the best school where a man may learn to *puzzle* a jury of men, of mere *plain common sense*, is a debating club: with a view, therefore, to overcome any squeamish diffidence, (which would prove an insuperable bar to promotion,) I have made a point of speaking at these places, and am so far advanced, that I can now *pun* in public without the least *embarrassment*, which, you will allow, is a great point gained; for though that surly old cynic, Johnson, goes too far, perhaps, when he says that "the man who will pun, will pick a pocket," yet, I think, you will agree with me, that a man who dare risk a bad pun in a large company, will not easily stick at any thing; so, my old friend, if I should show off amongst you, on any future evening, you must not expect me to stick very closely to the question; for if, in pursuit of the argument, some unlucky pun should present itself, I cannot, for the life of me, avoid turning out of my way to follow the new scent, though, in the pursuit, I may entirely lose sight of the subject.

Schemer. You must be pretty far out of the way before I call you to order; I am not so unreasonable as to expect any one should sacrifice a pun to the argument; and, as to your *sticking very closely to the question*, that, to be sure,

would be a novelty, but it is never expected: you will do me the most *essential service* by setting the audience a *laughing*—whether *at you*, or *with you*, is perfectly immaterial to me; one of your merry humour is worth a dozen dull reasoning proser.

Fickle. But, Schemer, how does this spouting answer for you? you can hardly expect this *mania* will last; we find, even on the regular stage, performers of acknowledged merit outlive the public favour; and, excuse me, from what I have heard of your speakers, I cannot hope they will be more fortunate; have you no other resource; no other speculative launch on the stocks?

Schemer. I am happy to say I have; for, to speak the truth, I have often wondered this has told so long, but gratitude compels me to stick to the public so long as they stick to me; however, as a nest egg, I have been writing my own life, and, as (thanks to my popularity as chairman) my subscription list is considerable, I shall be tolerably off in the world when my book's out.

Fickle. Ay! I understand, when your life's out, your cares will end; or, like many other great men, you'll only begin to live when you're dead: for my part, my motto is "*Dum vivimus vivémus*;" and a fig for posthumous fame. But, Schemer, this must be a rare trade whilst it lasts; no stock required, but a little confidence; no bad debts, but a few suspicious shillings; no credit, except, indeed, the credit of being at the head of so learned a society.

Schemer. Indeed, my friend, you over-rate the matter; there are more drawbacks than you are aware of; for though, thanks to my choice of popular questions, we have had pretty full rooms, yet, I assure you, that more than once, after paying my speakers' salaries, I have not actually had enough left to pay for my supper.

one sonnet or on
you might always
no other remunera-
tion, which, you
dinary mental exer-

Schemer. I found
the spouting volun-
they took it into the
of it, they began to
than applause, and
me; in vain I remem-
ber bringing forward
would never else have
to Columbus and his
could now set the egg
did not come in to the
up in opposition to it

Fickle. Oh! the G
crisis?

Schemer. I entered
public seemed to relish
what then?

ied to their *feelings*, by advertising that the profits of *Literary Society* should be appropriated to the *Public charities*.

Wickie. I confess I do not see how giving away their *profits* could increase their *emoluments*.

Chemmer. Nothing plainer! 'twas only giving away a few *pounds* at the onset, and making a grand display of it in public papers, under the head of donation from the *Literary Society*, by the hands of their president, *Mr. Fetch*.

Wickie. But, surely, this first donation did not satisfy the *public*.

Chemmer. Not exactly so, but it gave them a pretext for *raising* up their *plausible title*, and obtained them a *reputation*, and as for any thing further, you know, that "what every body's business is nobody's"—who was to *check* receipts and disbursements? But though this artifice *succeeded* too well, yet it subjected them to many a *dry rub*; for instance, one evening a young wag observed, that notwithstanding lately seen in the newspapers any donations from *learned society*, he must conclude there was a considerable sum in hand for the purpose, and he rose to point to a public charity, which, in his opinion, had a most *peculiar claim* upon the generous sympathy of the *speakers* he had just heard; he meant the *Lunatic Asylum*. I am *assured*, also, that the overseers of the parish have frequently waited upon them, after a full meeting, to solicit contribution to some particular charity, according to *their own* professions in their bills.

Wickie. That would not so easily be got over?

Chemmer. The easiest thing imaginable; they told them, though the profits of their society were certainly *devoted* to the *charities*, they were not confined to the public *charities* which were already amply provided for; *private charities* had also a claim upon them, and the good they

did in that way was *unknown* ! They produced a profit and loss account, by which, it appeared, that after paying their salaries, their printers' and chandlers' bills ; their door-keepers, candle-snuffers, and the *loan of second-hand coats and clean shirts* for the *orators*, there was a pretty large hole made in their profits ; and when, in addition to this, were taken into account the *suppers, ale, porter, and tobacco*, for the speakers, and any of their friends who had a notion of making their *début*, it was absolutely unreasonable to expect they could do more ; indeed, to do them justice, they kept their promise to the public, in sharing the profits amongst *themselves*, for it may be said that there never were, in every sense, a more *miserable* set of *speakers* ; and charity, you know, begins at home.

Fickle. But pray, Schemer, how many are *you* obliged to retain in *your pay list* ?

Schemer. Three or four. Mr. Bother'em stands foremost in the ranks ; his excellence lies in his uncommon *long wind* ; he is bound by agreement to open or close *any question* which may be proposed.

Fickle. What ! whether he knows *any thing* on the subject or no ?

Schemer. That makes no sort of difference ; nothing comes amiss to him ; when once wound up, he'll go like an eight-day clock, and his speeches are of so *accommodating* a nature, that they answer nearly as well for one subject as another : I pay him seven shillings, the highest salary, but he is *indispensable*, as he serves like the church organ or the overture and finale in our concerts, to play the audience into and out of the room. Then, there is Mr. Fill-up, whose office is to rise and say *something* whenever there is a *pause* of five minutes, for which purpose I am under the necessity of furnishing him with a *watch* for the night ; his salary, five shillings, is rather high, but his

office is also important, as nothing detracts so much from the *life* of a debate as your *dead pauses*. We have also Mr. O'Bore'em; there never was an orator upon whose merits the public mind was more divided; one part of the audience, particularly the female, seem delighted with him; and I frequently hear them whisper, with a sigh, when he rises, "*charming man! delightful fellow!*"—whilst the others have taken it into their heads to hiss and shuffle him down, which, by the bye, is no easy task; and seldom an evening passes without his challenging all the men in the room, and flattering all the women; however, he is very useful, as he brings the ladies, and produces a commotion, which passes on the *time* for half an hour. This gentleman is too high spirited to accept a salary, but he costs me more than any two in whiskey and cigars, as he displays full as much energy at *supper* as in the *Forum*: these, with a pretty girl, Miss Lucy Lispit, from a circulating library in town, generally occupy the evening; I *write her speeches down for her*, and as for *reply*, there's no occasion for that, as no gentleman is so rude as to contradict the lady; she is highly serviceable, as she furnishes the gentleman with opportunities of saying gallant things, which take wonderfully. I had also another female speaker, but she generally rose in such an *amiable confusion*, that she was unable to do any more than *blush* and *sit down* again; I was under the necessity of declining her further assistance, in consequence of a most whimsical and embarrassing situation in which she placed me one evening. The question was something about husbands, and I had written her out a speech, which was to be replied to by Miss Lispit in *another speech*, full of *point*, and which would have *taken admirably*; however, the first lady could not utter *one word*, but *sat down blushing* as usual; upon which, Miss Lispit having a better *memory* than *judgment*, actually delivered the *reply* to what the first lady *should*

have said: however, it was well received, and I am sorry you will not hear her this evening.

Fickle. So am I; how happens it?

Schemer. Why, to tell you the truth, though I do not wish it to go any further, she has taken a little *sentimental excursion with an orator of congenial soul*; a young gentleman, who spoke with so much feeling and animation on the subject, "*Whether man or woman was the most useful member of society?*" that there was no resisting it; but when they have settled *this point*, they will return, I hope, as the absence of the lady is a *serious loss* to me. The evening after the affair, knowing that she could not be present at our debate, I provided a little boy, *six years old*, wrote a speech for him, which, after having *several rehearsals*, he delivered from one of the forms. Here, I confess, I was for *once out* in my calculation of the taste of my audience as it did not *take at all*; but that it should have *failed*, it is still unaccountable to me.

Fickle. The fact is, you were too late; the rage for *Rosci* has gone by. For my own part, I should have calculated like you, that the little orator would have produced a great effect; however, it is not the first time the public have strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. But pray proceed with your speakers; I long to be introduced to them.

Schemer. Those I have described form the greater part of the regular company; but we have many amateurs who occasionally diversify the scene. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Simper, always prefaces his speech with a modest avowal that he has *nothing to say*; and as he can't find words *even for that*, he begs leave to conclude with a few lines from a favourite author. But it would be endless to enumerate all the varieties which spring up in our *forensic hot-bed*: some have a *little argument* but no *language*; others

have *language* but *no argument*; some have neither the *one* nor *the other*; whilst some have nothing but *noise* to recommend them; but these have also their admirers. But you will shortly have an opportunity of making your own comments, (*taking out his watch,*) as we begin in a quarter of an hour.

Enter CHECK.

Check. Sir, the two labourers are ready—shall I send them in?

Schemer. Yes; have you provided them with the coats I laid out for them?

Check. Yes, Sir; and strange figures they cut. I am afraid that, notwithstanding their powdered heads and your cast-off coats, the audience will not mistake them for gentlemen.

Schemer. Well, if the barber and tailor cannot make gentlemen of them, it is not my fault. Send them up.

[*Exit Check.*

Fickle. What may these fellows be for?

Schemer. They are to be my *arbitri elegantiarum*, to lead the chorus of applause. This is a new experiment I am about to try; sometimes, you must know, it unaccountably happens, that, notwithstanding the talents of my speakers, they do not meet with the applause they deserve; and when any of them sits down under such circumstances, it deters others from getting up, and throws a damp upon the evening's discussion. I have, therefore, resolved, that in future no one shall speak at my forum without applause; with which view, I have hired two fellows to applaud whenever I give them the signal; and I generally find, that when one begins to clap, the rest follow.—But here they come.

Enter PADDY O'PUMMEL and TERENCE O'TERRIBLE, with grim unshaved faces, powdered heads, decent coats, but

neckcloths, shirts, waistcoats, &c. very grim ;—SCHEMER, and FICKLE laughing heartily as they enter.

Paddy. Plaze your Honour, did you want us?

Schemer. Yes, my honest fellows; come this way.

Paddy. "My honest fellows!"—Come, Terence, that's *gentele* and civil; it is not every body would call us "my honest fellows."

Schemer. (*Aside.*) Probably not, if they knew you. (*Aloud.*) But what is your profession?

Paddy. Faith, we don't *profess a dale*; we are only two journeymen bricklayers, at your Honour's *sarvice*,—what they call in this country two *hod-men*.

Fickle. They'd be called so in any other country, I'll be sworn; for they are the two *oddest** fellows I ever beheld.

Schemer. But do you know what you are hired for?

Paddy. Faith, little enough! we had a *tight* bargain with that crab-faced gentleman. I think they call him Mr. Check,—the *divil* check him; he won't let any honest man live but himself, and he's a *grate* rogue.

Schemer. Nay, nay, you must not speak so ill of my cashkeeper.

Paddy. Faith, and you may well call him your cash-keeper; for the *divil* a copper will he part with, if he can help it; he would not give us more than a *thirteener*, though sitting in your forum two hours of a night *deserves* twice as much any day.

Schemer. Well, we shall not disagree about your pay, if you do your duty properly; but I meant to ask you if you know your business?

Paddy. Our business? to be sure; we'll mount a ladder with e'er a mortar manufacturer of them all.

* It must be remembered that this strange pun occurs in Lancashire, where it does very well.

Schemer. I don't at all doubt your genius for the mortar manufactory, nor for mounting a ladder; but do you know for what purpose I sent for you here? or shall I give you your parts in writing?

Paddy. Och! sure, Terence and I have parts enough for this job; and writing it down would only *bother* us, as we never *larned* to read; but (*brandishing their sticks*) we can handle our shillaleghs as *nately* as the *gratest ganius* amongst them.

Schemer. I see you are well prepared in this respect; but do you know when to use them?

Paddy. Is not it when any person says a good thing, if such a chance ever happens at your forum?

Schemer. But are you sure you know when you hear a good thing?

Paddy. Och! *lave* an Irishman alone for the *taking* a good joke, or the *making* of one either.

Schemer. But I must request, Gentlemen, you will not use your own discretion in this business; keep your eyes fixed on me, and if you see me nod or wink, or clap my hands, be sure you fall to with your sticks; and if any body hisses or shuffles, drown his noise with yours.

Paddy. Never fear an Irishman's taking a wink; and let who will shuffle, by the powers it's Terence and I'll cut.

Schemer. What then, you know your cue?

Paddy. *Boderation!* did not I tell you we never *larned* to read; how should we be up to your P's and Q's?—But make yourself *hazy*, and we are as sure to give you satisfaction, as we are to drink your Honour's health with *to'der* shilling you *mane* to give us to *the bargain*, after the speechifying is over. [*Exeunt.*

Schemer. (*Looking at his watch.*) 'Tis within a few minutes of the time; they will be impatient.

Fickle. I'll attend you in a moment; but give me leave

to express my surprise at the nature of your questions; they seem to me rather frivolous.

Schemer. So I confess they are, but no other kind will go down. I have tried all sorts; and, indeed, serious and *really important* questions neither suit my audience, nor *entre nous*, the *capacities of my speakers*. It is not a mere *speculative opinion* on my part; I have actually reduced the taste of my audience to an *exact standard*, by *calculation*, and can decide the *merits of any question* by consulting my *chandler's bill*.

Fickle. Now, I confess, I am completely out.

Schemer. Nothing, however, is more easy; for when we have a *grave* subject for discussion, the audience soon grow weary, and I am frequently under the necessity of calling the question at nine; whilst, on other evenings, when the subject is *relished*, I am often obliged to prolong the debate till half past ten, making a difference of an hour and a half in the *consumption of candles*. Now I have kept an account of the sum each question has cost me in candles, which precisely ascertains the degree of public estimation attached to it.*

Fickle. This is truly a whimsical discovery, and is a new and easy mode of *weighing* the merits of a question.

Schemer. I will show you the lists, with my remarks attached to them; and you will then generally find the *intrinsic merit* of a question, exactly in the *inverse ratio of its popularity*. At present, I have only time to tell you that the question, "Whether Great Britain could exist as a great nation, independent of foreign commerce?" consumed me in *candles a crown*, and *lost me a pound*; whilst the question, "Whether man or woman was the most useful member of society?" *burnt me twenty shillings*, and produced me *twenty pounds*. There must be something about the

* If Mr. Ryley was asked the question, he would confirm this statement.

es, love, courtship, marriage, jealousy, ghosts, or murder !
 It will never answer ; so, my dear fellow, if I decline
 going forward the kind of subjects you complain of, I
 must decline eating at the same time. (*Here the audience
 and the curtain show their impatience, by beating with
 fists, &c.*) But the audience is impatient, I must take the
 air. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOROUGHMONGER'S ORATORY; OR, "THE DUMB ELOQUENCE OF VOTES."

I beg your Lordships' pardon, but all my observations vanish whenever I rise to
 address you. I will not trouble you any longer. On another occasion I may be better
 able to collect my scattered ideas."—*Duke of Newcastle's Speech.*

When this great Borough Lord rose to speak t'other day,
 He mumbld and fumbld, nor knew what to say,
 As his Lordship can never an audience address,
 But his "scatter'd ideas" leave him in a mess ;
 Yet this dull prosing stickler for old orthodoxy,
 Who can't speak himself, can speak well by proxy.
 For however he stammers, and drivels, and doats,
 His Lordship possesses his dozen of votes ;
 Who, obsequious, the will of their master obey ;
 At his bidding, yawn "Yes !" at his beck, hiccup "Nay !"
 O shame to the country !—disgrace to the age !
 That the votes of the good, patriotic, and sage,
 Should thus be controll'd, and divested of use,
 By a *thing* that can hardly say "Bo ! to a goose."

A STANDING TOAST.

*Addressed to the President of a certain Club, who told the writer that Cobbett's
 Health was always a Standing Toast with him.*

Cobbett, you say, 's your standing toast,
 Your pride, your glory, and your boast,
 But it is strange, there's no denying,
 Your standing toast is always *lying* !

A GRAND DINNER AND A ROW.

[WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1831.]

At a dinner given to Lord Sandon, at the Amphitheatre, a short time since, after his Lordship and the lady-spectators had retired, there was a grand row, the origin of which is not precisely known, probably even to the combatants themselves.

ADDRESSED TO THE MANAGING COMMITTEE.

What!—a guinea a head for a Tory-Whig dinner?
 By Jove! a grand swindle, as I am a sinner;
 The wine and the turtle were good, and the salmon,
 But as for the speaking—pshaw! that was all “gammon.”
 And, save what was serv'd up by Radley and Lynn,
 The whole entertainment was not worth one pin.
 The calves' heads I dined on, when living, I swear,
 Could have spoken much better than certain folk there.
 My Lord hum'd and ha-a-'d in his usual fashion,
 For be owns he can't speak when he's not in a passion.
 And could he be angry, as friends cry'd “Hear, hear him!”
 And the ladies united their voices to cheer him!
 The only amusement, save feasting, I vow,
 Was just tow'rds the end, when they kick'd up a row;
 And having of port and champagne got their fill,
 They upset the tables, and had a grand “mill;”
 And what with the smashing of bottles and glasses,
 The hubbub that follow'd description surpasses!
 Though often I'd seen “Tom and Jerry” before
 Perform'd on that stage, this beat all for uproar.
 So the next time you meet, pray adopt my advice,
 Let the folk in to see the grand *farce* for *Half-price*.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.

ON HEARING ONE GENTLEMAN SAY OF ANOTHER—“IL N'A PAS DE TÊTE.”

“However you may sneer,” says Ned,
 “My friend's no fool—he *has* a head.”
 “True,” says the other with a grin,
 “He has a head—so has a pin.”

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 435.)

A Monkey then presented himself to the assemblage, and thus addressed them :—

“ I was trepanned, by the treachery of man, from my native forests, early in life, like my friend, Bruin, and transported from my beloved Africa, in a slave ship, belonging to a port in England, called Liverpool. As you, my friends, may not understand what I mean by a slave ship, I ought to inform you, that man’s tyranny is not confined to what he considers the lower animals: my experience has proved that, when unrestrained by law, he will, without scruple, seize upon his fellow-man, and keep him in perpetual bondage, because he happens to differ from him in the colour of his skin.* The sailor who had purchased me, for a bottle of rum, carried me on board the ship, which was bound to the West Indies, to sell a cargo of black men, women, and children, who were huddled

* Formerly white men, and Englishmen too, were regularly bought and sold, as negroes are to this day; and Bristol was a regular slave mart, as will be seen by the following extract:—

“ There is a town called Brunston (Bristol) opposite to Ireland, and extremely convenient for trading with that country. Wulfstan, a bishop of Worcester, who died A. D. 1095, induced them to drop a barbarous custom, which neither the love of God nor the King could prevail on them to lay aside. This was the mart for slaves, collected from all parts of England, and, particularly, young women, whom they took care to provide with a pregnancy, in order to enhance their value. It was a most moving sight to see, in the public markets, rows of young people, of both sexes, tied together with ropes, of great beauty and in the flower of their youth, daily prostituted, daily sold! Execrable fact! Wretched disgrace! Men, unmindful even of the affection of the brute creation, delivering into slavery their relations, and even their own offspring.”—*Anecdotes, Literary Fragments, &c.* vol. i. p. 361.”

together, below deck, in the most shocking manner, having scarcely room to sit upright. As I was on deck during the greater part of the voyage, I could not ascertain precisely what was going forward below ; but I used to wonder how it was possible to stow so many poor wretches in so small a space. I concluded, also, that it must be a most loathsome and unwholesome prison, from the vast number of dead bodies brought up every day to be thrown into the sea.

“ I shall not attempt to describe the scenes I witnessed when the vessel reached the island of Jamaica, where the negroes, as they are called, were sold to the planters. The separation of wives from their husbands, and parents from their offspring, reminded me of the dear relations and companions from whose society I had been cruelly and treacherously torn,* and I sympathized most sincerely with

* Many well authenticated anecdotes of the attachment which subsists between the monkey tribe are recorded ; the following is one of the most affecting we ever met with. It is copied from *Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 27 :—“ On a shooting party, under a Banian tree, one of my friends killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and in a menacing posture advanced towards it ; on presenting his fowling-piece they retreated, and appeared irresolute, but one, which from his age and station in the van seemed the head of the troop, stood his ground, chattering and menacing in a furious manner, nor could any efforts less cruel than firing drive him off ; he at length approached his tent door, and when finding his threatenings were of no avail, he began a lamentable moaning, and by every token of grief and supplication seemed to beg the body of the deceased ; on this it was given to him, and with tender sorrow he took it up in his arms, embraced it with conjugal affection, and carried it off with a sort of triumph to his expecting comrades. The artless behaviour of this poor animal wrought so powerfully on the sportsmen, that they resolved never more to level a gun at one of the monkey race.”

“ The servant of a medical gentleman, who was some time in India, caught a young monkey and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it ; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her progeny, that she never ceased uttering the most piteous tones, night or day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor at length, tired out with the incessant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to his mother, which he did, when the poor animal cheerfully retired, and sped

or heart-broken wretches, thus bereaved of every
 hey held dear on earth, and about to be consigned to
 for life, to enrich the tyrants who had stolen them.
 will not dwell upon the painful subject, but proceed
 part of my narrative that more immediately concerns

On our arrival at Liverpool, I was sold to an itinerant
 and, who travelled the country with a hand organ, by
 I was subjected to the most severe privations, in
 to initiate me into all the mysteries of the profession
 which I was destined. I was forced to ride on the back
 of a large dog, as men bestride the horse, and taught to
 hold a sword, after the fashion of the human ruffians
 who were hired and trained to cut each other's throats, on
 the slightest trivial provocation.* It is impossible to describe
 the degradation I felt to see myself accoutred after the

to the community to which it had belonged. Here, however, she
 could not be received; she and her progeny had lost caste, and
 the hunted deer, was beaten and rejected by the flock. A few days
 after my medical friend was greatly surprised to see the monkey return to
 me, bringing the young one along with it. It entered his tent of its
 accord, apparently very much exhausted, and having deposited its
 young one, it then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid itself
 down and died. On examining the carcass of the poor animal, it was found
 in a most emaciated state, starved, wounded, and scratched all over.
 There can be no doubt it had been dreadfully maltreated by its com-
 mand, finding no safety for itself or its offspring, returned the little
 to the hands of those who were the cause of its misfortunes."—*Voice
 of Nature*.

I could cite a thousand proofs that what is here asserted is but too
 true; one instance suffice:—

The King of Prussia, in one of his letters to Voltaire, published in the
 memoirs of himself, makes the following avowal:—"Add to the
 other considerations, I had troops entirely prepared to act. This, the
 wealth of my treasury, and vivacity of my character, were the reasons why
 I went to war upon Maria Theresa, Queen of Bohemia and Hungary."
 In, 'Ambition, interest, and a desire to make the world speak of
 me, quished all, and war was determined on.' The carnage made by
 for Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions."—
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

fashion of men, in jacket and trousers, with a Grenadier's cap on my head, and a pair of Wellington boots, *a la Militaire*. Accustomed as I had been, from my infancy, to the unrestricted use of my limbs, I was dreadfully annoyed by my new habiliments, in which I was paraded through the country, bestriding the poor dog, who was equally incommoded by the unnatural office he had to perform. The money which was gathered from the gaping fools who witnessed this grotesque spectacle, was generally squandered in the pot-house, by my master, and my fare, as well as that of my canine steed, was generally most scanty and precarious. At length, an elderly lady, who happened to witness my military manœuvres, took a great fancy to me, for, without vanity be it spoken, I was a monkey of prepossessing exterior, albeit I was disfigured by the tailor, who had habited me after the uncouth fashion of human bipeds. She was rich; and my master, taking advantage of her *penchant*, made her pay a handsome sum for the transfer of my person, besides stipulating that my uniform should remain in his possession, for the use of some other unfortunate monkey, who was to be my successor in the military line. My new proprietor had me carefully transferred to her coach, and carried to her home, where, after being well washed and combed, I was ushered into her drawing-room. I was delighted at first at having recovered the free use of my limbs, and especially at having got rid of the irksome and degrading habiliments with which I had lately been disfigured. Although my mistress doated upon me, tenderly fondled me, fed me from her own hand with the choicest dainties, and did every thing in her power to make me comfortable, strange as it may appear, I was as unhappy as if I had got out of the "frying pan into the fire." When I was in the train of the itinerant showman, the wandering life I led was

much more congenial to my nature than the splendid confinement to which I was now condemned; and as I was constantly in exercise, and in the open air, I enjoyed tolerable health, notwithstanding the meagre fare which fell to my lot. My fond mistress, in fact, "killed me with kindness;" for, although it is true that the tit bits which she served out to me, from her own plate, were, at first, vastly to my taste, they were quite unsuitable to the constitution of an animal, which, in a state of nature, subsists upon fruits and roots. I began to be afflicted with indigestion, nervous affections, and a variety of complaints to which the feeble and intemperate sons of Adam are subject. I had occasional fits of rheumatism, during which I was kept wrapped up in double flannels, and was not permitted to stir out, except when my mistress took me with her in the carriage, upon which occasions I was furnished with a muff and fur tippet, besides my ordinary wrappings of flannel. From being cheerful, and full of play, I became sullen and dejected; and my spleen was not a little aggravated by the impertinent observations of the visitors who frequented my mistress's house, and who, in order to gratify her whim, would often caress me, and exclaim, "Dear creature! how like a little man it is,"—a comparison which was indescribably offensive to my feelings. These vain and silly "Lords of the creation," it seems, flatter themselves that their species bears a great analogy to that of the monkey tribe, and some of their speculative philosophers have even gone to the length of asserting that the principal difference between us is the want of a tail. I think you will agree with me, that nothing but the inordinate vanity of man could have suggested so preposterous and improbable a supposition.

"I have little more to add, as my earthly career was drawing to a close. I became every day more feeble and emaciated; and, notwithstanding—perhaps, indeed, in con-

sequence of—the unwearied attention of a celebrated medical adviser, I fell a victim to the injudicious but well-meant kindness of my heart-broken mistress, who, probably, did not long survive my loss, as I have often heard her declare she loved me as dearly as ever mother doated upon her offspring.”

No sooner had the Monkey concluded his narrative, than the assemblage was addressed by a little Dog, of most whimsical figure, the extreme shortness of whose legs formed a grotesque contrast with the extraordinary length of his body. He spoke to the following effect:—

“ From the first dawn of recollection, until the close of my wretched life, I was a victim to the selfishness of the unfeeling and sensual tyrant, man. Our friend, the Bear, has told us how he was tutored to dance, by hot plates placed under his feet, and I was taught to turn the kitchen spit by a process pretty similar. A wheel, or cage, was attached to the roasting apparatus by a spindle, passed through the centre, and I was imprisoned in this cage, in which I had barely room to stand upright. In order to make me move, which was necessary to communicate the rotatory motion to the spit, the cook used to put live coals into the wheel, which obliged me to raise my feet alternately, after the fashion described by our friend, to whom I have just adverted.* Once or twice, when the cook was

* “ Geese, turkeys, cocks, &c. are taught to dance by the following cruel method:—The wings of the birds are bound close to their sides, and then they are placed upon the arena of a flagstone, or plate of iron, beneath which is a fire, and the sides of which are barricadoed sufficiently high to prevent escape. While one man plays a lively tune on the organ, or some other instrument, another blows the fire; and, as the heat increases, the poor creatures lift their feet quicker and quicker, until the vaults of their contortions and the rapidity of their motions may be supposed to represent a dance. This system is persevered in until the birds, when placed upon the common earth, will dance in a similar manner at the sound of the music.

absent for a few minutes from her post, I took the opportunity to rest my wearied limbs, the consequence of which was, that the meat got burnt, and I got soundly beaten. I soon discovered, therefore, that if I would avoid being scorched by the hot coals, or flagellated with the broom-stick, or kitchen poker, I must begin my work the moment I was consigned to my cage, and that I must continue in motion, without a moment's relaxation, until the meat was thoroughly roasted. I never shall forget how I used to be tantalized with the smell of the meat I was compelled to prepare for my master's table, whilst I was denied food or drink until the operation was concluded, in order to stimulate me to persevere without flagging. Nor was my day's task concluded when the dinner was served up. I was generally summoned in the evening to assist in preparing a hot supper, when I was so fatigued with the previous labour that I was hardly able to move a limb. I followed this hateful and monotonous kind of life for some years, until the cook, one day, did me the unintentional favour of scalding me to death with a pot of turtle soup. During my severe purgatory I have seen the same cook, who accidentally put me out of my misery, commit such acts of barbarity as would make you, my friends, shudder with horror to contemplate. I have known her throw live lobsters on the burning coals, and have heard them scream with agony; and I have seen her strip off the skin of living eels, with as much indifference as if it was the glove she was removing from her own hand.

Bears, dogs, monkeys, &c. are taught to dance in a similar manner. The more savage bears, in the first place, are muzzled, and an iron ring being passed through the nose, are subjected to very severe discipline, in order to produce that docility which we see them exemplify in the streets; they are then placed, by the contrivance already mentioned, over a slow fire, and when, at length, at the sound of the organ, he will assume an erect posture and walk upon his hind legs, he is deemed fit for exhibition."—*Voice of Humanity*.

“ But I will not dwell upon these atrocities, which are unfit for the ear of any beings possessed of a spark of feeling. I shall, therefore, merely add, that my experience on earth warrants the conclusion that man is a selfish and capricious despot, who, in pursuit of his own sensual gratifications, is wholly indifferent to the feelings and sufferings of all other creatures.”

(To be continued.)

LINES

On seeing the Elephant at Mr. Ducrow's Amphitheatre remove the Crown from the Head of the Usurper Korassan and place it on that of Almanzor, the rightful Heir.

The Elephant, beyond dispute,
Is, as we're told, a reasoning brute,
And those who doubt that he is so,
Need but to Ducrow's Circus go ;
There will they see the noble beast,
Though born in the despotic East,
Strip a usurper of his crown,
And trample despotism down.
Oh ! that Ducrow to Miguel's Court,
This noble creature would transport,
And to the bigot's vassals show
The way to lay a tyrant low.

LINES

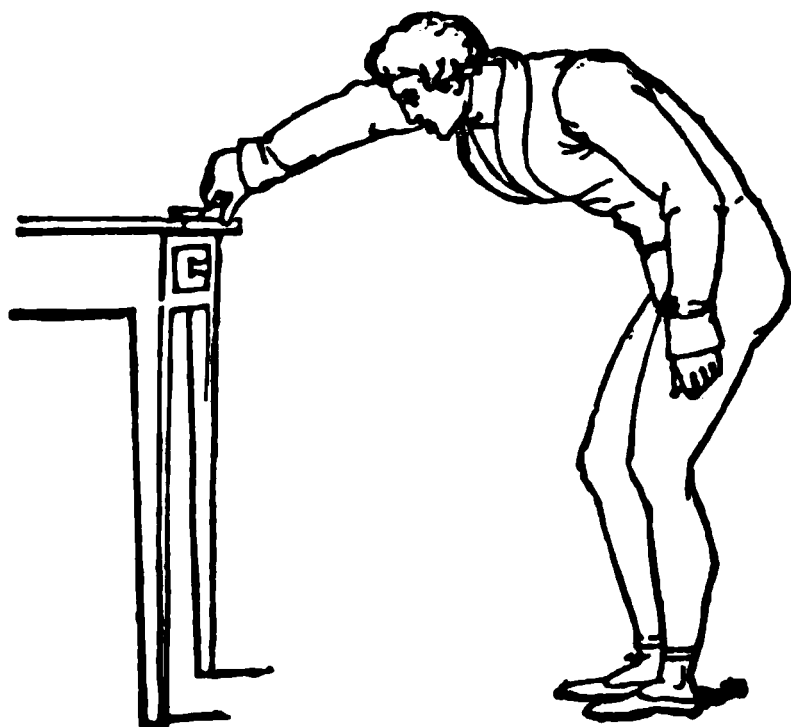
ADDRESSED TO A FRAUDULENT TRADESMAN WHO PROFESSED TO SELL
OFF AT PRIME COST AND UNDER, AS HE WAS ABOUT TO RETIRE.

You tell us you'll sell off at prime cost and under,
But how can you manage the matter, I wonder?
The stock in your shop was on long credit bought,
And your creditors never will finger one groat.
That you mean to retire may be all very true,
You will sell off our traps and then bid us adieu.

GYMNASIA.

(Continued from page 401.)

No. XV.



TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The feat here described is very simple. You must place the inside of the thumb against the edge of a table and then move your feet backwards as far as you can from the table, so, however, as to be able to recover your upright position, after having removed from the table, with your mouth, a small piece of wood or other matter placed on its edge, as shown in the figure, by the spring of the thumb, without moving your feet.

No. XVI.

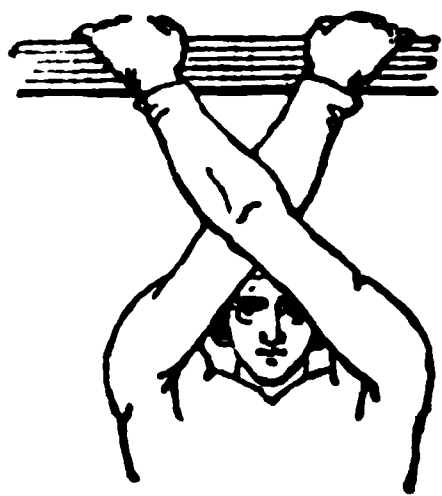
As a minor recreation, I am about to call your attention to a very simple, but to me very novel experiment, communicated by the ingenious Mr. Charles, the celebrated ven-

triloquist, and entertaining lecturer on galvanism, electricity, and sleight of hand.

Take a piece of writing paper, one inch, or somewhat more in diameter, circular or square is immaterial, lay it flat on the palm of the hand, which may be previously moistened by the breath; then pass a black-lead pencil round, in a circular direction, on the paper, say from right to left, when the paper will be found to move round on your hand in the opposite direction, or from left to right. This trick does not answer equally well with every one; a soft fleshy hand is best adapted for its performance. If the paper, instead of being placed on the hand, be laid flat upon a book with a rough calf binding, the experiment succeeds very well; and although I have mentioned a black-lead pencil to make the circles with, there are many other things as well, or better adapted for the purpose—the finger-nail, or head of a pin, for instance. The paper used for this experiment ought not to be too smooth, nor yet too thin, or it will be apt to be carried round by the friction in the direction in which the pencil moves.

No. XVII.

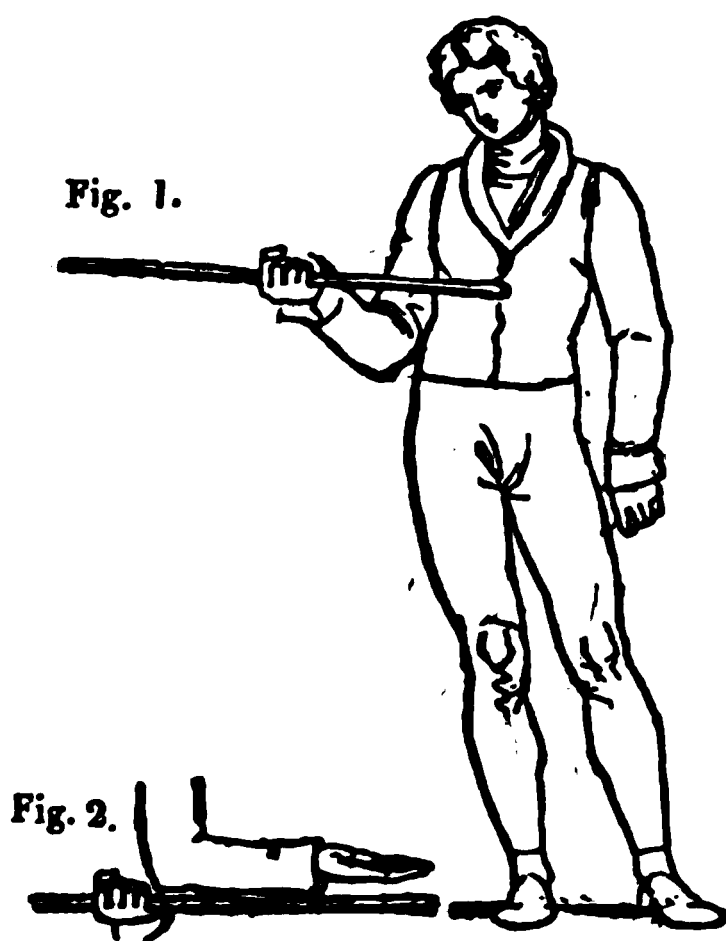
TO CHANGE THE HANDS.



The feat here described I have copied from M. Clias's *Gymnastique Elémentaire*, wherein it is thus briefly described—In equilibrium on the wrists between both bars. After having communicated to the body a little impulse from right to left, bring, with quickness, the left hand near the right, without touching the ground with the feet or

waist, and remove the right to where the left hand was placed before. This exercise ought to be practised several times without resting.

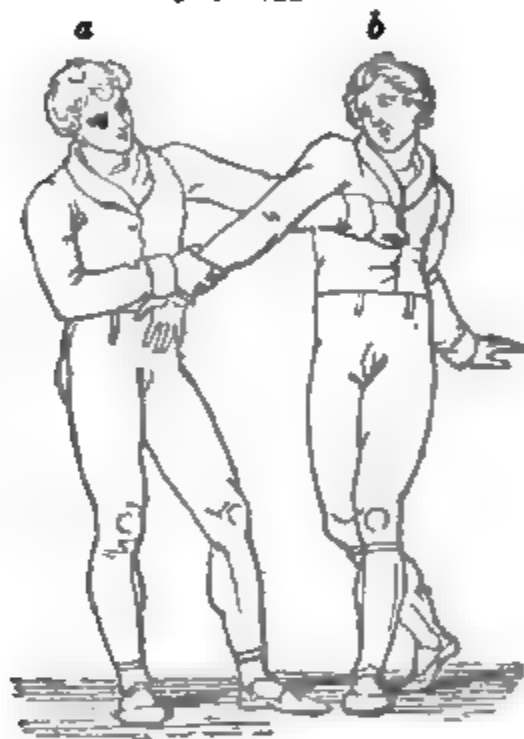
No. XVIII.



Unless your readers, who may choose to amuse themselves with such matters, comply exactly with the directions for accomplishing the feat I am about to describe, it will appear so easy, as scarcely to deserve a place amongst the gymnastic puzzles. The great difficulty in performing it arises from the position in which the hand must be held. Measure the distance between the outside of the elbow and the extremity of the longest finger:—Mark that distance on a walking-stick or ruler, as shown by figure 2. This stick must be held horizontally before you, as is shown in the annexed figure, No. 1; the middle finger being placed exactly over the mark; the fingers must be kept at right angles with the stick, and the thumb placed

over them, as shown by the little fist grasping the stick (fig. 2.) The puzzle, then is to bring that end of the stick which, in the figure, touches the breast in contact with your mouth, whilst the hand and fingers remain in the position already described.

No. XIX.



The annexed design exhibits an easy and effectual mode by which a man may pinion the arms of another who is much stronger than himself. The figure *a*, with his right hand, seizes the right wrist of figure *b*, at the same time passing his own left arm under the right arm of *b*, grasping him by the coat and waistcoat collar. The left arm of *a* must be placed near the arm-pit of *b*. In this position, *b* will not be able to disentangle himself, as his own arm is employed as a long lever against himself, and in favour of *a*.

If I have not very clearly described this exploit, a reference to the figure will render it perfectly intelligible.

(To be continued.)

THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS AND THE
LONDON PRESS.

"I am Sir Oracle ;
When I speak let no dog bark."

[WRITTEN IN AUGUST 1823.]

In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* we were surprised, and somewhat diverted by the perusal of an article entitled "The Periodical Press," which treats of the merits and demerits of the most prominent of the London newspapers. We have made some copious extracts from this singular critique, which will amuse our readers, although, with ourselves, they may form an estimate of the talents and characters of some of the leading journalists very different from that which our Reviewers would impress upon the public.

Many of our metropolitan contemporaries will be apt to think that our northern critics have, in this instance, somewhat aberrated from the course usually pursued by those luminaries who condescend to shed their light over the literary and critical world in monthly or quarterly succession. We believe that this is the first time that daily and weekly newspapers have become the subjects of formal criticism. We have always deemed them of too eccentric and desultory a character to come within the jurisdiction of professed critics :—yet here we have the northern Aristarchi sitting in judgment upon these "folios of four pages," summing up their merits and demerits, more especially the latter, and then pronouncing sentence ;—thus combining in themselves the offices of accuser, jury, judge,—and we may almost say executioner ; as their dicta might seriously impair, if not altogether annihilate the value of any literary

property which previously attached to the proscribed objects of their critical denunciation.*

Whatever we may think of the new game thus started by our critics, we admire the boldness of the pursuit. Their comments will please but few even of those who are treated the most gently, or who are "damned with faint praise," whilst their severity towards others will bring about their ears a swarm of hornets which may annoy them, as the darts of the Lilliputians harassed even the tough hide of the mighty Gulliver.

We fancy we can perceive throughout this critique on the periodical press evident indications of that prudence and circumspection for which our northern neighbours are distinguished. It appears to us that they measure their man before they attack him; and strike the hardest where they anticipate the slightest resistance. Why is not the *John Bull* openly named in this enumeration of the London journals? The omission cannot have arisen from its insignificance, as the circulation of this print is enormous. *Blackwood*, who is merely noticed *en passant*, is despatched without one comment or epithet, which would undoubtedly have provoked a severe and entertaining retaliation from that accomplished master of the vulgar tongue.†

* We do not know the precise value which the literary world attaches to the decisions of the Edinburgh Reviewers. For our own parts, we believe that their weight with the public is very considerable. If, however, they possess a giant's strength, they ought to recollect,

"That earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

The public will scarcely approve of their severity towards one of our monthly magazines which is described as having "degenerated from its original character into a Register of Patents, and an account of the proprietor's philosophy of the universe, in answer to Sir Isaac Newton."

† All the notice taken of *Blackwood* is in the following paragraph:—"Of the magazines, which are a sort of cater-cousins to ourselves, we wish to speak with tenderness and respect. There is the *Gentleman's Magazine* at one extremity, and Mr. *Blackwood's* at the other."—[How respectful, Mr. *Blackwood*.]

Whilst the merits of some of the magazines are canvassed with freedom, it is singular enough that the reviews are totally passed over, although they constitute a very conspicuous and influential portion of the periodical press. We regret this silence, as we are thereby deprived of the amusement we should have otherwise derived from a display of scientific sparring, in which the Quarterly Reviewer and the northern champion would have exemplified the line,

“When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.”*

On reference to the concluding paragraph in the copious extract we have made from the article which is the subject of our present remarks, it will be perceived that our Reviewers cannot “condescend” even to name any of the various weekly literary miscellanies, which abound in such profusion in the metropolis. We have, however, met with compositions in some of those pleasing works, which would by no means sink in comparison with the best productions of the literary junto, who have passed this unmerited slight upon the whole, for the transgressions of the many; and it is with a view of vindicating some of these works, and the periodical press in general, that we thus venture to obtrude our own opinion, even in opposition to that of one of the highest literary tribunals in Europe.

The position with which we preface the brief observations we are about to offer, is, that some of those miscellaneous works and periodical journals which the Reviewers have passed by so superciliously, are distinguished beyond those of any other country or any former era by original talent, embellished by highly-cultivated taste, and embodied in excellent and appropriate language.

* The Reviewer, indeed, signifies his intention to take up this ticklish subject in his next. He ought, however, to have commenced with the reviews, which he obviously places in a higher rank than magazines or newspapers. They should, therefore, have had the preference.

In works of this description we frequently meet with more fancy, familiar illustration, and variety of information, than are ordinarily to be found in the "solid octavos, or compact duodecimos," alluded to by the Reviewers; or in the works of those authors, who, when they sit down to write, commence their tasks with the fixed purpose of making a book.

The preference we contend for on the part of the best of our periodical publications, or minor works, admits of a simple and satisfactory solution. The majority of readers seldom peruse a book, especially a large one, through. They dip into it here and there, gape, take snuff, or fall asleep; then repeat, this edifying process until they arrive at the welcome "Finis." They have then, in their own conceit, read the work, and are fully authorized to descant freely upon its beauties or defects. Perhaps this indulgence of vanity ought to be allowed them, in consideration of the actual *ennui* they have undergone, in order to escape the suspicion of not knowing what is passing in the world of *belles lettres*.—We believe it was Dr. Johnson, who, when asked if he had read Milton's *Paradise Lost* through, replied, "No, Sir; who ever reads a book from one end to the other!"

The caterer for the periodical press is not, however, so privileged a being as your regular book-maker. His flights are less lofty, and, perhaps, for that very reason, more vigorous than those of his bulky rival. His compositions are not so continuous as to intimidate the reader, who is allured on by the lightness of the task, the freshness or raciness of the subject, and the familiar epigrammatic style which our ablest journalists must adopt if they expect to be relished by the public or remunerated by their employers.

The efforts of our ablest periodical writers, for this reason, resemble the course of an aëronaut, who, if he take but

a short flight, is distinctly seen and admired throughout the whole course of his expedition;—whilst the writings of too many of our voluminous authors may be compared to the ascent of an aërial voyager, who soars into the upper regions, and performs a long journey in the clouds, altogether invisible to, or dimly seen by, the multitude, for whose gratification the exhibition was intended.

To drop all metaphor, which we confess is somewhat out of our line, we shall conclude with observing, that the Edinburgh Reviewers may find subjects nearer home, upon which their unquestionable talents may be exerted with more benefit to the community than can result from an investigation into the merits of the periodical press of London. It is the especial duty of our critics to maintain the purity of our language, and to animadvert upon the grammatical and verbal inaccuracies of popular writers, whether they originate in ignorance or inadvertency. No author is privileged, on the strength of his established reputation, to trifle with the public, by committing blunders for which a schoolboy would be deservedly whipped; and yet the “Great Unknown,” as he is styled, has been allowed with impunity to play all sorts of pranks with the English language. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say, that there is not a writer in any one of the newspapers or miscellanies, commented upon with such severity by the Edinburgh Reviewers, who does not habitually write more grammatically than the author of *Quentin Durward*, although our Reviewers, in the preface to their critique on the London journals, assure us that that writer has no fear of the periodical press, and that they “do not see how, in any circumstances, he could have written better than he does.”

We would not cavil at those occasional slips to which every writer is subject; but we do contend that it is no *excuse for trifling with the public and vitiating the national*

taste, to tell us that the author of Waverley writes post, and that the public are so eager for his works, that they cannot wait to have their palpable inaccuracies corrected.

We have not examined more than a score pages of Quentin Durward; and it is from this perusal, confirmed by the opinion of competent judges, who have read the whole, that we venture to say that the writer would do well to submit his next work to the revision of some clever school-boy; as there is a certain independent class of readers who cannot be reconciled to slip-slop writing and grammatical inaccuracies merely because an eminent but a slovenly writer is in a mighty hurry to treat the public with four meagre volumes, at the enormous price of one guinea and a half.

In conclusion, as the Edinburgh Reviewers have bestowed so much pains upon the London press, we would suggest that the compliment be returned by a like scrutiny into the pretensions of their countryman, the "Great Unknown," whom they have recently panegyricized as a writer "who has no fear of the periodical press, and who could, under no circumstances, have written better than he does." Let this "*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*" be brought to the bar and arraigned for habitually breaking Priscian's head; and if he be not cast, we will submit to have our own head broken by a simultaneous discharge thereon of all the works he has written since he commenced author, although we should be buried under the huge pile.*

* Our readers will perceive by the article which immediately follows this, that some of our most celebrated and popular modern writers occasionally commit literary blunders as egregious as any uttered in the speech of Mr. Bother'em in our *Peep at the Forum*.

SLIP-SLOP WRITING, BY EMINENT AND
POPULAR AUTHORS.

Before we proceed with the School for Orators, we have a few words to say respecting Mr. Bother'em's speech, which is, of course, a broad burlesque; however, it would not be difficult to find, in the works of some of our most popular writers, passages as ungrammatical and absurd as any of those which occur in the effusion of our hero of the Peep at the Forum.

There is no excuse for such carelessness on the part of men to whom the public look up as models of style; and we shall, therefore, without ceremony, expose some of their literary peccadilloes, merely observing, *en passant*, that if such men as Sir Walter Scott, who write *calamo currente*, can spare no time to revise their compositions, they ought to put their works, previously to publication, into the hands of some person who will correct such palpable and unpardonable blunders as those which we are about to point out.

BAD ENGLISH IN THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

[WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1835.]

Several years ago we observed that these pleasing works, whoever may be their author, abound in grammatical inaccuracies, and other palpable defects, in a very extraordinary degree. One of our correspondents has called upon us to adduce some instances in proof of the justice of this charge: but, as we made no notes ourselves of the numerous blunders we found upon the hasty perusal of those works, we shall avail ourselves of the list furnished by the editor of the *Examiner*, who has detected at least a hundred in the several novels which he names. We think the editor has been

somewhat too fastidious, as many of the extracts he gives are not ungrammatical, although they are certainly vulgar, tautological, careless, and defective in euphony. The critic in the *Examiner* might, however, have omitted these altogether, in his list, as there is no lack of palpable grammatical blunders, a few of which we here subjoin, taken almost indiscriminately from a very long catalogue.

FROM IVANHOE.

"As their horses' hoofs had *died away*," &c.—Vol. i. p. 28.

"Our Turkish captives are as fierce and intractable as Odin himself could have been; yet two *months* in my household, under the management of my master of the slaves, has made them humble, submissive, serviceable, and observant of your will."—p. 29.

"Whosoever *thou art*, it is discourteous in *you* to disturb my thoughts."—p. 33.

"I was *born a native* of these parts, answered the guide."—p. 35.

"Open and frank features, fine teeth, and a *well formed head*, altogether expressive of that sort of good humour which often lodges with a *sudden* and *hasty* temper."—p. 38.

"Few of these were *attached* to him from inclination, and none from personal *attachment*."—Vol. ii. p. 1.

"For the Normans being a mixed race, and better *informed*, according to the *information* of the times"—p. 42.

"I did injustice, he said, to the thieves and outlaws of these woods, when I supposed such *banditti* to belong to their *bands*."—p. 81.

FROM THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

"The long continued hostilities which had for centuries *divided* the south and the north *divisions* of the island of Britain."—Vol. i. p. 1.

"They could, in many cases, adapt their address to the peculiar *appearance* and apparent taste of the passengers."—p. 4.

"And was *bred*, therefore, as well as *born*, a Londoner, with all the *peculiar* acuteness and address and audacity which belong *peculiarly* to the youth of a metropolis."—p. 6.

"And he *became* far from being a popular character among their society."—p. 28.

"*Every circumstance*, (she said,) occurring in these moments, when I still enjoyed a delusive idea of happiness, *are* deeply imprinted in my remembrance."—p. 163.

"The chairs were of different *forms* and *shapes*."—p. 197.

"Peppercole, *who* she knew *to be* as capable of any act of treacherous cruelty."—p. 103.

"Flowing *partly* from national *partiality*, *partly* from a *sense*," &c.—p. 59.

FROM THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN.

"A white handkerchief was thrust into the muzzle of the piece, and returned *unsoiled* or *blackened*."—Vol. i. p. 48.

"The late object of her terror, who became at that moment, though she could not well assign a reasonable *cause*, rather *the cause* of her interest."—p. 84.

"It was fortunate for Jeanie, in an emergency like the *present*, that she possessed *presence* of mind and courage, so soon as the *first hurry* of surprise enabled her to rally her recollection."—p. 87.

"At length these *moments* of constraint were *removed*." p. 144.

"He watched his daughter with a faltering and indecisive *look*, until she *looked* back upon him with a *look* of unutterable anguish."—p. 145.

We have made the above selections from the Scotch novels, because they are extremely popular, and deservedly so, although we must repeat our regret that the highly gifted author of those romances did not bestow due pains upon the construction of his sentences.

We could easily point out in the works of other popular writers abundance of similar blemishes; but we shall be very brief, although choice in our selection. The following are, in our opinion, equal to any of our friend Bother'em.

"A sweet cottage, dipping its feet in the shallow murmur."—*Blackwood*; article "The Lakes."

"You might look at it for hours, and yet see no one so much as moving to the door."—*Ibid*; "The Widow and her Son."

"For some years after the death of her husband, and the rest of her children, her son was her support."—*Ibid*.

"He (Lord Byron) had on a magnificent foraging cap, which he wore in the room, but his gray curls were quite perceptible; and a foraging surtout."—*Vivian Grey*, vol. ii. p. 166.

"His conduct has been beautiful."—*Ibid*, p. 168.

THE LATE QUEEN CAROLINE.

The following *jeu d'esprits*, on the subject of the persecutions and trial of Queen Caroline, were written in the year 1820.

THE DRILLING.

Scene, an apartment in Mademoiselle De Mont's lodgings. Time, after Supper. Present the COUNTESS OF COLOMBIER, SACCHI, and MAJOCCHI; the latter of whom is just about to retire to bed leaving the two former Chers amis to a tête-à-tête.

SACCHI, (*Addressing himself to both.*)

Mes amis, ven you enter de court, prenez garde;
Or, by Gar, you vill never receive de reward;
For ven cross-examin'd, Morbleu! if you falter,
Au lieu de la pension, you may get von halter!

COUNTESS.

A halter! mon Dieu! my dear Sacchi, you sport;
Au pis aller, I know we shall find friends at court.

SACCHI.

Eh bien! vat de crown lawyers vish you to say,
You must swear dat is true, or you von't get de pay;
But if dem curse lawyer, dat plead for de Queen,
Brougham, Denman, or Villiams, who are so dam keen,
Do put ugly question, to catch you so sly,
"Je ne me rapelle pas," dear Countess, reply;

And if, par hazard, from de truth you should vander,
 You must say, dat is only von "double entendre."
 Quant à vous, Majocchi, ven puzzled, no more do,
 But shrug up de shoulder, with "Non mi ricordo."
 Bonne nuit, Theodore! il faut avoir bon cœur;
 N'oubliez, pas vot' leçon, et reposez sans peur.

[Exit Signor Non Ricordo to bed.]

SACCHI.

Grace à Dieu! dat dam fellow is gone; ce vil laquais!
 Approchez, ma Comtesse, come kiss your own Sacchi.

COUNTESS.

Moi embrasser un homme? Fi, Sacchi; fi, donc!

SACCHI.

Pourquoi non? Ce n'est pas la première fois, De Mont.
 Embrassez encore. Eh bien! very vell.

COUNTESS.

Adieu, mon cher Sacchi! but don't kiss and tell.

SACCHI.

Ja suis fâché de n'pas pouvoir rester ce soir;
 Mais on nous épie. Adieu, au revoir!

[Exit.]

COUNTESS.

Now must I con my lesson once again;
 Then try to sleep; but, ah! I fear in vain.

IMPROMPTU,

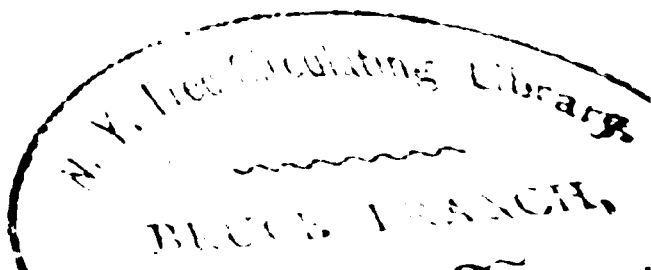
*On reading in the Courier, that Signor Sacchi was arrived at Dover,
 and would soon settle the affair.*

Says the lying Courier,
 With a triumphant sneer,
 "Signor Sacchi's arrived at Dover;
 And then, depend on't,
 Between him and De Mont,
 The Queen will be shortly done over."

Quoth Brougham in his turn,
 "Such wretches we spurn,
 Nor value them one single feather;
 For though *he* lies well,
 And *she* lies like h—!,
 We may show that the two *lie together*."

The writer apologizes for the coarseness of the phrase; but observes that he could speak with temper on the subject, and quotes the oath of Uncle Toby on the subject, when the recording angel blotted out with a tear. He may find a precedent, however, in the person of a late learned Judge, who said, from the bench, on one occasion,

"It is false as hell!"



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN LATELY ADDRESSED BY RASTELLER TO THE COUNTESS
OF COLOMBIER, DATED MILAN.

Dear Countess, at last I've in safety got over,
We'd nothing but squalls, from the hour we left Dover,
I was sick all the passage, and cursedly 'fraid;
But matters, you know, had been worse if I'd staid;
And though drowning at sea, you will say, is a bore,
'Tis not so exposing as hanging on shore.
And, if I'd remain'd, that I fear had been my lot;
So, cautious Majocchi, as well as the pilot;
As I learn, by a letter, from P——l, our friend,
The cause looks but so so, nor likely to mend.
And I find, from the papers friend P——l has sent,
That all his dependence is now on the *tent*;
As the folks laugh and scout at the dance of Mahomet,
Tho' the Colonel expected such mighty things from it.
We swore it was filthy, but Brougham deny'd it,
And show'd that a Bishop's own lady enjoy'd it.
But, oh! how vexatious! to think, my dear Madam,
We should not succeed with the fig leaves and Adam.
Yet they call Raggazoni a wicked suborner,
And swear no man living can see round a corner!
Then as for their kissing, by sea and by land,
They only believe the Count kiss'd the Queen's hand.
You and I could have told them as much, long ago;
But that would not answer our purpose you know.
The game seems all up; and 'twere wise to my thinking,
To decamp, like a rat from a vessel that's sinking.
The storm is at hand; so you'd better be quick.
Say your grandmother's dead, or your monkey is sick;
And P——l can't find in his heart to refuse;
So lose not a moment, but frame some excuse.
You must swear, as I did, when my furlough was granted,
That you'll come back to England whenever you're wanted,
But once snug in Italy.—You know the rest,—mum!
The more they call for us, the more we won't come.
We've got all they'll give us, our pockets are full;
We'll kiss, dance, and sing here, and laugh at John Bull.

P.S.—I've just got a letter from one of our party,
Who says they begin to suspect Vilmacartil
He says, 'tis reported that Sacchi's off, too;
I think 'twas the best thing the fellow could do—
But the mails setting off. My dear Countess, adieu.

LETTER FROM DEMONT TO RASTELLI,

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

I received, in due course, my dear Rastelli's letter,
And trust that your fever by this time is better :
By the bye, 'twas by accident I ever heard of it,
As you did not yourself mention one single word of it.
Entre nous, I imagine the prospect look'd black,
So you felt yourself much "indisposed" to come back.
P—I told you that matters went on but so so ;
And I can assure you they're not *comme il faut*.
But why should I care for the issue at all ?
I shall pocket no more, let the cause stand or fall.
I've play'd my cards well ; and, when question'd at Milan,
Manœuvred as if I'd to deal with a villain ;
I swore, I would not swear to things false as hell,
Unless paid beforehand : don't you think that was well ?
* * * *

The whole Cotton-garden squad's much disaffected,
As they've had more to do than at first was expected.
We were told at Milan, by the managers there,
That the Queen's business would be a trifling affair ;
We'd but to depose she had been kissing and clipping !
With Bergami, and in the same bath seen dipping !
That we'd seen her once enter his room, *en chemise* !
And when in the coach, saw her sit on his knees !
That once, in a grotto, she leer'd at old Adam,
Whilst Bergami titter'd, and look'd sly at Madam !
That when they were sailing one day on Lake Como,
Before all the crew the Queen kiss'd Major Domo !
That once as the pantry we secretly stood in,
We saw how he stuff'd her with spoonsful of pudding !!
That the dance of Mahomet, at which we cried fie !
Made her Majesty laugh so, we thought she would die !
And that if charges were not found enough,
We must swear that her Majesty lov'd blind man's buff !
* * * *

These *facts* once depos'd, we were told all was over,
And we might return, and live snugly in clover ;
But now it appears that the Colonel was shamming us,
For Brough'm calls us back, and will re-cross-examine us ;
And bother us so, that we wish he was muzzl'd,
For he says we're all perjurd whenever we're puzzl'd.
So with one thing or other we've got our hands full ;
And what's worse than all, we're afraid of John Bull,
Who's in such a taking, we can't hope for pardon,
Should he, in his tantrums, attack Cotton-garden !

For I fear not one soldier, who acts as our sentry,
Would care if the rabble attempted an entry.

Perhaps you have heard, that the surly dog Brough'm,
Was, a few days ago, in a terrible fume,
When he found Baron d'Ende, who's much to be pitied,
Would fain have come over, but was not permitted ;
For Brough'm on this Chamberlain plac'd much reliance,
But the Baron would not vex the Holy Alliance ;
And, as for his sickness, I'd wager a livre,
'Tis only a touch of the Rascatti fever.

P.S.—As for leaving this place, I must tell you, my dear,
I shall pause, as I'm now in such good "keeping" here,
Be not jealous I beg ; 'tis my humour you know,
To have at least two or three strings to my bow.
I've much more to say, but 'tis now half-past four,
I'll not miss the *male* as I once did before.

On Queen Caroline's appeal to Heaven, on hearing that her cause was to be left to the decision of the Lords.

In spite of every latent foe,
Soon shall thy cause triumphant prove,
Then heed not *petty Lords* below,
Trust to the *mighty Lord* above.

On the examination and cross-questioning of the "Non mi ricordo" witnesses on the trial of Queen Caroline.

To the learned Solicitor's questions "in chief"
The answers are forthcoming, *presto* :
But let Brougham or Denman examine the thief,
It is then "*Mi ricordo, non questo.*"

On hearing that the Bath about which such a fuss was made on the trial of Queen Caroline, turned out to be a common tub.

Majocchi's fine story concerning the bath,
Which caus'd such a mighty hubbub ;
Turns out, oh ! report not the matter in Gath,
Like the rest—all a *Tale of a Tub*.

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 482.)

An Ass was the next to address the assemblage; and I was not a little struck with its general appearance, which formed a striking contrast with that of the miserable dejected animals of this tribe, which are so common in England. It was tall, sleek, and well-proportioned, and had a cheerful and contented air.* The speech was to the following effect:—

* Although the Ass is a much neglected and harshly treated animal, and pointed at by the finger of ignorance and scorn, as the emblem of stupidity it is because he is here much degenerated from the stock from which he sprung. He is naturally an intelligent and interesting animal, and the following extract from the works of a popular author may serve to remove some of the prejudices which exist against this most useful and persecuted creature:—

“The poor ass seems to be regarded as an outcast of nature; and, after a day of toil and drudgery, he is turned into the lanes during the hours, which should be devoted to sleep, to collect a scanty and precarious meal, which serves rather to excite than to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. His tameness, humility, and patience, instead of raising pity and regard, have exposed him to contempt, insult, and oppression. We despise his services because they are purchased cheaply; we overload him with our burdens, because he is passive under them; we scourge him with capricious severity, because he submits to the rod; we deny him proper sustenance, because he is tolerant of hunger, and contented with the weeds which other animals reject. Yet is the ass, in that state of freedom for which nature formed him, active, fierce, and impetuous. In the deserts of Lybia and Numidia, and in some parts of South America, when pursued by the hunters he runs with amazing swiftness, and neither declivities nor precipices can stop his career; if attacked, he defends himself with courage and intrepidity, but the moment he is overpowered his spirit becomes depressed, his ferocity deserts him, and he soon contracts the dullness and stupidity which characterize his species in all those countries where he is reduced to servitude. The Persians esteem his flesh a very delicate repast, but a warm climate seems to be necessary to its tenderness and flavour. In proportion to his bulk, the ass is stronger than the horse; he is also more healthy, and less liable to start or stumble; he is fond of his master, although so often

"My existence in that bad world which we have happily exchanged for this peaceful abode, was almost one continued scene of suffering and sorrow. I was unmercifully beaten, scantily fed, and worked beyond my strength by all the different tyrants to whom I was successively subjected. It may, perhaps, be deemed some palliation of the inhuman treatment I received, that my masters were uneducated and very poor men, who, having great difficulty in obtaining the bare necessities of life themselves, could ill afford to spare me the food which was requisite to enable me to perform the tasks which they imposed upon me. I was at one time in the service of a retailer of cockles and muscles, whose life was certainly little preferable to that of his four-footed drudge. We had to travel daily on foot from the village, where he procured his fish, to a large town about ten miles distance, and to return at night, frequently in the rain and snow; and when, at length, we reached home, completely exhausted with hunger and fatigue, I had often no other supper but what the hedges and ditches afforded.

"The next master into whose hands I passed was still more indigent than the former: he was a retailer of sand, which I was doomed to drag about in a cart, from door to door, through the streets of a huge "hell upon earth," called London. Occasionally my master would consign me to another ruffian, who used to attend fairs and wakes with a number of donkeys, furnished with saddles and bridles, for the use of any mischievous boy who could muster a penny for the loan of their carcasses. As the

abused by him; scents him at a distance, and distinguishes him from others in a crowd; his eyes are remarkably good, and his sense of hearing is acute. The nicety of this animal is worthy of notice; he drinks only of the clearest streams, and without putting his nose into the water; he fears to wet his feet, and turns out of the way to avoid the miry parts of the road."—*Dr. Percival's Works*, vol. i. p. 163.

time for riding was restricted to a few minutes, the rider, naturally wishing to get his pennyworth out of me, generally kept me on the full gallop; and he had no sooner dismounted than another young urchin would bestride me, and I had often to carry upwards of a hundred little brats in succession, until I was so thoroughly jaded that I should have lain down with fatigue, had I not been aware, from sad experience, that I should have been compelled to rise, by a young fiend whose business it was to follow me on foot with a thick stick, with which he used to belabour me most unmercifully, if I flagged for one instant. It is no exaggeration to say that the sound of the blows inflicted upon my hind quarters might have been heard half a mile off.*

I have little more to add, for although my sufferings on earth were severe and almost unceasing, they may be summed up in a very few words, as my life was almost an uninterrupted routine of beating, starvation, and excessive labour, of which I ought not, however, now to complain, as they only tended to accelerate the period of my delivery from the cruel and capricious dominion of man."

When the story of the Ass was concluded, a fine Dog, of what is termed the Bull-dog breed, advanced, and addressed the meeting in the following terms:

"Although dogs in general, when domesticated, and associated with man, have, perhaps, as little to complain of as almost any creature subjected to his control, they have but too many causes of just remonstrance against their masters, some of which I shall enumerate. The partiality of man to our tribe, which prompts him to treat us with more indulgence than many other animals experience

* Any person who has witnessed the treatment of the miserable donkeys on the shore near Egremont, will acknowledge that there is no exaggeration in the passage to which this note is appended.

from him, is not, I fear, to be traced altogether to any humane or disinterested motive, but may be ascribed to other causes less honourable to the human character. For reasons, which are beyond my comprehension, it has pleased the Great Author of Nature to implant in our race, while on earth, a strong attachment to man, which gratifies his vanity; whilst it is also rendered subservient to his pleasures and convenience. The dog is eminently serviceable, and, indeed, indispensable to him in the chase; he guards his person and protects his property; and hence he is cherished and treated with more than common indulgence. This instinctive feeling which prompts the dog to attach himself to his master, and implicitly to humour his caprices and blindly to obey all his commands, is, however, often grossly abused and perverted to the worst purposes. He is often stimulated to attack other creatures, between whom and himself no natural aversion or rivalry exists;* and he is

* Nothing is more common than cats and dogs to be irreconcilable or natural enemies; and we often say, of quarrelsome persons, that they resemble these animals. It is probable, however, that unless encouraged by malicious boys, the cat and dog would live as peaceably together in a domestic state, as any two human beings. The following interesting circumstance which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* a year or two ago, is said to be perfectly true, and is so much to our present purpose that we have transcribed it:—

“ We have seldom or never heard of a more singular instance of protection and kindness from one animal to another, than the one we are about to record. What renders it the more singular still, is, that it occurred between a dog and a cat, animals which are generally believed to have a kind of natural antipathy to each other. The following are the facts:—The driver of the parcel-cart at the Talbot Inn coach-office, Water-street, had a fine male dog of the terrier breed, which he usually took with him to protect the parcels whilst he is delivering them in the different parts of the town, a duty which the dog performed with such fidelity that he would not allow any one but his master even to touch the cart. He was of a very cross and fierce disposition, and when in the office he would only allow a few favoured individuals to go inside the counter. It happened one day that a set of mischievous boys, in Water-street, were abusing, in a most shameful manner, a very young kitten, which they had got into their possession, and the poor animal was lying in the dirt, covered with dirt, and

urged on to fight unto death with his own species, for the amusement of a set of human ruffians, who, notwithstanding the depravity of their hearts, have the vanity to regard themselves as the only living creatures endowed with any portion of reason or intelligence! Amongst men the blind and implicit obedience to their superiors, under the influence of which they rush on to the field of battle, and maim and murder their fellow-creatures,* who never gave them offence, and whom they never before saw in their lives, is dignified with the epithets of loyalty and devotion to King and country; and the ruffian who has been accessory to the greatest number of murders is hailed as a hero while living, and when dead, extolled far more than the greatest benefactor of the human race; he is buried with great pomp and ceremony, at the public expense, while the courageous dog, who, at the bidding of his master, has fought and bled, in a hundred battles, for his gratification or protection, is neglected while alive, and when dead flung aside to rot upon a dung-hill. I have already observed

more dead than alive, in consequence of the ill treatment it had received, To the astonishment of the spectators, the dog described above, which happened to come up to see what was going forward, took the kitten tenderly in his mouth, carried it into the office, laid it before the fire, and commenced licking the dirt off it. He afterwards shared his meals with it, and has continued to behave as its zealous friend and protector, and so jealous was he of any interference with his charge, that he would not permit anybody to touch it. The sex of the dog renders the circumstance still more curious, and altogether it is the most singular instance of the kind we ever heard of."

* We have a song called "Oh, what a charming thing's a battle!" a few lines of which we shall here repeat from memory as an illustration of the speech of our canine orator:—

"But the noblest work of all
Is when to close attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Maiming, stabbing, shooting, cutting;
Oh, what a charming thing's a battle!"

"One murder makes a villain—millions a hero."

"Faut-il donc écraser les hommes, pour mériter des autels?"—*Voyage d'Anacharsis.*

that man, availing himself of the passive obedience of the dog, urges him to acts of ferocity, for which there is no justification. In the days of my earthly career I was often stimulated to attack the bull, between whom and myself there was not the slightest natural antipathy; but such was my infatuated sense of duty that I rushed upon him, at my master's bidding, as if we had been the most bitter natural enemies. Since my transmigration I have often communed with the very animals with whom I was hostilely engaged, when under the dominion of man, and we have been puzzled to conjecture why we should have acted so outrageously towards each other, feeling, as we now do, the most cordial friendship.

“Man, who avails himself of the blind devotion of the dog to the commands of his master, is alone morally responsible for the bad purposes to which he renders their propensities subservient; and that master who urges or compels one animal to destroy, or unnecessarily torture another, is as criminal as the Prince who commands his subservient troops to cut the throats of their unoffending fellow-men.

“It has been truly observed by one of our friends who has already addressed this assembly, that man is not content to suffer what he terms the inferior animals to settle their differences after their own fashion, but arms the heel of the cock with sharp steel spurs, for his own especial amusement, and delights to see one fowl strike this artificial weapon through the brain of another of his species. In like manner dogs, which, if left to themselves, might occasionally fight with each other when provoked, are made to wage dreadful war upon each other, for the mere pastime of a set of two legged miscreants who call themselves rational beings, and who encourage the combatants with the most

frightful and blasphemous oaths.* For the gratification of the same abominable propensities, the dogs of my par-

* *Dog Fights*.—The scenes described, upon unquestionable authority, in the following notes, are so common and so disgraceful, that we have deemed it our duty to give them a place in the *Melange*, in order to contribute all in our power to produce that effect on the public mind which may lead to the abolition of such inhuman practices. Although our *Elysium of Animals* is only a dream, care has been taken not to exaggerate even in fancy; no act of cruelty is here ascribed to man which is not notorious, and we have occasionally supplied the evidence in the way of note. The following respecting the dog pits are specimens of the kind of announcements with which "Bell's Life in London," and similar journals teem.

"The Pits are places devoted to the brutal pastime of bear-baiting, badger-baiting, dog fighting, &c. where frequently one or both the combatants expire in the contest. To give a faint idea of these barbarous diversions, we insert a literal copy of one of the bills, on which occasion cruelties were exhibited which pages could not describe, affording such a practical illustration of Hogarth's plate of the "Four Stages," as would convince the most sceptical of their truth.

A Grand Treat for the Admirers of Old English Sports,
On Tuesday, January 16, 1827, at the WESTMINSTER PIT,
To commence with

A DOG FIGHT, between Dogs of 50 lbs. weight each.

After which will follow, by *Express Desire*, the WONDER-STRIKING BILLY,
of Rat-killing notoriety, who will once more go through his
extraordinary performance of

KILLING ONE HUNDRED RATS in the short space of Seven Minutes.

To which will be added, the Grand Ancient Sport of

BEAR FIGHTING, with the beautifully Scientific Bear, which is
the admiration of the Fancy, and FOUR of the BEST BULL Dogs the Fancy
can produce, the Winner to have a prize of *Five Sovereigns*,
and the Second *Two*.

To conclude with a STAKE BADGER MATCH, and other amusements.

Doors open at Half-past Six.—To commence precisely at Seven. Please
to observe that no Places can be kept after half-past Seven. Admittance
to the Gallery, 3s.—Pit 2s."

"Those who say these things are beneath legislative interference, should be asked whether they have satisfied themselves of their true nature, by having witnessed them? Beside the Westminster 'Pit,' there is one in Green Dragon Yard, Holborn; in West-street, Smithfield; in Tottenham Court-road, &c. each open three regular evenings a week for these barbarities, and at other times for private matches."

"The match mentioned in our last between the Bloomsbury black-tanned dog Tiney, and the white dog Bobby, took place on Tuesday last, and was, without exception, the best battle that ever took place in that pit—having lasted two hours, before a go-away took place on either side, a cir-

ticular species are stimulated to attack the bull, as well described by one of our friends who has related the history of his sufferings while under the temporary dominion of the common tyrant. No natural antipathy exists between my species and the bull, and we should live in harmony together, if the monster man did not derive gratification from the fierce contests, already described by the bull himself. It is sometimes urged that it must be natural to the bulldog to attack the bull, because he does so at the bidding of his master, with apparent eagerness; but those sophists who resort to such an apology for following the bent of their own base propensities, might, with as much reason, infer,

cumstance unknown in dogs of their weight, nineteen pounds each. At the end of two hours, Bobby went away and refused to go in, and Tiney was declared the winner, but has since died from his exertions, having won nine battles in succession. He was one of the last of the original Trusty dog breed, from the celebrated dog Trusty, belonging to the late Lord Camelford."—*Bell's Life in London*, June 13, 1830, as quoted in the *Voice of Humanity*.

"*Roach's Pit*.—On Thursday, September 27, 1832, the phenomenon dog, Silk, defeated the Oxford dog, Crack, in a battle which lasted three hours and twenty minutes, without one go away. Roach seconded Silk. The dogs weighed thirty pounds each."—*Bell's Life in London*, as quoted in the *Voice of Humanity*.

"After a disgusting account of dog-worrying, bear-baiting, &c. which takes place in these pits, or hells as they should be called, the narrative in the *Voice of Humanity* proceeds thus:—"The conclusion is ushered in by a badger-baiting; a long narrow box containing a badger is placed at the lower part of the pit where the bear is baited; this opens at the end, through which a dog is allowed to seize the badger, and drag him out. The dog is prized according to the number of times he drags out the badger in succession. All the dogs have the opportunity, in succession, of attacking the badger, till the sports close."—*Voice of Humanity*, vol. i. p. 26.

"*Canine Fancy*.—Roach has a grand treat for the Fancy on Tuesday next, in a match between Vigo and White Bobby, at 21 pounds each, for ten pounds aside. Great interest is excited. And on Thursday, two thirty-five pounders will fire a salute for five pounds aside. The lovers of dogs' flesh are to have a grand treat on Wednesday next, at the Subscription pit, New Inn Yard, when Spring and Blucher will contend at 25 pounds each for ten pounds aside. The one called the Bell-street dog, the other the novice from Tottenham Court-road."—*Bell's Life in London*, as quoted in the *Voice of Humanity*.

that dogs have a natural propensity for hunting down and devouring men, women, and children, because the dog to which they have given the name of blood-hound, will pursue the poor fugitive negroes into the woods and tear them to pieces. Many shocking instances of human depravity have been related by my friends who have preceded me; but, in my opinion, the training and employing the dog to the bloody purpose of hunting down defenceless and naked black men, women, and children, because they assert their claim to their natural freedom, is the most hideous. It is too horrible to dwell upon, and I shall quit so disgusting a topic.*

(To be continued.)

* *Blood-hounds*—"With respect to the dogs, their general mode of rearing was, latterly, in the following manner. From the time of their being taken from the dam, they were confined in a sort of kennel, or cage, where they were but sparingly fed upon small quantities of the blood of different animals. As they approached maturity, their keepers procured a figure roughly formed as a negro in wicker work, in the body of which were contained the blood and entrails of beasts. This was exhibited before an upper part of the cage, and the food occasionally exposed as a temptation which attracted the attention of the dogs to it as a source of the food they wanted. This was repeated often, so that the animals with redoubled ferocity struggled against their confinement, while in proportion to their impatience the figure was brought nearer, though yet out of their reach, and their food decreased till, at the last extremity of desperation, the keeper resigned the figure, well charged with the nauseous food before described, to their wishes. While they gorged themselves with the dreadful meat, he and his colleagues caressed and encouraged them. By these means the whites ingratiated themselves so much with the animals, as to produce an effect directly opposite to that perceivable in them towards the black figure; and, when they are employed in the pursuit for which they were intended, afforded the protection so necessary to their employers. As soon as they were considered initiated into their business, the young dogs were taken out to be exercised in it, and trained with as much exactness as possible. In some instances this extended to a great length, but in general their discipline could not permanently retain them under the command of their leaders, the consequence is obvious."—*Rainsford's Historical Account of Hayti*, Appendix, p. 426.

A PROPHECY RESPECTING THE EFFECTS OF THE NEW CORN BILL.

As sure as two and two are four,
 As sure as two tens make a score ;
 As sure as rivers run down hill ;
 As sure as women have a will ;
 As sure as lads love bonnie lasses ;
 As sure as those who don't are asses ;
 As sure as epicures love turtle ;
 As sure as gaming ruined Thurtle ;
 As sure as gold 's preferr'd to notes ;
 As sure as both will purchase votes ;
 As sure as Africans are slaves ;
 As sure as certain folks are knaves ;
 As sure as —— is the d—l ;
 As sure as misers still want more ;
 As sure as duns are deem'd a bore ;
 As sure as forgery is penal ;
 As sure as Parliaments are venal ;
 As surely as Emancipation
 Would benefit the British nation ;
 So surely will this curs'd Corn bill
 Prove to John Bull a bitter pill.
 Prophecied by NIXON, Jun. Witness his (X) mark.

LOGIERIAN SYSTEM.

A few years ago, a skirmish was carried on in the *Mercury*, by the advocates of Mr. Logier's system and its opponents. The following is the last squib that was fired off on the occasion, addressed to a correspondent who signed himself *Veritas* :—

Your philippic, friend *Veritas*,
 Much spleen, but little spirit has ;
 Your wit's so very dull, 'tis clear
 You'll never soar above

LOW JARR*

* Logier.

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 449.)

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

CHAP. XIX.

*Modern Salamanders—Mons. Chabert, the Fire King—A
Peep into the Oven—Temperature which the human body
can endure—A Fire Eater of former days.*

"I have been amusing myself before you arrived (said Ferdinand) with reading the wonderful exploits of our modern salamander, Mons. Chabert, who has had the dexterity to persuade the Cockney philosophers, chemists, and learned editors, that he actually exists in an oven, the temperature of which is so hot as to broil the beefsteaks which he takes in with him raw and brings out cooked. They are as firmly persuaded, too, that he can with impunity eat a phosphorus salad, dressed with olive oil, at a temperature one hundred and eighteen degrees beyond the point of the thermometer at which water boils."

"What is your opinion of the matter, my friend?" (said Asmodeus.)

"I am persuaded (replied Ferdinand) that the whole affair is a trick, although I have not the wit to detect it. If the philosophers really believe that he actually swallows the phosphorus, sulphuric acid, and boiling oil, then, in my opinion, they have even as extraordinary a swallow as himself; but tell me, my friend, is not the fellow an arrant impostor, a clever juggler proficient in sleight of hand?"

"You impose rather an unwelcome task upon me, (said Asmodeus), I am loth to expose any of the secrets of one who yields me such amusement. You know that my nature

is such that nothing affords me more gratification than the exhibition of human folly and gullibility. I have, indeed, pledged myself to give you an insight into all the mysteries of art and nature; but, in the present instance, if I should not be quite so explicit as usual, you must ascribe it to my reluctance to spoil sport. Instead, then, of telling you how Mons. Chabert performs his miracles, I will relate to you an incident which occurred to a certain fire-eater, when he was exhibiting in Liverpool a few years ago, leaving you to draw your own inferences."

"You will oblige me (said Ferdinand) by communicating as much of the mystery as you think fit."

"Well then, my friend, (said Asmodeus,) the fact is, that other persons beside these professional salamanders can exist in an oven where the beefsteaks are broiled. When the fire-eater to whom I allude exhibited in Liverpool, one of the audience, who was, like yourself, a sort of Thomas a Didymus, after the professor had finished his exhibition, actually sprang into the oven, to the no small surprise and discomfiture of the exhibitor, who, to punish the intruder for his temerity, closed the door upon him, and kept him there several minutes, during which he made some very awkward discoveries, which tended to throw a new light upon the nature of the exhibition. In the first place, he found the oven certainly very hot, but by no means so hot as to broil a beefsteak."

"How then do these men contrive to cook the meat?" (said Ferdinand.)

"If you will {hear me out, (said Asmodeus,) you may perhaps form a tolerable correct conjecture as to that part of the performance. The intruder, while he was cooped up, had the presence of mind to examine the oven, in one corner of which he discovered a chafing-dish, with a charcoal fire and a small gridiron."

“Excellent! (exclaimed Ferdinand) and a pair of bellows, no doubt?”

“Not exactly so, (said Asmodeus,) but a pair of small bellows are easily carried in a man’s pocket, you know.”

“I thank you for the hint, (said Ferdinand,) but how do these fellows contrive to raise the thermometer to such a tremendous temperature?”

“I really think (said Asmodeus) that you might have discovered that without obliging me to be so very explicit, which I would willingly avoid. I shall, however, answer your question by asking another. Might not the charcoal fire answer another purpose besides that of cooking the beefsteak?”

“Egad! I have it, (said Ferdinand,) a very clever thought; the philosopher, no doubt, places his thermometer close to the fire before he exhibits it to the astonished spectators.”

“Recollect that I did not say any such thing,” (replied Asmodeus.)

“True, (said Ferdinand,) and to relieve you from all embarrassment on the subject, I will swear I made the discovery myself. I wish, however, to make some previous inquiry from the Liverpool gentleman who found out the snug little fire in the corner. Have you any objection to make me acquainted with his name?”

“Why should I, (replied Asmodeus,) when he himself made no secret of the whole affair amongst his friends. His name is Rotherham, a cutler by trade, residing in Church street. If ever you should have an opportunity of visiting Liverpool, he will, perhaps, communicate more particulars to you.”

“Although you have dexterously parried my questions, my good friend, (said Ferdinand,) I think I have a right to conclude that the thermometer which these fellows exhibit is artificially raised above the average temperature of the

room in which the professor himself remains. The editor of one of the most respectable London journals asserts that Mons. Chabert actually remained in the oven in a temperature of at least three hundred and eighty degrees. If this be true, is it not an unprecedented endurance of heat?"

"Not exactly so, (replied Asmodeus,) when it is recollected that he is clothed expressly for the purpose, and that by means of his tube he breathes the external air of the chamber in which the spectators are stationed. Without previous preparation, or any tube connected with the external air, persons have endured a surprising degree of heat."

"I am aware (said Ferdinand) that the Russians and Finlanders will not only with ease, but pleasure, expose themselves to a temperature in the vapour-baths, which, to the uninitiated, would be absolutely insupportable, but the cases, I conceive, are not analogous. I wish to know what temperature a person can bear, not in a steam atmosphere, but in an oven."

"I will give you a few well-authenticated instances, (replied Asmodeus.) In the *Philosophical Transactions* you will find it recorded that Dr. Blagden, a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, heated an apartment till Fahrenheit's thermometer rose to 260 degrees, entered it with his clothes on, and remained in it eight minutes. At last he was much oppressed. Several other persons entered it also. His pulse, when he quitted the apartment, beat 144 times in a minute. In another experiment he entered, undressed, into the same apartment, heated to 220 degrees of Fahrenheit, and remained in it twelve minutes, without being incommoded. In a third experiment, the chamber being heated to 250 degrees of Fahrenheit, he entered it along with some other persons, and remained in it several minutes without being incommoded. If I did not fear to fatigue you, (continued Asmodeus,) I should show you that female salaman

ders have greatly surpassed, in endurance, the Member of the Royal Society whose feats I have just recorded."

"I am so much interested in the investigation of this matter, (replied Ferdinand,) that you will not easily fatigue me with the narrative; and if you should grow tiresome, that circumstance, from its novelty, would be still more surprising than the phenomenon we are contemplating."

"You are pleased to be complimentary, (said Asmodeus, with his best bow;) but I will take you at your word and proceed:—In the *Histoire de l'Academie Royale* you may find some very interesting experiments illustrative of the subject before us, and when you hear that many of them are recorded by the celebrated Boerhaave, you will know how to appreciate the authority upon which the phenomena claim your assent. In one of these experiments, the object of which was to expose corn infected with insects to a heat, which, whilst it would destroy the vermin, would not injure the grain itself, the thermometer, which was conveyed into the oven by a long shovel, on being withdrawn, indicated a temperature considerably above that of boiling water. M. Tillet, who conducted the experiment, convinced that the mercury must have fallen several degrees by being brought to the mouth of the oven, and feeling some embarrassment on that account, one of the girls who attended the oven offered to enter it and to mark with a pencil the precise heat at which the mercury stood within. M. Tillet seemed astonished at the proposal, and hesitated to avail himself of the offer, until the girl, smiling at his apprehensions, passed into the oven, and after remaining there several minutes, found that the thermometer stood at 100 degrees at Reaumar's scale, or 260 degrees by Fahrenheit's, which is your standard. The girl, during this exposure, felt no inconvenience, and after remaining in until the thermometer reached 288 degrees, or 76 degrees above the temperature of boiling water, she

came out with no other apparent effect beyond some addition to the colour of her complexion. These experiments were afterwards repeated, when another girl remained in the oven for several minutes without apparent inconvenience, breathing air heated up to 315 degrees. When you recollect that M. Chabert enters his oven prepared for the purpose, and that he breathes the external air, you will know how to estimate the respective performances, taking it for granted that there is no trick, as you seem to suspect."

"I do certainly suspect some juggling in the performance of Chabert, (replied Ferdinand,) but why should I wonder at his success with the public, when I recollect that a young and inexperienced girl, reputed to be blind, succeeded, a few years since, in persuading hundreds of persons, who watched her narrowly, that she could see with her fingers? and when I remember, too, that an ignorant bed-ridden old woman was equally successful in convincing thousands who visited her, that she existed without food or drink? People are so fond of the marvellous, that there is no difficulty in persuading them to swallow a dose so congenial to their palates,—*Qui vult decipi decipiatur.*' A celebrated writer has asserted that incredulity is the foundation of all knowledge; but if the reverse of the proposition were true, the English would be the most enlightened people on the face of the earth."

"But, by the bye, we have entirely overlooked the most extraordinary part of Mons. Chabert's performances—his swallowing poison, eating fire, prussic acid, arsenic, and similar delicacies."

"I have much to say on that subject, (said Asmodeus,) but must reserve it for our next interview; in the meantime I may as well introduce to you a Salamander of former times,—one, compared with whom, even the red-hot devil in Der Freischutz must 'hide his diminished head.' Strutt'

in his well-known work on English sports, thus describes him:—

‘ Among the other wonderful feats, I saw him do the following:—He ate burning coals from the fire; he put a large bunch of matches lighted into his mouth, and blew the smoke of the sulphur through his nostrils; he carried a red-hot heater round the room in his teeth; he broiled a piece of beefsteak on his tongue: to perform this he lighted a piece of charcoal, which he put into his mouth, beneath his tongue; the beef was laid on the top, and one of the spectators, with a pair of bellows, blew upon the charcoal to prevent the heat decreasing, till the meat was sufficiently broiled. By way of conclusion he made a composition of pitch, brimstone, and other combustibles, to which he added several pieces of lead; the whole was melted in an iron ladle, and then set on fire. This he called his soup; and, taking it out of the ladle with a spoon of the same metal, he ate it in its state of liquefaction, and blazing furiously, without appearing to sustain the least injury.’ ”

CHAP. XX.

Another Peep into Chabert's Oven—An ingenious method of raising the temperature of the Thermometer—Account of a Salamander of the last Century—Chabert within an inch of losing his Life by a Dose of Arsenic—Offers a Reward to discover the person who introduced it.

“ I will urge you no further (said Ferdinand to Asmodeus as he entered) about the secret of Chabert's oven, as I have been favoured with a letter on the subject since our last interview, which fully confirms my suspicions, and corroborates all that you told me about Mr. Rotheram's discoveries. My correspondent is a very respectable professional gentleman, and this testimony leaves no doubt that Chabert

heats the bulb of the thermometer by the same fire on which he broils the beefsteaks, which the public believe to be cooked by the heat of the oven in which he himself breathes and sings his *chanson française*. Allow me to read the letter, (continued Ferdinand, taking it out of his pocket-book;)

TO FERDINAND.

" Sir,—The first thing which attracted my attention at Chabert's was burning my finger with the bottom of the thermometer, which he took into the oven to show the heat; as when I took hold of it by the ivory at the top it was only warm. I then suspected he had placed it on some embers to boil, and took care to see sharply how he managed. He made no objection to my going into the oven, but, on my entering, he shut the valve of the hole in the iron door, which admitted a tube for him to breathe through, otherwise the oven was by no means insupportably warm. The steaks he took with him in two tin dishes, and brought them out well cooked; but I saw, when in the oven, about two or three quarts of live embers in a corner, upon which I have no doubt he cooked the steaks, as the bottom of the dish was coloured by the heat and much hotter to the touch than the top or the edges. On coming out of the oven, he requested us to feel the heat of his cloak, presenting the elbow and shoulder, which were scorching hot, but I took up the skirt, which was scarcely warm. When he went into the oven, I do not believe it was hotter than 160 degrees, certainly not hotter than standing before a furnace door in the hold of a steam-boat. The handling of melted lead was as poor an exhibition as I ever saw. I have seen it often much better done by a woman at a fair. He merely took a grain or two between his finger and thumb. The boiling oil was a mere hoax, as the spoon was kept in cold water on a dish, and when he put a tea spoonful in it, he showed it round to the company for ten or fifteen seconds. That swallowing poisons was a mere trick was indubitably shown by his being poisoned in reality by real arsenic at the time he was taking it merely in place of what he himself had provided. —Yours, &c. W.

" Well, (said Asmodeus,) I suppose you are so well satisfied as to the oven, the beef-steak, and the thermometer, that I may spare the description I was about to give you of a great

predecessor of Chabert, who flourished three quarters of a century since,"

"Although, as you say, I have made up my mind as to the *modus operandi* of these miracles, (replied Ferdinand) I am by no means tired of the subject. I was so much interested in the account you gave me in our last conversation, of the fire-eater, described by that agreeable old chronicler, Strutt, that I will thank you for the portrait of his counterpart."

"It is so well drawn by a witness to the performance, (said Asmodeus,) that I will recite you his account of the matter, *verbatim et literatim*, after premising that the name of the hero was Powell:—'A most wonderful man this! who, I suppose, has formerly existed in some comet, and dropped from its tail, upon too near an approach of the earth. His common food is fire and brimstone, which he licks up with the same avidity as a hungry peasant would a mess of peas porridge! This *audax Japeti genus* has not only literally eaten ashes for bread, but even red-hot cinders and glowing charcoal; nay, such is his passion for this terrible element, that were he to come hungry into your kitchen and find a sirloin upon the spit, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef.'"

"This fellow (said Ferdinand) seems to have had more of the nature of the fabled salamander than M. Chabert, if we are to take the account you have just read *au pied de la lettre*. Chabert seems to eat his dinner with great *gout*; but the other, inasmuch as he preferred the hot coals to the hot steaks, had, certainly, more of the devil in his composition. Excuse me, my friend, I mean nothing personal.

"A truce with your apologies, (replied Asmodeus.) I am so accustomed to hear such comparisons that I can listen to them with perfect *sang froid*, although they are as absurd as they are inapplicable. For instance: you will call such a woman devilish pretty, or as ugly as the devil;

may, I have even heard the weather called, alternately, devilish hot, and devilish cold;—and in common parlance you will say, ‘a man is a devilish clever fellow, or a devilish dull dog.’ You may, perhaps, my friend, deem me fastidious; but when you recollect that *Le Sage* has described me as *l’inventeur de la musique, de la comedie, et de toutes les nouvelles de France*, you will not wonder that I make some pretensions to critical discrimination, and cannot tolerate a vicious style either in conversation or composition.”

“I perceive (said Ferdinand) ‘we must speak by the card,’ as Hamlet says: but we are losing sight of our salamander all this time. We have hitherto confined ourselves to his oven, the geography of which I now understand as well as himself; but the most wonderful part of his performance remains to be explained.”

“You allude to his swallowing arsenic, phosphorus prussic acid, and similar dainties, (said Asmodeus.)—Have you any doubts that he really does swallow them, after so many persons having assured the public that they actually deposited these poisons upon his tongue, and saw them pass down his throat?”

“I am as sceptical on this point (said Ferdinand) as I was about the oven. It is all sleight of hand, in my opinion. ‘They do but jest—poison in jest,’ as our friend Hamlet has it. The same gentleman, whose letter I have just read to you, has in conversation assured me, that when Chabert was in Liverpool, some person contrived to substitute real arsenic in place of the preparation he was about to take, and the salamander was actually poisoned, although he was ultimately recovered, by taking the requisite antidotes.”

“You have not told the whole story, (said Asmodeus.) Chabert advertised a reward for the discovery of the person who had played him this unlucky trick. But I perceive

something going forwards yonder which may amuse you; let us, for a few moments, take leave of our salamander."

[As Asmodeus said this he pointed to the globe, and Ferdinand had a distinct view of the interior of a concert-room. It happened to be the interval between the first and second act; and Asmodeus asked Ferdinand if he saw any thing worthy of observation.]

"The only thing which strikes me particularly, (replied Ferdinand) is the conduct of two gentlemen who seem assiduously to pay their respects to almost every individual in the company. To judge from their countenances they are soliciting some favour; and the gestures of those they address lead me to conjecture that their applications are not uniformly successful. Sometimes the party accosted seems to smile assent, and sometimes a significant shake of the head seems to imply a reluctant refusal."

"You have conjectured pretty accurately, (said Asmodeus.) The persons who pay such assiduous court to the company are two very respectable medical gentlemen, rival candidates for the situation of physician to one of your principal charitable institutions; and although there is no emolument attached to the office, they are carrying on as active a canvass as if the object of their ambition was a most lucrative post."

"There is a circumstance I have remarked which puzzles me a little, (said Ferdinand.) There is one gentleman whose reply seems to have given both candidates entire and equal satisfaction. I imagine he must have pledged himself to vote for both of them."

"You are mistaken there, (said Asmodeus.) So far from pledging himself to both, he has made no promise to either; but the answer he has framed for the occasion has been construed favourably for the *amour propre* of each candidate."

" Pray solve this mystery, my friend," (said Ferdinand.)

" His reply was to each,—' Sir, I make it a point never to pledge my vote; but I assure you I have a just appreciation of your talents, and shall vote for the most deserving of the two.' This equivocal answer, accompanied by a courteous smile, has satisfied both candidates."

" I should like to know how this gentleman will vote after all," (said Ferdinand.)

" I shall be present on the occasion, (said Asmodeus,) and will satisfy you on that point."

(*To be continued.*)

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO PROMISED THE WRITER THAT SHE WOULD REMEMBER HIM IN HER PRAYERS.

The last time we parted you promised me fair,
To bear me in mind in your very next prayer,
And ask of kind Heaven, in its goodness to grant,
The thing of all others I fancy I want;
But ere you commence your benevolent task,
Permit me to hint, what I'd have you to ask :—
Know then, lovely suppliant, the thing I most prize,
Is to bask in the smiles of my mistress's eyes;
So pray not for titles, for honours, or pelf,
Pray only for one thing—let that be *yourself*.

BRITISH JURISPRUDENCE.

IMPROMPTU ON AN ERRONEOUS VERDICT WHICH WAS SET ASIDE ON A NEW TRIAL.

Though pure *Jurisprudence* is still our proud boast,
And " Trial by Jury's " our favourite toast;
Yet after this verdict, deservedly scouted,
Our fam'd *Jury's prudence* may fairly be doubted.

SCHOOL FOR ORATORS, OR A PEEP AT THE FORUM.—A FARCE,

As now

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE WITH UNBOUNDED
APPLAUSE.

(Continued from page 473.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Curtain rises.—Scene, Debating-room.—President's pulpit, hammer, half-hour glass, &c.—A number of persons of both sexes seated on benches, amongst whom PADDY O'PUMMEL and TERRENCE O'TERRIBLE are very conspicuous.—Applause when SCHEMER enters, who bows profoundly to the audience as he walks up the room, and takes the chair.

Schemer. (Taps his hammer.) Ladies and Gentlemen,—I do not consider it necessary to make many remarks from the chair this evening, particularly as I am in hopes that so important a question will necessarily occupy all our time, and bring forward all the talent we can boast of, which is no inconsiderable portion.—Ladies and Gentlemen, It has been usual with me to preface the annunciation of the question by some observation on the elocution of the ancients, but I am proud to say such inducements are no longer necessary, as I observe with pleasure that the noble emulation of attaining oratorical excellence is already successfully sown amongst you, as is fully evinced by the promptitude with which some few of you have lately come forward, and that in a style, give me leave to observe, which, on comparison, would not disgrace those great models of antiquity which I have so often, and, I am proud to say, so successfully pointed out for your imitation. (*Great applause.*) Ladies and Gentleman, by your leave I mean to adopt a measure this evening, which, I hope, will meet with your approba-

tion. It has sometimes, unluckily, happened, that we have not had so many speakers as might be wished, so that the debate has either languished for want of support, or has fallen rather too heavily upon those speakers who are in the habit of favouring us with their sentiments. Some of my too partial friends have expressed a wish that I should occasionally, deliver my opinions, and as that could not be done with such propriety from the chair, it has been suggested to me that it would be desirable to appoint some other person in my place; if this arrangement meets your approbation, I shall take the liberty to recommend Mr. Sneak to the chair, for this evening. (*Applause, and cries of "Mr. Sneak in the Chair."*)

Sneak. (*Takes the chair.*) Ladies and Gentlemen,—when I see such a brilliant *dissemblage* of company, *which* I know many of them can speak upon one subject as well as another, I entertain the most *sanguinary* hopes that so *populous* a question will produce a most *interested* discussion; the question is, Ladies and Gentlemen, (*reads*) “Does riches or poverty tend most to the *exhalation* of the *humane* mind?”

Schemer. I beg leave to request the President will read the question once again, as there seems a little mistake, probably owing to the bad writing, or perhaps to his want of spectacles.

Sneak. (*Reads the question again.*) “Does riches or poverty tend most to the exaltation of the human mind?” ay, that’s it, *which* I’ll thank him as proposed it, to open it.

Bother’em. I rise, Sir, for the purpose of saying *something* on the question; a question, give me to leave to say, Sir, *which* any man, who has *embrued* his mind with ideas, must know how to *depreciate*. The question asks, Sir, “Does riches or poverty tend most to the exaltation of the human mind?” *notwithstanding* all which I have no doubt, that I shall be able to paint vice and luxury

in all its horrors, to *which we are liable*, in comparison with virtuous and honourable poverty, *as we all know is the case*; and I presume I shall place the matter in a new and perhaps *original* point of view. The love of money, Mr. President, that is, *them that is rich*, is a very great evil; and luxury, Sir, is the *bane of every vice*. Having surmised this simple *proposition* as the *key-stone* of my argument, (and I fancy few will be found hardy enough to question it,) I shall, Mr. President, *proceed* to *compare* them together, in such a way as you will find there to be *no comparison* at all. Look, Mr. President, at the *man possessed of luxury*; behold him, I say, Sir, *arranged* in *munificent* robes, decked out, Sir, in *gaudy* silks and satins, in purple and fine linen, and—and—all *them kind of things*; completely *developed* around in *Eastern and Oriental* pomp and *munificence*! Yes, Mr. President, see him, *I repeat it again*, Sir, seated in his superb saloon, *declining* at full length on his *enervated* couch, or pacing his rich Turkey carpet, with his fine red morocco slippers; courting every luxury to *stipulate* his appetite *which* he has *none at all*, though he vainly tries to *no purpose* to *provoke* its influence, by *exhaling* rich Mocoa coffee, from superb gilded *tea-cups* of the most costly *foreign cheney*, *from abroad*, which, I think, Sir, our English *cheney*, manufactured at *Woster*, might do for him! (*Here Schemer gives some hints to the Irishmen, who begin the applause with their sticks, and are joined by the audience.*) He cannot, Mr. President, eat a single meal, unless he is *surrounded all round* on every side with the *luxuriant* and *ecstatic* productions of both *atmospheres*! Is not the rich *cheney* cup he so *languishly* and *affectingly* raises to his *nauseated* lips—are they not, Sir, brought from the deserts of Arabia? Is not the *flagrant* and *chromatic* tea found in the *undiscovered* regions of Chili, which there is there, the highest mountains in the world? Is not, I say, Sir, the *munificent* sofa, on which he *declines* his meagre and emanci-

pated form, made from the mahogany of *Hispaniola*, from the shores of *Indostan*, and the *Cedar of Lebanon* from *Mount Pernassus*, ornamented with ivory manufactured from the *preposterous* of the elephants, and covered with the richest and most *munificent oriental* silks from the East Indies abroad? (*Great applause.*) I think, Mr. President, I need not bring forward *no more* arguments to prove that riches *does not* tend to the exaltation of the human mind; but Sir, I cannot *refrain* the *torrent* of eloquence, which I feel *smothering* within me, and ready to burst into a *hurricane*, whilst I contemplate the sketch I have drawn of this rich, but *contemptuous* character, and I am *repelled* forward, by your flattering applauses, to continue. Behold, then, Mr. President, what all this comes to! yes, Sir, in the words of the poet, "Mark the end on't;" see this *high-flown* nabob, *unable no longer* to *persecute* his wild career: behold, Sir, his poor *creditors*, no more unable to *liquidate* his debts, *destrained* to accept an *imposition* of one shilling in the pound; and thus we see many honest and *ingenuous* men *devolved* into one common ruin!!! (*Great applause, whilst Mr. Bother'em takes breath.*) This it is, Mr. President, that *levels* man *below* the brutes, that *levels* the brutes *above* him; for do not we behold this *vagabond*, (whose *devolvency* has *irretrievably* ruined his creditors, so that many of them have not a single *sous* left;) do we not behold him, I say, like the *gaudy* butterfly, after it has been *perverted* from the grub to the *crystal* state, *immerse* out and fly about with greater *efulgence* than ever? Yes, Mr. President, we *daily* see them *every day* strutting about with all the *imperence* and *confrontry* of an honest man, *which* I think, Sir, it is a wrong thing in our laws, and though I consider a man *hung up* in chains to be a great punishment indeed, yet I cannot *revise* any punishment *inadequate* for so *fragrant* a *refraction* of all the known and *imperceptible* laws of this, as well as the next world, which I think you must be now of the

same opinion about that. (*Great applause.*) But, Mr. President, *I revert* with horror from the *portrait* you have just heard: yes, Sir, my *frightful* senses, I say, *revert* with *desolation* from the scene; my *overheated* imagination *chills* at the thought, and I hasten to change this unpleasant *tropic*, by displaying an opposite contrast, *which*, I make no doubt, will soon convince all the *spectators* who now hear me, and whose *flattering hands* have *poured forth* such *cheering accents* of applause, that riches is not that state which some people think of it! (*Applause.*) I come now, Mr. President, to the man *possessed* of poverty, who is, I *still contend*, ten times happier than the man *possessed* of luxury, which it may be, considering the argument in a perfectly *new*, and perhaps original point of view, and perhaps be a bold and hazardous *conjecture* on my part; yet, Sir, I will venture boldly to *confirm*, that a man *possessed of poverty* has this grand advantage over the man *possessed of luxury*, that *they* cannot *experience* such severe losses; neither is he blown up with those *imperious* ideas, which sets one man at variance *between another*, and makes him so proud and *obstropolous* as *they* sometimes are, as if he was *more superior* than any body else. The poor man, Mr. President, cannot be so often *baffled*, neither can he be so often *foiled*; and without any *impartiality* or *prediction* in favour of the side of the question I have endeavoured to *expose*, I attribute it *because* their expectations are *declined* upon a *lower pinnacle of bliss*; for happiness, Mr. President, is like a *crow* perched on a distant mountain, which the eager sportsman *vainly* tries to *no purpose* to *insnare*; he looks at the crow, Mr. President, and the crow, Sir, looks at him; but the moment he attempts to *reproach* him, he *vanishes* away, like the *schismatic taints* of the rainbow, which, it was the astonishing Newton that first *deplored* and *enveloped* the cause of it. (*Great applause.*) Cannot the poor man, Mr. President,

precipitate in all the varied beauties of nature, from the most *loftiest* mountains down to the most *lowest* valleys, as well as the man *possessed* of luxury? and does not the *glittering* sun visit his *lonely* cottage with rays as *congenial* and *villifying*, as those which *bespangles* the lofty *dooms* of the man *possessed* of luxury? Cannot the poor man, Sir, (if I may borrow the elegant *physiology* of *Blackwood's Magazine**) enjoy his humble cottage, "*dipping its feet in the shallow murmur*?" Cannot he, Sir, *preamble* the fields, *empannelled* and *emblazoned* more *gaudry* than the rich Turkey carpet of the man *possessed* of luxury? And do not the *chromatic* flowers breathe as pure a *fragrance* to his *refractory* nerves, as all the *artificial smells* of the man *possessed* of luxury? Yes, Mr. President! the poor man can walk forth, with *limbs* strong and *asthmatic*, *enervated* and *braced* by labour; whilst those of the rich man are numbed by *vertigo*, *spleen*, *indigestion*, and many other diseases too tedious to *capitulate* at present. The poor man, Sir, whilst *thrilling transports* crown his view, and *rosy hours* attune his *sanguinary* youth, (as the poet elegantly has it,) can raise his *wonderful* mind to that *incompressible* Being who *restrains* the *lawless* storm; who *kindles* up the *crushing* and *vapid* thunder, and *rolls* the *elective* fluid through the *intensity* of space; who *issues* the awful *metres* and *roll-a-borealis* through the *unfathomable* *legions* of the fiery *hemispheres* of the *torpid* zones, or *elevates* the *aqueous* water-spouts from the troubled bosom of the *specific*

* We must here plead guilty to a little anachronism. Mr. Bother'em figured away twenty years ago, and here we find him borrowing a trope from *Blackwood's Magazine*, of a recent date. The passage is, however, so completely in the Bother'em style, that we could not resist the temptation to appropriate it. If any of our readers doubt that Scotch writers could produce a sentence equal to any ever uttered by our forum orator, they have only to turn to Blackwood's article on "The Lakes," where they will meet with the following specimen of the simple and picturesque:—"A sweet cottage, dipping its feet in the shallow murmur."—See the quotations p. 496

ocean. (*Immense peals of applause follow, when, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he proceeds in a softer voice.*) Sometimes, I say, Mr. President, seated beneath the *shady shadow* of an *umbrageous* tree, at whose *venal* foot flows a *limping* brook, he calls about him his wife, and the *rest* of his children,* (*which, I dare say, Mr. President, the rich man never had any;*) here, Sir, he takes a retrospective view into *futurity*; *distils* into their youthful minds useful lessons, to guard their *juvenile* youth from vice and *immortality*; *extorts* them to *perspire* to endless *facility*, which shall endure for ever. Here, Mr. President, on a fine clear evening, when the *silvery* moon shines out with all its *emulgence*, he *learns* his children the first *rudiments* of *astrology*, by pointing out the bull, the bear, the tailor's yard wand, and many more bright *consternations* and fixed stars, which are constantly *devolving* on their *axles* in the *azure* *expense* of the *blue creolean* firmament above! Two or three times a week, Mr. President, his whole family *dissemble* at the New Jerusalem chapel, *which* perhaps, Sir, some persons may not approve of this; but, Sir, give me leave to say, if a man has no sense of *religion*, then, Sir, *that* country is in a very bad state; and I am opinion that *Methodism* is one *species* of *Christians*, *which* I wish there was more of them; for in the present *regenerate* days, sorry am I to *denounce* it. Sir, men curse and swear, and eat and drink; yes, Sir, and *all other sorts* of *impiety*, *which*, I think, Mr. President, they should not do so *without impunity*. (*Great applause.*) Thus, Mr. President, I have *deranged* and *expanded* the subject into as *little* a compass as possible, having *injected* from my speech every thing which was *relevant* or distant from the point in view, as I never *derivate* or wander from the question, *which* I wish some other orators could say the

* In page 499, amongst other instances of slip-slop writing selected from *Blackwood*, is the following:—"For some years after the death of her husband, and the rest of her children, her son was her support."

same. It is a favourite maxim with me, "nothing exterminate, nor set down *nought* in malice." I have been at some pains to select from the writings of the ancients, from the great *Plato*, and many other philosophers, now *absolute* from the relapse of time, every thing which bore upon the question; and, after a patient and minute investigation of the subject, I find that morality, and every other writer on *ethica*, is of the same opinion, as I have delivered mine to you this evening, which I have now nothing more to say at present. (*Immense applause.—Bother'em' sits down apparently exhausted, and wiping his face with a handkerchief, which baffles all description.*)

(*To be continued.*)

A DUN AND A PUN.

A Tradesman nam'd Trudge, being hard press'd one day,
For money, his journeymen's wages to pay,
Call'd on Dashall who owed him about twenty pounds,
Who, soon as he spy'd him, exclaim'd "' Blood and 'ounds!"
What is it you mean, Sir, by pestering me thus?
About such a trifle, you make a d—d fuss."
" My money I want, and I'll have it," said Trudge,
" And until I'm paid, from this spot I'll not budge."
Dashall, frowning, reply'd, " Let 's have none of your din,
Some other time call, the *Cashier* is not in."
" Your *Cashier* not in!—ay, that's always the way,
If I wait till he comes, I may wait till doomsday—
I shall get the same answer each day in the year,
For I shrewdly suspect that you have no *Cash* here."

RHYME AND REASON.

Written on the occasion of a person expressing his surprise at the clock on the Liverpool Exchange keeping very bad time.

The reason I'll adduce in rhyme,
For what you deem so strange;—
A clock can never keep good time,
That's always on the *Change*.

GYMNASIA.

(Continued from page 426.)

No. XX.



The annexed sketch represents a very effective mode by which one person may seize another, who is much stronger than himself, and pinion him so that he is almost powerless, without hurting him. This manœuvre is sometimes of the greatest utility to police officers, or others who have to apprehend powerful and desperate fellows. It is difficult to delineate the process by the pencil, but it is performed thus:—Coming behind, *a* puts his arms under the arms of *b*, and brings them back over the shoulders of *b*, and clasps his own hands upon the nape of *b's* neck. In this position *b* has scarcely any power, and cannot raise his head.

No. XXI.



HOW TO RAISE A MAN FROM THE FLOOR WHILST HE IS SEATED ON A CHAIR, AND WITH ONE HAND LIFT HIM, CHAIR AND ALL, UPON A TABLE.

I now send you a description of a feat I was lately challenged to perform, and which, if the person to be lifted does not exceed my own weight by a stone, I can easily manage. The person to be lifted must sit down, so as to permit you to place your arm beneath him, as is clearly shown in the annexed sketch; you must then take a firm grasp of the back of the chair seat, and in the act of lifting you must draw him towards you, so that he rest upon your breast, with his head over your shoulder. In this position he will lose so much of his weight, that you will, with a little management, lift him from the ground, and place him on the table, whilst he is still sitting on the chair.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY SQUINTING.

[ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE MERCURY OF NOVEMBER 27, 1812.]

TO MESSRS. BROUGHAM AND CREEVEY.

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned *Watchmakers* of Liverpool, having maturely *revolved* the subject, in our minds, and having consulted all the friends, in the large *circle* of our acquaintance, as to a proper mode of showing the high esteem in which we hold you two Gentlemen, on whose public characters we have kept a *good Watch*, from the *moment* you entered upon your Parliamentary duties, until the present *hour*;—have unanimously resolved to beg your acceptance of two *Gold Lever Watches*, 'manufactured by ourselves. We present them without *Chains* or *Seals*, well aware that, as friends to freedom, you would spurn the former, though they were *Gold*: and conscious that you do not aspire to the *Seals* of office, or any other of the baubles and gewgaws, so eagerly sought after by the *de-pendants* of the Minister for the *time* being.

Your late adversaries, with feelings *wound up* to the highest pitch of presumption, know not where to *stop*!—they imagine our party is completely *down*, and can never be set *a going* again; they fancy they have so *pinion'd* us that we never dare again show our *Teeth*! but, Gentlemen, there are *Wheels within Wheels*; and they will find we are not so easily to be *fobb'd* off.

They have been tried in the *Balance*, and found wanting. They have always kept *turning* and *turning*; the *main-spring* and *pivot* of all their public conduct is self-interest;—they are *wound up*, *set a going*, and *regulated* by the *hand* of the Minister;—his *face* is their *dial*, and the treasury is their *maintaining power*!

As to yourselves, Gentlemen, the case is very different;

we *repeat* it, we have kept a *good Watch* upon all your *movements*;—your *hands* are clean;—you never yet *finger'd* any of the public money;—we never knew either of you to be a *moment* absent from your post; nor to *move* or *second* any *motion* which had not the good of the nation for its object.

We well know that the best *regulated* Constitutions, like the best *Watches*, sometimes require to be *cleaned*, *repaired*, and *put in order*;—the *oil* of Reform must occasionally be applied, to prevent the evil effects of *friction*, or the corruptions of *rust*.

Had the *wheels* of Government been always committed to the *hands* of honest men like you, what mighty *revolutions* would have been avoided! Bonaparte would not have conquered Europe, by his *Fusces*, nor would this *Capped* and *Jewelled* Tyrant of the Continent (from whom there is, alas! no hope of *Escapement*) have thus kept the world perpetually on the *alarm*.

Bad, however, as the *case* is, Gentlemen, we will not despair, but set the best *face* on the matter; and in conclusion, we beg to assure you, that though our style may not be highly *polished*, though our periods may not be elegantly *turned*, nor our address *put together* in such a way as to bear *taking to pieces* by nice critics; yet, believe us, we shall never *turn* our coats; and we solemnly assure you, that whatever *movements* or *revolutions* may occur at any ensuing election, we will never *strike* our colours as long as our pulses continue to *beat*, or so long as there is a *vibration* in the bosoms of

Your devoted Friends.

THE LIVERPOOL WATCHMAKERS.

IS THE EARTH A SOLID, OR, HOLLOW AND CAVERNOUS?

PROFESSOR LESLIE'S THEORY.—OTHER SPECULATIONS.—
CAPT. SYMMES'S THEORY OF OPEN POLES.

Some ingenious speculations, lately published by the celebrated Professor Leslie, have engaged a considerable share of the public attention, and have been commented upon by some of our journalists, whose knowledge is not confined to the hackneyed routine of politics and newspaper chit-chat.

The editor of the *Scotsman* has recently observed, "that the discoveries of his countryman are singularly calculated to arrest attention by their boldness, ingenuity, and originality." The claim of originality has, however, been questioned (with what justice we know not) by several rival theorists; but it will be quite time enough to weigh their respective claims when it is ascertained whether their speculations are any thing more than philosophical reveries, similar to those which have been successively indulged in by Des Cartes, Whiston, Burnet, Hutchinson, Woodward Buffon, Linnæus, Darwin, and many other system-makers, who have been guessing in the dark for centuries past. Professor Leslie appears to have set about his task more scientifically than any of his predecessors, having founded his conclusions upon actual experiment, and having, also, the advantages derivable from the experience of those who had previously indulged in geological speculations.

If we understand the outline of the Professor's system it is this,—that if the earth were solid, or nearly so, it would be much heavier than it has been clearly ascertained to be;*

* From experiments which are considered as entitled to implicit dependence, scientific men have arrived at the conclusion, that the whole earth does not weigh more than twice its bulk in water.

that the probability is, therefore, that it is hollow, and filled with some subtle and highly elastic matter, which is, with great plausibility, assumed to be light; that the shell or crust of the earth upon which we tread bears a very small proportion to the whole globe.

The Professor, in his concluding note, says:—"We are thus led, by a close train of induction, to the most important and striking conclusion. The great central concavity is not that dark and dreary abyss which the fancy of poets had pictured. On the contrary, this spacious internal vault must contain the purest ethereal essence, *Light*, in its utmost concentrated state, shining with intense refulgence and overpowering splendour."

A correspondent of the *London Courier* claims in favour of a Mr. Thomas Williams the priority of the discovery that the earth is composed of a crust, or shell, and hollow within. From experiments made by this gentleman, he concluded that the crust could not exceed fifty miles. Mr. Williams, we are told, died thirty-five years ago. Another claimant of the honour of the discovery is a Mr. Burns, of Armagh.

By these, and other facts which we are about to state, it appears that the conjecture, that the earth is hollow or cavernous, is not new; but we do not, on that account, mean to depreciate the labours of Professor Leslie, who is entitled to our respect, if, by his ingenuity and perseverance, he has brought experiment and geometry to the aid of vague speculation. As far as we know, his theory of the internal space being filled with light is novel, and belongs to the Professor exclusively, although the idea of central fire is very ancient and very general.

We shall now take a brief and desultory view of various theories, all founded upon the supposition that the earth is hollow and cavernous.



In the *Lettres Physiques et Morales sur l'Histoire de la Terre et l'Homme*, by M. De Luc, we find the following passage:—"The bottom of the ancient sea (which covered our continents before the Deluge) had under it caverns whose vaults being thinned, and impaired by the excavations made by subterraneous fires, were either pierced, or fell in from time to time."

It was an opinion entertained, we believe, by the celebrated Dr. Halley, that the interior of the earth might consist of a separate globe, detached as the kernel of a nut is from the shell; and he thought it not improbable, that, as the revolution of the shell would be more rapid than that of the kernel, that circumstance might occasion the variation of the magnetic needle.

It has been supposed, by some writers, that there are subterranean communications connecting all the countries of the earth; and the simultaneous earthquakes and volcanic phenomena at remote places, have been adduced as a plausible argument in favour of this conjecture.

On the memorable first of November, 1755, about ten o'clock in the morning, when the earthquake so fatal to Lisbon happened, the workmen in the Derbyshire mines were greatly alarmed. "The rocks which surrounded them were so much disturbed, that soil, &c. fell from their joints or fissures; and they likewise heard violent explosions, as it were of cannon."

We now come to the most strange geological theory that has ever been seriously entertained; and which we noticed at some length upwards of ten years ago.

In the number of the old series of the *Kaleidoscope* published October 13, 1818, we mentioned the singular hypothesis of Capt. Symmes, of Ohio, who maintained that our globe was hollow within, and formed of concentric

spheres, and that it was open at both Poles. This hypothesis, extravagant as it appears to be, Captain Symmes was said to have demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientific men, including Dr. Mitchell. In the *Kaleidoscope* of September 19, 1826, we resumed the subject in an editorial article, in which we stated that Captain Symmes meditated an expedition to the aperture, which, he was assured, was to be found near the South Pole. Since that time we have entirely lost sight of this gentleman, who, for any thing we know to the contrary, may have found his way into the polar funnel, which, like a mouse trap, may be easy of entrance but very difficult of egress.

Before we proceed further with this interesting, and, we may say, enchanting speculation, we shall venture to offer a few remarks of our own, which are not the result of the recent agitation of the subject, but which originated in reasoning by analogy, founded on the economy of nature, observable in all her works.

When we reflect that man has never, by mining, boring, or any other process, succeeded in penetrating into the earth more than a quarter, or half a mile deep; and when we further reflect that the earth's diameter is about eight thousand miles, we must admit that the excavations effected by human art bear no greater proportion to the earth itself than the impalpable dust lying upon the surface of an eighteen-inch globe bears to the globe itself. Since we could reflect at all, it has always seemed to us improbable and inconsistent with the designs of the Author of nature, that the whole of our earth should be occupied with solid matter: we never could conceive how such an immense and closely packed mass could be possibly rendered subservient to the economy of nature, or useful to the beings that people the earth. Nature always adapts the means to the

end, and never employs a superfluity of the matter from which her works are moulded. Thus, animal bones are constructed hollow, by which means they combine more strength and lightness in the same compass than they would contain in any other form. Is it likely, then, that Providence, which has assigned the earth as the residence of man, of animated nature, and for the growth of vegetation, should have merely adapted the external crust to their purposes, filling all the internal recesses of the globe with inert and ponderous matter, inaccessible to man or other creatures? It appears to us more consonant, therefore, with what we know of the economy and the harmony of nature, to believe that the earth is not solid to the centre, as is generally supposed, but that in its vast recesses there is ample scope for the free enjoyment of animal life; nor is there any thing extravagant in the supposition that the interior cavity of the earth may be as well illuminated as the exterior surface. The hand that could light up the torch of the cold glow-worm could render the subterranean vault visible at will.

In a note appended to a letter in the *Northern Whig*, to which we have before adverted, there is one remarkable observation which will deeply interest our scientific readers. In speaking of the theory of Captain Symmes, which we have noticed in a preceding part of this article, our intelligent brother editor says,—“He (Captain S.) has been confirmed in this belief by a circumstance which has occurred to Captain Parry and others who have endeavoured to explore the North-West Passage. They found, by means of an accurate chronometer, that the sun, in very high latitudes, sets for a considerable time before that laid down in the almanack, from which Captain Symmes infers that, for a great distance round the orifice at the Poles, the

waters hollow in like a bowl, and that Captain Parry and other navigators had sailed a considerable way into the hollow."

Those who are disposed to laugh at this conjecture, would do well to recollect that it has been ascertained by the pendulum, beyond a doubt, that the earth is flattened towards the Poles; how much, it is impossible to say, as the experiments have never been made near enough the Pole to enable us to form a rational conjecture.

In enumerating the various theories in which philosophers and visionaries have indulged, we ought not to omit the whimsical notion, that the earth is a huge animal, and that earthquakes, which spread such consternation amongst its inhabitants, are occasioned by some convulsive throes of the immense animated body, upon the surface of which we exist.

As Professor Leslie has supposed that the internal cavity of the earth abounds with light, it is no extravagant deduction from his theory to conclude that there must be also life in those regions, either animal or vegetable, because light is essential to both; but, as far as we know, light is not indispensable to what we call inanimate matter. St. Pierre, an ingenious but most fanciful writer, in adverting to the probable population of the planets, says,—“Although we are ignorant that there are men in the planets, we may suppose that there are eyes, because there is light.”

If this reasoning apply to the planets, and if Professor Leslie's opinion be well founded, it would follow that the interior of the earth, which he has so plentifully stored with light, should not be destitute of those beings for whose use light appears to have been peculiarly intended.

This theory almost countenances the ancient legends about Tartarus, the River Styx, and all the subterranean

wonders which have so charmed us in our youthful days; and in fancy we again accompany Æneas to the Elysian fields, and no longer regard it as a mere fable, that

“Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
And tun’d up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.”

In the *Contes Persanes*, the renowned traveller *Aboulfaouris*, like Æneas, descends into the hidden recesses of the globe, where he meets with some most surprising adventures, far more romantic than those recorded of the son of *Anchises*. He finds good and evil genii, who carry him over mountains, seas, lakes, and rivers, “antres vast, and deserts idle;” he gets a peep at the tomb of the prophet Salomon, guarded by griffins and winged serpents: and he is witness to a most terrific combat between these horrid monsters and one of the evil spirits, who violates the sanctity of the tomb, intent upon bearing away the mystic seal, which the prophet wears in a magic ring, on his finger.

Aboulfaouris being an orthodox follower of Mahomet, is admitted into the paradise destined for the particular friends of the Prophet, who die in the true faith; and he has, moreover, an interesting *tele-a-tele* with a youthful cavalier, attired in rich habits, covered with diamonds, and adorned with a green turban, spangled with rubies, and mounted on a rose-coloured horse, from whose eyes issued brilliant rays of light, and beneath whose feet, as he moved, sprang up every variety of flowers.

We do not take upon us to say that all this is fact; but, if it be as true as it is amusing, the light with which Professor Leslie has so abundantly stored the subterranean regions does not shine in vain; as it would be strange indeed if such wonderful things were all going on in utter darkness.

GOSSIPIANA.

The following rhyming epistle from our old prosing correspondent, Dicky Gossip, of Bullock-smithy, may require some explanation, which we shall give as concisely as possible. In the recent letters from our friend Dicky, it will be recollected, that he more than once makes allusion to the hardness of the times; and complains that, in consequence of the increasing demands of the tax-gatherers on the one hand, and the decreasing capital of his customers on the other, he has experienced a lamentable falling off in his ordinary avocations of shaving, bleeding and tooth-drawing. How the times could possibly affect the latter branch of his multifarious callings, our readers, like ourselves, might have been puzzled to conjecture, had not Mr. Gossip himself, in the following preliminary doggerels, satisfactorily explained so unexpected a phenomenon. Not to wander, however, from the more immediate object of our prefatory remarks, we pass on to observe, that, having by chance seen some specimens of our friend's knack of stringing together doggerels, it occurred to us that it would be doing a good turn to rescue the poor fellow from the degradation attendant upon his present menial employment. We, therefore, with a spirit of liberality which cannot fail to be duly appreciated, wrote to Mr. Gossip, offering him for his literary services a weekly stipend, which, in these times, would be considered worthy the attention of any man of liberal education and superior poetical endowments: indeed, our author very handsomely observes of our offer, that

“ Ten shillings weekly is not to be sneezed at ! ”

In consequence of an intimation to that effect, in our letter to Mr. Gossip, he has sent us the following specimen by

return of post, observing modestly, that if it should not furnish evidence with what ease he indites, it will at least serve to show his readiness to fill up a corner at a pinch.

No. I.

[WRITTEN IN 1819.]

PRELIMINARY EPISTLE.

Bullock-smithy, June 19.

Your letter, which came safe to hand, my good friend,
Proves the proverb, "When times are at worst they will mend."
'Tis a pity, as you say, a man of my reading,
Should be doom'd to the drudgery of shaving and bleeding ;
And yet, when I first nam'd the matter to Moggy,
She exclaim'd with surprise, "Sure, my dear, you are groggy ;
Or if you are not tipsy, you're certainly raving ;
Think no more of such follies, but stick to your shaving."
But scarce had she finish'd the whole of your letter,
When she vow'd with a smile that she lik'd the scheme better.
The salary you nam'd she seem'd mightily pleas'd at,
Ten shillings a week is not now to be "sneez'd at,"
Whilst thousands around us, both weavers and spinners,
Though they toil night and day, often go without dinners ;
And trade 's falling off so in my line, I see,
If I don't quit it shortly, 'twill shortly quit me ;
So high are the taxes, and wages so low now,
That half my old customers let their beards grow now ;
Then as for tooth-drawing, I need not tell you,
'Teeth don't wear out fast, when they've nothing to chew,
So as dear Mrs. Gossip approves of your proffer,
Without further parley I close with your offer ;
And quitting my puffing and shaving for rhymes,
Shall now try my hand at a touch at the times.
Nor so great the transition, as some may suppose,
I shall still shave and cut, not my friends,—but my foes ;
Still happy the Tories to take by the nose ;
And as for their rivals, that party of prigs,
Sometimes, for amusement, I'll tickle their "Whigs."
Then adieu my old wig-blocks, farewell to my strop,
Dicky Gossip turns author, and shuts up his shop.
Matters once thus arrang'd, I advis'd with my dear,
In what kind of verse to commence my career ;

Of my own *forte* in writing I may be no judge,
 But I think I should shine in the stile of Phil. Fudge.*
 Mrs. Gossip, however, whose taste I can't doubt,
 Since from so many lovers it singled me out,
 Says I'd best try my hand in the way of Tom Crib;†
 So I'll do it, if 'twere but to please my dear rib.
 You will smile perhaps and say, "What has seiz'd on his noddle,
 To venture to rival so matchless a model;"
 And I own it may be too presumptuous by half,
 But I may as well "swing for a cow as a calf;"
 So, if, Icarus like, I too lofty should soar,
 And fall in my flight; when you find I'm no *More*.‡
 The world will exclaim, o'er my tomb, with a sigh,
 "Ambition's 'all Dicky,' poor Gossip, good bye!"

No. II.

[WRITTEN IN JULY 1819.]

As you did not decline the first sample I sent you,
 I take it for granted my doggerels content you;
 As for smooth polished verses I ne'er had the click of 'em,
 And your sonnets of fourteen lines; pshaw, I'm sick of 'em.
 So now I'll proceed, without further preamble,
 Or you'll think that we Gossips are all apt to ramble.

As the task would be far beyond my feeble hand,
 To depict the whole crew that improv'ish the land;
 And as I'd be brief, I'll confine myself unto
 Three prominent heads of our Cabinet junto.—

Like Cerberus of old, the grim mastiff we read of,
 And thought, in these times, there were none of the breed of,
 Our triple-skull'd monster,—but who can depict him?
 Has three horrid mouths, to gulph down his poor victim;

* "Phil. Fudge," one of the "Fudge Family," too well known to need any particular description here. Some extracts from the facetious publication of that name were given in the *Mercury*, vol. viii. pp. 196, 254.

† "Tom Crib," another work equally well known to the public, and relished by them in the exact degree that it is galling to some of our present rulers.

‡ "More," (Moore,) the writer to whom both these popular works have been ascribed, by public report. This pun of his humble imitator, Mr. Gossip, might have been considered desperate, if our friend had not precedent to plead, in mitigation of his offence. A recent fashionable epigram will show, however, that the iniquity of the joke does not solely rest at his door. The point of this epigram, the words of which we have forgotten, is, when speaking of the Irish poets, that Ireland boasts of one "*Moore*." Our author may also quote the high authority of the celebrated punning epigram, about *Strange, Moore, and Wright*—but *quant. suff.* as the professional gentlemen say.

The one is nam'd C——g, the next C———h,
"Par nobile fratrum," I fancy you'll say ;
 Who form with a third, to complete our annoyance,
Trio juncta in uno, a Holy Alliance :
 These wrangle sometimes, but like Peachum and Locket,
 Agree in one thing, that is picking our pocket.
 The third you will guess to be old Dr. A——n,
 The crony of Oliver, Castles, and Waddington.*

These desperate quacks, in a late consultation,
 After grabbing their fees, felt the pulse of the nation ;
 Then pronounc'd by the symptoms, the people were crack'd ;†
 And as blockheads you know very seldom retract,
 For fear these said symptoms should not turn out bad enough,
 Sent Oliver to them, who soon made them mad enough ;
 And when in their phrenzy they kick'd up a racket,
 The next step, of course, was a gaol and strait-jacket.

But I hear the post-horn, and am all in a flurry ;
 So no more just at present, from yours, in a hurry,
 P. S.—If you write, as I've "shifted," direct your epistle,
 "Dicky Gossip, Esq. at the Pig and the Whistle."

No. III.

FEMALE REFORMERS.

As the Ass between two whisps of hay in the fable,
 Was so puzzl'd to choose, that he starv'd in the stable,
 So, though I am no ass, I feel somewhat perplexed,
 In the choice of a subject, to handle the next ;
 Not that matter is wanting, or topics are few now,
 For every day brings with it something that 's new now ;
 And variety gives to the fancy as wide a scope,
 As the objects we see in the patent kaleidoscope,
 I first tried my hand at the recent fracas,
 When the Orange club scamper'd from Irish *club* law ;
 I then thought I'd e'en have a touch at the Comet,
 When another bright thought soon diverted me from it ;
 So I quitted the spheres for a subject terrestrial,
 Tho' amorous poets will have it celestial ;

* A fellow of this name lately took it in his head to lodge a few slugs in the body of a poor fellow, who ventured to hint that he was a spy. It is believed that he is now on a mission to Carlisle, to entrap some of the starving weavers.

† Our readers may recollect, that the advisers of the Prince Regent gave more than a broad hint, in the speech of their royal master, that the people were mad.

A topic on which youthful lovers still dream,
 You'll readily guess, lovely woman's my theme;
 Not the spiritless old fashion'd dames, who ne'er came,
 Except twice a week, to the church from their home;
 Who consume all their time in the laundry or kitchen,
 Still baking, or brewing, or scrubbing, or stitching;
 But of learning or politics ne'er had a notion
 Beyond "Raffald's Cookery," or "Nelson's Devotion;"
 No! the ladies I mean are of different kidney,
 Read Cobbett and Wooler, and Tom Paine and Sydney;
 And maintain that each woman, as well as her spouse,
 Should vote at elections, or sit in the House;
 For how can there be a fair representation,
 'Till the fair sex in Parliament take their due station?
 I am aware to this scheme there may be some objections,
 As there are to the ballot, or annual elections:
 'Twill be said, that 'twould sadly embarrass the nation,
 If women took part in the administration;
 For instance, a young Female Chancellor, may be,
 Instead of a budget, might bring forth a baby;
 And though folk may think that was no bad exchange,
 Yet our plans of finance it might somewhat derange.
 But a truce with such carping and cavilling, say I,
 'Tis the will of the people, *Vox populi vox Dei*.

Advance then, ye "Female Reformers" of Blackburn,*
 With Vestals like you, freedom's flame cannot slack burn.†
 What, though in its own conceit, our sex surpasses you;
 Though Canning with fools and lunatics classes you;‡
 Though the *Courier* and Treasury-hacks may make sport of it;
 You shall sit and vote—"that 's the long and the short of it."

* For the rules of the Blackburn Society of Female Reformers, see *Mercury*, July 9, 1819.

† "Vestals,"—amongst the ancient Romans, were Priestesses of the Goddess Vesta, and had the perpetual fire committed to their charge. The females of Blackburn and Stockport appear bent upon reviving this almost obsolete office; and as they have been somewhat hardly dealt with by the Tory wits, we think the following lines may, with propriety, be addressed to them:

"Go then, ye reprobated few,
 With souls to freedom ever true,
 Whom tyrants ne'er shall tame:—
 Go, spread the cheerless embers round;—
 And should a few faint sparks be found,
 Oh, fan them into flame.

Soon may that fire again appear,
 Again a prostrate people cheer,
 Again be watch'd with zeal," &c.

Mr. Canning, in one of his tinsel harangues against reform, speaking of universal suffrage, observed, that women and lunatics ought, by no means, to be forgotten; and in mock lamentation of their present state of non-representation, exclaimed,—"Oh, unhappy ladies!—(Oh, unhappy insane!" &c. As somebody in the play asks, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" We say, "What will Mrs. Hunn say?"

If Orangemen* now, in our Parliament sit, Sir,
 Why not Orangewomen, they're fully as fit, Sir?
 And the fishwomen also, as well as the rest of 'em
 I am sure, when they choose, they could talk down the best of 'em!
 And if lawyers were not now too numerous by far,
 We could send up some women brought up to "the bar;"†
 Which would realize all that old Blackstone's so proud of;‡
 Which Canning and Company now boast so loud of;
 And our old constitution, once more would look cheery,
 And "work well" in practice as well as in theory.§

E'en Canning himself will encourage the motion,
 As his mother and sisters are sure of promotion,
 Whose pensions now cut such a dash in the "Red Book;"
 For particulars see page fifty-seven of the said book.
 When the new scheme's matur'd, there's no doubt the two wenches
 Will sit on the Woolsack, or Treasury benches;

* "Orangemen;" to wit, Lord K——n, and Lord Orange-whiskers, in the Upper House; and Mr Orange-peel in the Lower. Lord Orange-whiskers, though a great friend at Court, is considered every where else as a very profligate fellow, but a most consummate black-leg.

† It is a general complaint that there are too many lawyers in the House already; and it was well observed by some one that the country had more to fear from the black coats than the red coats. As for Mr. Gossip's proposal to send up to Parliament landladies, fishwomen, &c. nothing can be more fair. It is admitted that each class of the community ought to have its representative. We have, for instance, the fundholders, lean-contractors, &c. to watch over the moneyed interest, and to prevent the great inconvenience which would inevitably result from too speedy a return to cash-payments. Then we have the great landed interest, whose principal business is to see that corn does not fall below a certain price. We have also a great body of military men in the House whose office is to oppose every reduction in the standing army. Besides the aforementioned classes, namely, the moneyed interest, the landed interest, and the military interest, there is another party which may be called purely the self-interest, to which Mr. Canning, and the whole host of boroughmongers, whether Whig or Tory, belong. Their sole business is to take care of number one, and oppose every attempt to subvert our glorious constitution, by the visionary scheme of extending the right of suffrages and shortening the duration of Parliaments; either of which measures would militate against their self-interest, as the one would thereby lose their boroughs, and the others in all probability, their places. Amidst these several interests, why not, therefore, have competent persons to represent the "fish interest," which is of such consequence as connected with the British fisheries and manning the navy against a new war, which we shall most assuredly have as soon as we are again "in feather." The introduction of a few landladies, or, as Mr. Gossip calls them, "Ladies brought up to the bar," would also be very proper to watch over the publican interest. They would have raised their voices, with their accustomed energy and effect, against the late additional duty on spirits, and would have cut a figure on one of the most important subjects that ever came before Parliament,—we mean the publican's license bill.

‡ The great beauty of the British constitution is said to consist in the checks operating upon each other by several parts, namely, the King, the Lords, and the Commons. This equality is, however, utterly deranged by a fourth body, the boroughmongers, who, as Sir Francis Burdett has often said, are dictators to King, Lords, and Commons.

§ Mr. Canning, the great special pleader of corruption, contends that, with all its apparent defects, the constitution "works well!" in practice; to which it was well observed, in reply, "That it works very well for the Right Honourable Gentleman, but very ill for the people." There is only one fault in this reply; and when Mr. Canning again talks about the constitution working well, I hope some one will tell him, "That it works very well for him and his near and dear relatives, who do not work at all; but it works very ill for those who are forced to do all the work, to pay their salaries and pensions."

And the worthy old lady, or much I mistake her,
 Will do full as well for the chair of the Speaker,
 As Abbott, or Sutton, or Wynn the Welsh squeaker.*
 In my mind's eye, I now see the new Speaker Hunn,
 With a dignified frown call to "order" her son;
 Whilst e'en from the Treasury benches they cheer her,
 And the Whigs, in amazement, exclaim—"Hear her, hear her!"

But I hear my wife calls me, and tho' she 's no scold,
 I'd better conclude, lest the mutton be cold.

No. IV.

A young neighbour who fancies he has a taste for rhyming, has requested me to use my influence with you, to obtain a place in the *Mercury* for the following parody upon Norval's speech. To get rid of his importunities, I promised to comply, and now leave it to your option to print or burn it as you think best. The history of my young friend's parody is briefly this:—Billy Leigh, (who, as you will find by a note annexed, was wounded at Peterloo), is a playmate of the young rhymers; and as it was naturally supposed that he would be called upon to give evidence before the Grand Jury, my little friend, whose head is stuffed full of scraps of plays and poetry, conceived the singular notion of arranging his companion's evidence in the form of a set speech, which, in his enthusiastic predilection for the muses, would, he doubted not, be perfectly irresistible. How far the composition is calculated to produce any effect in a Lancashire court, where the common order of things appears to be reversed, I leave to you and your readers to determine.

* Mr. Wynn, the would-be Speaker, has a very squeaking voice, with which he is perpetually calling to order, with a shrill pipe, like the notes of a cracked boatswain's whistle. Mr. Manners Sutton and Mr. Wynn, by way of distinction, are sometimes called Mr. Speaker and Mr. Squeaker.

[WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER 1819.]

My name is Billy Leigh,* near Cockey-moor
 My father feeds his pigs; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant care is to attend the sty,
 And keep the little pigs and me at home;
 For I had heard of Peterloo, and long'd
 To follow to that field the gallant Hunt,
 And Heaven soon granted what my dad denied.

'Twas Monday noon; thousands on thousands met;
 Men, women with their infants too: when lo!
 A band of fierce barbarians, full speed,
 Rush'd like mad bulls upon the unarm'd mob;
 Trampling down all they met.—We could not fly †
 For safety or for succour.—I, alas!
 With bended knee, and quiv'ring with fear,
 Was sabred by the savage foe, and mark'd,
 As here you see. We could not stir a foot;
 When soon a troop of threescore arm'd men,
 We saw advance, led by a trumpeter, ‡
 Who soon o'ertook us, wedg'd in as we were.—
 They fought and conquer'd! Ere a speech was made §
 This savage trumpeter struck at our chief,
 Who wore that day a hat like that I wear. ||

Returning home in sorrow, I resum'd
 The swineherd's humble life; but having heard
 That our great Prince had thank'd the gallant squad,

* The last indictment which was preferred was against one Carlton, by a little boy who received a most dreadful wound on the head from the sabre of this person. This lad, William Leigh, boy like, attended the meeting from curiosity, and was one of those composing a thick compact body, created by the attempts of the crowd to escape. Upon the heads, shoulders, necks, and arms of these poor wretches, the yeomanry were dealing out their cuts with a liberal hand, when the poor lad having caught the eye of Carlton, whom he knew, he ran towards him to get out of the crowd; but his acquaintance replied to his application for safety by a blow at his head, which gave him a deep wound, full three or four inches long.

† It is a notorious fact, that the people were so wedged in, that it was impossible to escape, or to use any defensive weapons, had they been so inclined.

‡ This fellow is well known to have been most conspicuous in the Peterloo tragedy. He attempted to cut down Mr Hunt, who saved himself by surrendering to Nadin the thief-taker. In the presence of most respectable witnesses he afterwards swore, that his object was to make Hunt shorter by the head, which he should have accomplished if Nadin had not interfered.

§ It is no longer denied, that the forcible dispersion of this peaceable meeting was commenced before Mr. Hunt had taken the chair, and whilst he was addressing to the audience a few prefatory words, the tendency of which was to enjoin the strictest order.

|| Mr. Gossip here observes, that Billy must be an ultra, as it is understood that white hats are their characteristic badges. We presume, however, that this is a mistake, as we know that white beavers are worn by some who neither embrace the ultra faith, nor look up to Mr. Hunt as the "Magnus Apollo" of the age.

For their bold deeds, perform'd at Peterloo,
 I left my father's house ; and took with me
 A neighbour's jack ass to conduct me here,
 You vicious donkey who kick'd off his rider.
 Still smarting from my wounds, I scarce could walk ;
 But, Heaven be prais'd, have hobbl'd here to tell
 The jury all I know.

Bullock-Smithy.

DICKY GOSSIP.

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Continued from page 522.)

CHAP. XXI.

Mr. Surface's Manœuvre to please all Parties—Quartering on the Enemy—Election by Ballot.

“ Well, my good friend, (said Ferdinand to Asmodeus, after the usual compliments,) how did the gentleman vote whose conduct was the subject of our animadversion the other evening? You half promised to have an eye to him, and to communicate the result to me.”

“ I did, (said Asmodeus,) and I have been more scrupulous in the observance of what you call a half promise, than some of you mortals are in the observance of your most solemn assurances. This gentleman's name, which is Surface, is in admirable keeping with his character. His constant aim through life is to stand well with all parties, and as men in general are the easy dupes of a specious exterior, Surface succeeds in getting into the good graces of the great majority. He secretly wished success to one of the candidates, but he also wished to be on good terms with both, and he contrived to accomplish the objects by a master stroke of policy. The day of the election was so excessively wet, that the candidates provided coaches to convey

their respective friends to the place where the votes were received, as is the custom at your elections for members of Parliament. Surface proceeded to the poll in the coach of one candidate, and gave his vote to the other, which he could do without detection, as the voting was by ballot. By this *ruse* the former naturally took it for granted that Surface was in his interest, whilst Surface took care to apprise the other, under injunctions of secrecy, that he had voted in his favour, and that in proceeding to the election in the coach of his rival he had only been 'quartering upon the enemy,' to use an election phrase. The manœuvre has so completely succeeded, that Surface has received a polite circular from each of the candidates, thanking him for his support."

"Paltry as such conduct is, (said Ferdinand,) it furnishes an argument in favour of the ballot. No candidate for a seat in Parliament would incur much expense in bribing a man to vote in his behalf, if he had no means of ascertaining whether the voter performed the service for which he had meanly bartered his independence."

"As human nature is constituted, and as society is connected, (said Asmodeus,) the ballot affords the best possible security against corruption. Whilst it leaves the elector free to follow the dictates of private inclination, or of public duty, it deters the candidate, as you have observed, from lavishing his money upon those who may not fulfil the conditions upon which it was advanced."

"That (said Ferdinand) has always been my opinion respecting the ballot, of the importance of which I am so thoroughly persuaded, that if I had my choice of one of those great political desiderata, Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and the Ballot, I should select the latter as the most likely to prove beneficial to the community. But, suppose, my friend, we quit this double-faced, contemptible

follow, Surface, and return to our friend, the Salamander, who, albeit he does humbug the people a little, is infinitely the more respectable character of the two."

CHAP. XXII.

The Freeman's Club—Professions of Independence—Splendid instance of a really independent Elector—The subject of Mons. Chabert resumed—Ferdinand's conjectures respecting the modus operandi of the Fire King—Account of Mr. Devaynes, a celebrated Amateur in the Swallowing Line—Whimsical Adventure at a Country Inn.

"I was just thinking, as you entered, (said Ferdinand to his friend Asmodeus,) that as the freemen of this borough are expected to assemble this evening in great numbers upon very important business, and as this is about the hour of meeting, it might, perhaps, afford us some amusement to witness what is going forwards, and I must, therefore, request the favour of your assistance on the occasion."

"With all my heart, (said Asmodeus, pointing to the globe.) Behold them before you, assembled in their spacious club-room."

"What a numerous meeting! (said Ferdinand,) I wonder what will be the result of their deliberations. If they act up to their recent declarations of independence, much good may be done; but I own that past experience of the conduct of these men does not warrant any very sanguine expectations. Let us attend to their proceedings."

"The Chairman, a very respectable gentleman, is now addressing them, (said Asmodeus,) and if the loud cheers and applause which accompany the speaker may be considered as a criterion of the sincerity of his audience, it would seem that they are resolutely and unanimously bent

upon the recovery of those privileges which have been wrested from them by the Common Council, who have contrived to get the corporate estate into their own hands; but as I am as ignorant of the future as yourself I shall not venture even to guess at the issue."

"I have so long been accustomed (said Ferdinand) to see these same men sell themselves to the highest bidder, and have witnessed so much corruption amongst those who are called freemen, that I almost begin to despair of finding any such thing as public spirit and independence."

"There are, however, my friend, (said Asmodeus,) some memorable instances of the existence of public spirit and integrity, which ought to make you hesitate before you pronounce sentence on the whole mass of electors. In Oldham's History of the Boroughs, a work in which you would naturally look for examples of venality and corruption, rather than of integrity and independence, the following anecdote is related:—'At the borough of Newport the number of electors (the corporation) was twenty-three; and in the case of a strongly-contested election, the numbers were so equally divided that a Mr. Taylor had the casting vote. This he kept back, as each party imagined, from motives of private interest; but he had made up his mind as to the choice, when it unfortunately happened that the party he had then espoused, not knowing his determination, offered him £2000. This was indignantly rejected by Mr. Taylor, who then secretly determined to vote with the other party, who, unfortunately for themselves, made a more advantageous offer. Thus insulted on both sides, Mr. Taylor determined not to vote at all, but to lay down his gown as a burgess of the corporation.'"

"You have, indeed, pointed out a *Rara Avis*, (said Ferdinand,) but *exceptio probat regulam*; and I fear your instance will prove almost a solitary exception to a general

rule. Besides, your elector was probably as independent in circumstances as in mind; but the men we see yonder assembled are all in humble or indigent circumstances; and you know the old proverb says, 'It is hard for an empty purse to stand upright.' However, we shall soon see what reliance is to be placed upon their professions. They have just unanimously passed a resolution to elect the next Mayor without accepting the accustomed bribe, either of money or free drink, and as the day of election is at hand, their professions will soon be put to the test. In the meantime we may as well take our leave of them, for the business appears to be over. By your leave, therefore, we will return to the Fire King, whose performance was the subject of our conversation when I last had the pleasure of your company. I think it has been satisfactorily proved that his grand oven exhibition is a humbug on the public. It has been shown that other persons, as well as the Salamander, can endure, and have endured, the temperature of the oven; and we have their testimony to the fact that the beefsteaks are cooked on a chafing dish, and the mercury in the thermometer artificially raised, *ad libitum*, by placing the bulb close to the chafing-dish. If any further proof were wanting that Mons. Chabert does not live and breathe in an atmosphere in which other men cannot live and breathe, it is furnished by the editor of a respectable northern journal, who states that, when the Fire King was in Edinburgh, one of the workmen belonging to the Gas Company publicly challenged him to the fiery ordeal, by proposing that he and the Salamander should, without previous preparation, enter one of the heated furnace rooms of the Gas Works, a challenge which Chabert did not venture to accept."

"Appearances and probabilities are certainly rather against the Salamander, (said Asmodeus,) but, as I hinted to you in our former conversation on the subject, I have my

reasons for leaving the *eclaircissement* entirely in your own hands. You will excuse me, therefore, if on this one topic I am not so explicit as usual."

"I am so much obliged to you, (said Ferdinand,) for the readiness with which you generally favour me with your opinion and advice, that I shall not urge you on the present occasion, but shall proceed to offer some conjectures respecting the other performances, or I will call them the pretensions of Mons. Chabert."

"You allude to the swallowing of the prussic acid and other poisons, I presume," (said Asmodeus.)

"I do, (replied Ferdinand,) and I confess that it puzzles me infinitely more than the baking exploits. There are, however, two methods by which I think the deception is managed, for I cannot be persuaded that the poison is *bona fide* swallowed, and passed into the stomach."

"How then do you fancy that the matter is managed?" (said Asmodeus.)

The swallowing, (said Ferdinand,) may be all a clever deception. I have seen sleight-of-hand professors apparently swallow substances ten times as bulky as the phosphorus or prussic acid, which Chabert persuades his visitors that he actually swallows. The old saying, that 'seeing is believing,' must be taken *cum grano salis*, when we have to do with dexterous men like Mons. Chabert. If, however, I am wrong in my conjecture, that he neither swallows the poison, nor any other substance resembling it, which he dexterously substitutes for it; if the deleterious mixture actually enters the mouth, it is my firm persuasion that it never passed into the stomach, but into some small bag, or other receptacle, which is either secreted in the back of the mouth, or passed into the upper part of the throat. After having seen the Indian jugglers swallow the broad blade of a sword half a yard long, I find little difficulty in believing that Monsieur

Chabert may, without much inconvenience, pass a small bag into the throat to receive the poison, and intercept its passage to the stomach.*

“ Your conjecture is, at least, ingenious, (said Asmodeus,) and although I decline giving any opinion as to its correctness, yet, as you have mentioned the exploits of proficient, who apparently swallow various substances, which never enter the mouth at all, it may amuse you to hear an account of a gentleman who excelled all competitors in this species of *deceptio visus*.—Mr. Devaynes, a respectable gentleman who resided in Liverpool between twenty and thirty years since, was unrivalled as an amateur performer of sleight of hand, or legerdemain;—there was not a trick of Katerfelto, Breslaw, or any other professional juggler, which was not familiar to him. But whilst he equalled any of the itinerant

* Jehanguir’s account of the jugglers from Bengal is quite incredible, if taken as matters appeared at the moment; such as the first one, viz. putting seeds of curious trees into the earth, from which they shortly grew to the height of two or three feet, and even produced fruit. We happen to know two gentlemen, upon whose veracity we have the fullest reliance, who saw, at Madras, in the lawn before the Government-house, the trick of a mango-stone being put into the ground, which in a very short time became a tree to all appearance, and actually bore a fruit; but they felt convinced it was sleight of hand, although they could not discover the manner in which they were so ingeniously deceived. The ninth trick,—viz. cutting a man into pieces, which they again unite, and produce the man alive and perfect. This is something like the trick played in China before the Batuta. The twenty-third trick is one of difficult execution, They produced a chain of 50 cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain ran up, and reaching the other end immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This, I may venture to affirm, was beyond measure strange and surprising. In all he mentions twenty-eight different tricks, which amused and puzzled him, and the royal reflections upon them are highly curious.

conjurers in the neatness and dexterity with which he performed his feats, there was one exploit in which he left all competitors in the back ground. He had, by incessant practice, arrived at such perfection in the art of apparently swallowing fruit knives, glasses, bottles, and even larger bodies, that no eye could discover in what manner he disposed of them. What enhanced the effect was his colour, which was only one remove from that of the African, from whom he was descended; and being also a man of strongly marked features and huge eyes, which he could roll about with great effect, his performances were by many persons ascribed to the agency of the evil spirit to whom he was assimilated in colour; for you mortals, for what reason I cannot comprehend, always paint his Satanic Majesty black. Even your favourite poet Burns (second only to Shakspeare for vigour and truth of delineation) has fallen in with this notion in his immortal Tam O'Shanter,

“ There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;”

And, again, in his address to this same ‘grim towzie tyke,’ he says,

“ O thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie;
Wha' in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brimstone cootie
To scaud poor wretches!”

But to resume my narrative. Many is the time that after terrifying the country-folks collected round

——— ‘the ingle bleezing finely,’

by swallowing knives and forks, mustard pots, and pewtertankards, the landlady, upon his taking his leave, has refused to receive his money, and blessed herself that she had got rid of him so easily. A respectable merchant who lived in Milnthorpe, in Westmoreland, once invited Devaynes to

accompany him from Liverpool to his residence, during the shooting season, and they set out together on their journey, on horseback, amusing themselves at every place where they alighted at the expense of the gaping country-folks who had never before seen any performance of the kind. On their way they happened to stop and dine at Garstang, and as it was market-day, they promised themselves some diversion with the country-folks assembled in the kitchen. Accordingly, after dinner, under the pretence of preferring the ample kitchen fire to that in the parlour, they took their seats amongst the vendors of eggs and poultry, and a most whimsical scene followed. Devaynes began by offering the waiter a guinea to change for his dinner bill; but, lo! when the waiter arrived at the bar the guinea was metamorphosed into a shilling, with which the poor fellow returned in great dismay. Devaynes once more appeared to deposit a guinea in his hand, and told him to hold it fast; but what was his astonishment on presenting the money to the landlady to find a halfpenny instead of a guinea! The good people around were by this time as much surprised and terrified as the waiter, and to heighten the effect, Devaynes, after swallowing glasses, pots, and a huge piece of gammon of bacon, called for Boots to bring him a pair of slippers, which he bolted down after the rest. The astonishment and consternation of the market-folks were now indescribable, and Devaynes, as a climax, fixing his eyes in a strange manner upon his friend, complained of a dreadful pain in the stomach. His friend asked him if he had been eating any thing that disagreed with him; to which Devaynes replied, 'I don't know, except it be that little child, which you know I swallowed last night for supper; I forgot to take off its shoes, and it is kicking me like fury.'—There was no standing this. All the company rose pell mell and rushed to the door, convinced now, as they had

already suspected, that the dark man was no other than the devil himself. The best of the joke, however, remains to be told. The merchant's horse, when it felt the spur, was in the habit of cocking up his tail, a circumstance which had not escaped Devaynes, who was constantly on the watch for whimsical incidents. Having once more in vain pressed the landlady to receive the amount of the reckoning, he and his friend mounted their horses to proceed on their journey. By this time the report of what had passed in the kitchen, not forgetting the swallowing of the child, had been noised all over the place, and all the market-people had assembled round the inn door to see the cannibal quit the village. Having given the cue to his friend, who preceded him a few yards, he roared out. 'Nag, cock your tail!' which word of command the beast 'by the heel admonished,' instantly obeyed, and the travellers trotted out of the place highly diverted with an adventure which almost terrified to death the simple country-folks, who thanked Heaven that they had at length got fairly rid of the devil, for such they were firmly persuaded he must be who could swallow a child and make a horse cock its tail at the word of command."

CHAP. XXIII.

Phrenology or Bumpology, an exploded absurdity—Cambridge Book of Rarities—The Watch Box the best place to keep watch in.

"You are not contemplating the 'human face divine,' as one of your poets designates the visage of man," (said

Asmodeus, as on entering he perceived Ferdinand attentively examining the grim-looking physiognomy of which a fac-simile may be seen in a succeeding page.)

“It is certainly not the *beau idéal* of physiognomists, (said Ferdinand,) but it is, nevertheless, extremely interesting to me, as it serves to show, that the science, as it is misnamed, of phrenology, which is hailed as a great modern discovery, is a fantastic absurdity, laid aside with other rubbish with which learning was encumbered some centuries ago. Dr. Johnson once said of a certain rare work, that if it had been good for any thing it would not have been out of print; and although that sneer may be a little *outré*, I think we may safely conclude, that if a science which was known a few centuries since has sunk into oblivion, it is because it was worthless.”

“This same phrenology, (said Asmodeus) is, however, held in great veneration by its professors.”

“Yes, (said Ferdinand,) and what absurdity has not had its advocates? Look at the respect paid to animal magnetism, an exploded humbug, although I perceive there is at this moment an effort making in Paris to revive its influence. Look at the implicit belief which hundreds entertained of the efficacy of Perkins’s metallic tractors, two pieces of simple brass and steel; and remember the wonders related and credited respecting the virtues of Bleten’s hazel sticks for the discovering of hidden springs and metals. There would be no end to the enumeration of half the absurdities which have passed current with some class of the community in one age or other. In my opinion, phrenology is entitled to no more respect than the gipsies’ science of palmistry, which has this in common with it, that the professors of both turn the credulity of their disciples to good account. One of the best practical jokes that I

have ever heard is thus related in doggerels, which are best adapted to a mongrel science:—

“ ————— but some folks
 Cannot exist without a hoax,—
 Such was the wag who, some time past,
 Sent to your lecture-room a cast
 From TURNER moulded, which, 'tis said,
 Resembled so the human head,
 That you the specimen received,
 By the similitude deceived ;
 Gave lectures on each outward bump,
 That grac'd the vegetable lump,
 Where marks of genius were found
 In great profusion to abound.”

I need not tell you that this science, as its disciples pompously designate it, has no claim to novelty. A work has been recently published in London, entitled ‘The Book of Rarities in the University of Cambridge, illustrated by original letters and notes, biographical, literary, and antiquarian, by the Rev. C. Hartshorne, M.A.’ This curious work is embellished (if the term may be used in speaking of such a scarecrow) with the portrait of which a faithful copy now lies before us. It is intended to illustrate a treatise on craniology, written several centuries since. The skull is, as you see, mapped out, although the bumps are not quite so numerous as those which appear on the plaster

* See page 118.—Since the preceding article was originally written, another capital instance of the fallibility of the *sei disant* science of phrenology has appeared in the public newspapers, from which we transcribe the subjoined paragraph:—

“ It is now ascertained that the skull shown at Rome as Raphael’s, had never actually Raphael’s brains in it, and the genuine *cranium* has been discovered with the rest of his bones. It happens, unfortunately, that at the very ingenious lectures which have been delivered in London and elsewhere, on phrenology, the (false) skull of Raphael has been a favourite subject of illustration, and has been shown to have all the indications which ought to be found on the skull of the greatest of artists, besides displaying the peculiarities of Raphael’s moral or immoral character. We hope, for the credit of the science, the skull may be fixed on some other great and amorous artist’s shoulders.”



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“ Suppose, (said Asmodeus,) by way of variety, we turn from the contemplation of the Cambridge *caput mortuum* to a living head which I see yonder projected out of the hole in his watch-box.”

“ I see him distinctly, (said Ferdinand, turning towards the globe;) what is the old fellow doing? He looks as if he were stuck in the pillory.”

“ Not quite so bad as that, (said Asmodeus;) the old Fox knows what he is about as well as his betters. It is a bitter cold night, as you may perceive; and as the snow, sleet, and wind will keep people in doors, the guardian of the night thinks he may as well remain snug in his box as beat his weary round, when there is nobody about to check him. See how he turns his head, like a Chinese mandarine, from right to left, bawling out lustily, ‘ Past twelve o’clock, and a stormy night!’ and how he pops it in again to take his nap, nor will you hear any more of him for some hours, except you should pass near enough his box to hear him snore.”

“ This poor fellow is truly, (said Ferdinand,) as our old friend Dogberry says, ‘ an ancient and most quiet watchman,’ one who ‘ knows what belongs to a watch, and would rather sleep than talk.’ ”

“ What a reflection it is upon you mortals, (said Asmodeus,) that you must keep thousands of old feeble creatures out of their beds that you may sleep soundly in yours! There is no class of human beings more to be pitied than these same watchmen. They are expected to keep awake all night, exposed to all sorts of weather and all sorts

Common Sense, Imagination, Comparison, Reflection, and Memory. The organs of these are to be found in the most minute particles in the cerebral substance; and, in the first instance, divide the brain into three ventricles, of which the anterior and middle are again subdivided. The first part of the anterior ventricle is the organ of Common Sense; the second part, of Imagination. To the first portion of the middle ventricle is assigned Comparison, and to the second part, Reflection; while the whole of the posterior ventricle is occupied by Memory.

of insults. Every drunken blade, who is reeling home, and who has taken a few lessons from the pugilists and black legs, must try his hand in flooring a Charley; and if the poor devil, in recompence for a broken crown, has half-a-crown tendered him in court to hush up the matter, he may think himself well off. They are, indeed, much to be pitied; nor do I wonder that they should beguile away the weary night with a nap in their boxes whenever they have a chance of doing it without detection. As for this old decrepit creature, he may as well sleep as disturb the neighbours with his monotonous twang; for although he met a thief, he might, as Dogberry says, 'bid him stand in the Prince's name;' if the thief were sturdy, Charley would, most assuredly, 'take no note of him,' but let him go, and presently call together the rest of the watch, and thank God they were rid of a knave."

"How soundly he sleeps! (said Ferdinand,) he reminds me of an epigram I once read, somewhat after this fashion:

' Sound sleeps the guardian of the night,
The hour uncall'd—babes rest not sweeter;
I thought he was a watch—You're right;
He's a *stop* watch, not a *Repeater*.'

Let us take our leave of the old gentleman. I hope the captain of the watch may not surprise him."

"Never fear, (said Asmodeus.) He has been snug in bed these two hours."

(To be concluded in our next.)

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

Said his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,
I'm so plaguily pinch'd for the pelf."

"Raise my rent?" reply'd Thomas, "your Honour's main good,
For I'm sure I can't raise it myself."

SCHOOL FOR ORATORS, OR A PEEP AT THE
FORUM.—A FARCE,

As never

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY LANE WITH UNBOUNDED
APPLAUSE.

(Concluded from page 550.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Mr. Simper, (with a lisping mincing delivery)—Mr. President—Sir—Conscious of my want of incapacity to speak upon so important a subject, and not yet perfectly manured to public speaking, I should not have taken up the time of this learned society, after the wonderful speech I have just heard with such astonishment; but though I concur that the gentleman's reasoning is in general quite inclusive and inconvertible, yet, Mr. President, with respecting to one point of his argument, I must ingeniously confess I differ from him; and I presume to flatter myself I shall consign a good reason for my assenting from him. That gentleman, Mr. President, has compared happiness to a crow, and mankind as the eager sportsman in pursuit of it; now, Sir, though no person can admire the figure that gentleman has made more than I do, yet, Sir, I will venture to say, no eager sportsman ever followed a crow; if he did, he must be very eager indeed, as he might always find sparrows, or some other birds more pleasant to shoot at, so that this argument falls to the ground. As a proof of the truth of my reasoning, I beg leave to say, that if crows were game, they would be under the game laws, which every man knows they are not so; and though a law has lately been exacted in Parliament, which makes snipes game, yet I am pretty sure that neither crows nor gulls are precluded, or even mentioned in the new laws, so that, Mr. President,

think the gentleman should have compared happiness to a *snipe*, since the late act has passed the common house.

Sneak. Sir, I believe you are out of order, *which*, however, I will put it to the company. Gentlemen and Ladies, I *ax* pardon, I mean Ladies and Gentlemen; by the laws of this club, religion and politics is positively *included* from any share of the debate; now I think, Ladies and Gentlemen, with the greatest *difference* however to your better judgment, that introducing parliament and the game laws is totally *irreverent* to the subject, and consequently *admissible* and out of order. (*Cries of "Chair! Chair!"*)

Mr. Simper. I *stand corrected*, Sir, and shall, therefore, *sit down* immediately; but I beg leave to conclude with a few lines from a favourite poet, which seem to me very *opposite* to the present subject. "I own the glorious subject fires my—(*Here he approaches the candle to look at a written paper.*)—"fires my breast"—I believe it is, Mr. President—(*still looking at the paper*)—yes, Sir, it is "fires my *breast*," and—but, Sir, I am very sorry I cannot make out the hand; so I shall sit down again with giving the question my hearty *occurrence*. (*Irishmen applaud and are joined by the audience.*)

O'Bore'em (*as he rises, some shuffling and applause are heard*) Mr. Chairman—

O'Pummell. Sure, Terence, that's a countryman.

O'Terrible. Every inch of him—to be sure, he wont bodder them!

O'Bore'em. Mr. Chairman,—I rise, Sir, with *considerable* diffidence, after the brilliant *horation* from the gentleman who *first opened* the *debate*, in a speech, give me *lave* to say, that I doubt whether the like of it was ever *hard* from Tully, or even Cicero himself at Athens, or any other of the *grate* Roman *praters* we read of; no, nor even the great crack *horator* of the *hantients*, Dame—what's her

name there—with the pebbles in her mouth—Och! Dame——Dame Osthenes; ay, that's the name, that used to try her *hand* at *spaking* by the *say* shore, as we read in the Roman history. But though that gentleman has told us that he has considered the matter in a new and legible *pint* of view, I think he called it, yet, Mr. Chairman, I must make bold to say, his *new light* has left the subject more in the dark than before. That gentleman, Mr. Chairman, has mistook the words in the question, "riches and poverty," to *mane money*, and this is what you would call a bull, if an Irishman had said so; for my part, my *hidea* of riches is the same as the *grate* Shakspeare's is, when he says, "who *stales* my purse, *stales* trash," by which he *manes* money is trash, and not happiness; and now, Mr. Chairman, what will become of the gentleman's *hargument*, when there's both myself and Shakspeare against him? For my own part, Sir, I consider riches and poverty only another name for what a man loves best; now that gentleman seems to consider the smiles of Dame Fortune the *suprame* bliss; but for my part, I think her a blind old jilt, and I prefer the smiles of other ladies who have their eyes about them,—(Here the ladies eye him with peculiar complacency)—and the gracious looks of the dear *craters* about me, gives me more rapture than the thoughts of all the wealth I have in the world! Mr. Chairman, I place my wealth in the *soft sex*; they are my bankers, and though I have been in *foreign parts abroad*, yet I must do the females of this place the justice to say, that they are the most charming *craters* in the universe, except St. Patrick's own little garden, Ireland. (Cries of "Question! Question!" and some shuffling.) Och! my dears, there's no question about it. (Cries of "Question!" and shuffling.) Mr. Chairman,—I have often *parceived* the *inimacacy* of some of the *horators* in this room to my

powers; but I shall *trate* it with the contempt it *disarves*. I say, Sir, the ladies—(*Cries of "Question!" and shuffling.*) Ay, you may shuffle; you're a shuffling pack of puppies and not a man amongst you dare *spake* to me singly. (*Cries of "Down! Down! Question! Turn him out!"*) Ay, you may shuffle! no man shall make me *stand down*; an Irishman will always stand up for the *females*. (*Here the Irishmen applaud.*) I *appale* to any Irishman, if there is one in the room.

O'Pummell. Ay, my jewel! here's two will stand by you for the *honour of ould Ireland*.

Sneak. Order! order! I must take the sense of the company upon this business. Ladies and Gentlemen, *them as* is of opinion that Mr. O'Bore'em should give over, will hold up their hands. (*Show of hands against him, but very few females.*) Sir, I have taken the sense of the audience, *which* it is against you, therefore I must beg you *wont desist* in saying *no more*.

O'Bore'em. If the sense of your company was ten times as big as it is, I will *spake out*. I see the *females* are in my favour, and *divil* burn me but I'll go on. I say, Sir, the ladies of this place—(*Cries of "Turn him out! Turn him out!"*)

Sneak. Ladies and Gentlemen, *them as* is for order will, I hope, stick up for the chair; as Mr. O'Bore'em will insist upon disturbing the *unimidy* of this here company, I move that he be put out of the debating club. (*Cries of "Turn him out," &c.*)

O'Bore'em. (*Snaps his fingers and puts on his hat.*) That for you all! Is it putting me out of the room you're after? A fig for all your debating club together; look at my *debating club*, (*brandishing a huge shillelagh, with which he breaks the chandeliers,*) come on my jewels, I'm in the proper cue for a warm debate, and I'll give striking proofs and knock down arguments, if any one comes within the reach of me; and

there's my two countrymen, I'm sure, wont stand by to see an Irishman insulted.

O'Terrible and O'Pummell. To be sure we wont. (*Here one lady faints, several others scream, whilst one steps up to Bore'em, and endeavours to soothe him.*)

O'Bore'em. Well, as it is a lady that *plades* I will be *appased*; but it is well for some of you that the dear *craters* *interfared*, or by the powers I would have lengthened Mr. Snake's nose, and kicked him and his hissing vipers out of the forum; but, after this evening, I'll never *demane* myself by taking a part in your paltry debates: you have not understanding to relish true *horatory*, nor *ganius* to know when a gentleman *spakes* to the *pint*. If there's e'er a man amongst you dare follow me we'll finish the debate out of doors. Ladies, I beg your pardon for this fracas, and wish you all good night, and pleasant *drames*.* (*Exit, bowing to the ladies, amidst shuffling, laughing, &c.*)

* Some of our readers will probably recollect Mr. Felix O'Hanlon, (the O'Bore'em of our farce,) who played the swindler on a large scale at Birmingham and the neighbourhood. By means of a good person and address, and a most consummate assurance, he succeeded in passing himself off in this country as an accredited agent of Lord Wellington, then serving in Spain. In this assumed character he entered into contracts for military stores, saddles, and a great variety of articles, of which he got possession, but for which he never paid. Although he had a wife living, he actually married a young lady of most respectable and opulent family. Mr. O'Hanlon was very apt to tire his audience by his rodomontade, and not unfrequently call forth their hisses and disapprobation by his *double entendre*, in which he was very apt to indulge. It was no easy matter, however, to put him down, as he was a very powerful man, and had the reputation of a practised duellist. As we have already informed the reader, we were in the habit of attending the forum, principally to enjoy a laugh; we used sometimes to venture upon the dangerous experiment of amusing ourselves at the expense of O'Hanlon, and we are not a little surprised that we never received a message, or felt the weight of that gentleman's ponderous fist. At the hazard of these consequences, we used not unfrequently to raise a laugh at the expense of the Hibernian orator. On one occasion, the latter had descanted somewhat too long, and not in the best possible taste, about the fashion of ladies exhibiting their ankles. He pursued the subject until the company endeavoured to silence and put him down by

O'Pumwell. Come, Terence, let's be after following; divil burn me if I stay here after such an affront to my countryman. *(They are leaving the room, when Schemer, who has, during the confusion, resumed the chair, exclaims.)*

Schemer. Check, take care those fellows don't go off with my coats. Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel myself under the necessity of resuming the chair, and cannot avoid expressing my sincere regret that the evening should have been occupied in a manner so inconsistent with the intention of so useful an establishment. I shall not attempt to throw the blame of this unpleasant affair upon any individual, but express my hope that a similar outrage will never again occur: such disturbances entirely destroy that train of thought and chain of reasoning which ever ought to be, and in general is, preserved in this room. But for this untimely interruption I intended to have troubled you with my sentiments upon this important question, particularly in hisses and shuffling of feet. He was, however, very obstinate, and in the very whirlwind of his passion, when he was hurling defiance with his clenched fist to all the gentlemen around him, we could not resist the temptation of ruffling his plumes still more, by quizzing him a little. We rose to address the chair, assuring Mr. O'Hanlon that we did not wish to interrupt him, except for a moment, and that our sole object was to restore the harmony of the company. With this assurance we succeeded in obtaining a little parley, during which, in allusion to that part of his speech in which he had given offence by his mode of speaking of the ladies' ankles, we told the orator, that, with all due deference, we would venture to give him a hint for his future guidance; the lady, he had told us, only exhibited a little bit of the *ankle*, and we advised him to follow her example and not exhibit so much of the *calf*, as he had done that evening. This *jeu de mot* caused a great roar of laughter at his expense, upon which he bellowed out to the President, that he wished it to be put as a question to the company, whether he (Mr. O'Hanlon) or the gentleman who had just sat down was the greater calf? Upon this we rose, and observed to the President, that not wishing to occupy his time and that of the company by discussing the question Mr. O'Hanlon had just proposed, we would wave it in that gentleman's favour. This rejoinder produced another roar of laughter at the enraged orator, so that he became almost frantic. We mention this anecdote just to give the reader some idea of the scenes which were continually passing while Mr. O'Hanlon was one of the speakers at the Liverpool Forum.

answer to my friend the poet's ingenious observation about the crow. The evening is now, however, so far advanced, that it is high time to put the question. Ladies and Gentlemen, those who are of opinion that poverty tends most to the exaltation of the human race, will please to hold up their hands. (*Here a very great majority raise their hands.*) It seems unnecessary to put the other side, as the majority is evidently in favour of poverty. (*Great applause.*) It now, Ladies and Gentlemen, only remains to read the subject for discussion at our next meeting. The question which I shall have the honour to submit to your consideration cannot, perhaps, be said to be perfectly new, as it forms the first line of a beautiful little popular song; but I will venture to say that it has never been agitated in any literary society; it is as follows:—"If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?" I have the pleasure to inform you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that your favourite, *Miss Lispit*, (who has been unavoidably absent for some months past) means to favour us with her sentiments on this delicate point; and a young gentleman (a distant relation to her) intends also to expatiate on the subject. Mr. Bother'em has likewise expressed his intention to deliver his sentiments very much at large on this subject; so that I leave it to yourselves to conceive what a treat we may expect. (*Great applause—Curtain drops.*)

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY SCHEMER, WHO COMES FORWARD WHILST THE CURTAIN IS FALLING.

Henceforth, ye pedant tribe of critics! cease
 To yield the palm of eloquence to Greece;
 Nor longer boast your orators at Rome,
 Whilst we've such splendid specimens at home:
 Vainly you'll search your far-fam'd ancient forum,
 For powers like those of Bother'em or Bore'em:
 Blest land! where orators like these arise,
 With public taste such prodigies to prize!

Nor vainly should we style our institution
 The surest safeguard of the constitution :
 Should factious Catalines our senate bully,
 We now can match them with a modern Tully ;
 And as Demosthenes great Philip frightened,
 By talking more than thousands e'er in fight did ;
 Perhaps, e'en so the bully Bonaparte,
 Confounded at our philippics, may start,
 And though, by arms unconquer'd in the field,
 To arts persuasive in the forum yield.
 Then hail, blest age ! when war's dread woes shall cease,
 When orators shall charm the world to peace ;
 Then each Utopian speculative dreamer
 Shall wake and wonder at the scheme of Schemer.

A CURE FOR NAUGHTY BOYS.

*Scene between Lord Sidmouth and his Son, immediately after his Lordship had retired on a splendid pension, having secured to this said son, then at school, a sinecure of £4000 a year.**

- " Come, kiss your own daddy, and be a good boy, love ;
 See what I've got here—'tis a pretty new toy, love ;
 So get off your lesson, and pa will do more for you :
 A nice sinecure, my dear child, I've in store for you."
 " A sinecure ! la, what is that ? I am sure, pa,
 I never before heard of that sort of cure, pa."
 " 'Tis a cure most complete for a purse that is meagre,
 A cure for which statesmen and courtiers are eager ;
 'Tis a cure that 's reserved for the privileg'd few.
 Not a cure for the ragged and radical crew ;
 Then be a good boy, and I'll get one for you.

* " He now alluded to Lord Sidmouth. That noble Lord had been in office for about 33 years. From the year 1789, with the exception of one or two years, he had held very high offices, and received very large salaries. He had successively filled the situations of Speaker of the House of Commons, First Lord of the Treasury, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Lord President of the Council, and lastly, Secretary of State for the Home Department. But this was not all. During his administration, he conferred a sinecure office of £4000 a year on his son, who was then a boy at school. He was now living, and in the enjoyment of that sinecure. But yet Lord Sidmouth was not satisfied with this ; no, he retired on a pension of £3000 per annum, wrung from the hard earnings of an impoverished people. This he had, in addition to the sinecure of £4000 which was held by his relative. Having, for thirty-three years, received the salaries attached to high official situations ; being now in the full possession of his faculties and understanding ; being, indeed, in the prime of life and health ; his mental powers as perspicuous as they were at any former period ; under these circumstances the Noble Lord retired, carrying with him £7000 per annum of the public money. Was this what the people had a right to expect ? Ground down as they were, had they not a right to complain of such conduct ?"—*Duke of Bedford's speech at the county of Bedford meeting.*

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM,—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Continued from page 509.)

finely-formed and beautifully-marked tortoiseshell next addressed the assemblage to the following effect : My sojourn on that earth, over which man rules with otic sway, was brief, and full of suffering. There is a r prejudice amongst the English people that cats have lives, and this absurd presumption prompts them to ct us to persecution in every form which human nity and human cruelty can devise.* Sometimes, in to put this presumed tenacity of life to the test, mis- ous children will precipitate their victims from lofty t windows, with bladders attached to their body, in to prevent them being dashed to pieces, and thereby red incapable of affording further amusement. It has already observed by one of our friends who has pre- l me, that men are apt to compare a man and wife quarrel, to cat and dog; a comparison, however, which ost unfair. The cat and the dog have no natural athy; and, in a domestic state, if not encouraged to st each other, would live together in perfect harmony.†

has been judiciously observed, that the conceit of a cat having ves has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. a boy in the streets but has, in this point, outdone even Hercules f, who was renowned for killing a monster that had but three lives.”— *th Moralized*, 184.

t page 591, in a note upon the speech of the Bull Dog, we introduced interesting case of a kitten which was rescued and cherished by a log. The following nstance, which is copied from a respectable ial paper, dated August 17, 1832, may find an appropriate place here. bitch of the water breed, belonging to Mr. Abraham Clegg, of School Oldham, has shown an uncommon fondness for two kittens, the ig of a cat the property of the same person. Puss gave birth to four ones; and the dog becoming attached to them, two were allotted to

The unfeeling tyrants, however, who style themselves the "Lords of the Creation," with some exceptions, would rather see what they term the inferior animals fighting or tearing each other to pieces than witness their innocent and playful gambols. They take every opportunity to encourage their dogs to attack the cat wherever they come in contact; and the worrying of our proscribed species is a favourite pastime with the English rabble.*

"It would be uncandid to deny that the cat is often tenderly treated and caressed by his master or mistress, between whom and himself there is a strong attachment. This was my case; but my good fortune was of a very transient description. The cat, however, domesticated, is naturally an erratic animal, and will occasionally prowl abroad; and there are always human monsters on the lookout for every opportunity to persecute or destroy him, either for mere mischief, or from more mercenary motives. In the course of my rambles one day I was unexpectedly pounced

each; and the dog and cat are giving suck to the kittens, although the bitch has never had any young."

* We are not of the number of those who think that the world grows wicked every day, or every age; we have not the least doubt that to the want of early tuition, the cruel propensities of children are to be mainly traced. Education, religious and moral, is the best corrective of these vices; but it is to be regretted that sufficient stress is not laid upon the wickedness and baseness of wanton cruelty to poor defenceless animals. Even our juvenile songs and stories would be all the better for note and commentary. In *Watts' Divine and Moral Songs* there is one, which is almost universally known, on the subject of quarrelling and fighting—it runs thus—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so."

Now in teaching a child this couplet, we would, as a commentary, inform them that dogs would seldom fight together, or attack cats, bulls, bears, &c. unless encouraged to do so by naughty boys or bad men; and we would endeavour to impress upon the mind of the child that it is sinful and cruel to encourage any creatures to torment each other, as it would be to inflict the cruelty ourselves. We know from experience that children are quite competent to understand this position, and that they may be rendered tender and merciful to animals as easily as they can be tutored to take pleasure in teasing and injuring any living being.

upon by a human monster, in the form of an old and hideous-looking female, whom I had often seen watching my movements, without having any idea of her intentions.

“I am loath to harrow up the feelings of this respectable assemblage by relating what followed ; it is too shocking to dwell upon ; and I shall, therefore, merely add, that the inhuman wretch who captured me actually flayed me alive, in order to obtain a few pence by the sale of my skin. Many of you, my friends, who have borne testimony to the diabolical atrocities of the degenerate sons of Adam, have suffered dreadful pangs in your dying moments, but none amongst you, except the cock,* were subjected to a more horrid refinement of torture than that which terminated my miserable career in that life, which may very justly be designated ‘a hell upon earth.’”†

* See p. 354.

† The following is of so revolting a nature, that we should not have introduced it into our work, if we did not think that such exposures are necessary to arouse the apathy of the community towards the sufferings of the inferior animals. Many persons, upon hearing the bare report of the particular atrocity under consideration, would regard it as an incredible tale, probably a fiction of a newspaper paragraph writer and news manufacturer, to horrify his readers. Unfortunately, the horrid practice is a regular trade in London and elsewhere, as we could prove by a score of extracts from the reports of examinations before the magistrates. We will transcribe no more on this revolting subject than is absolutely necessary for our purpose. The following paragraph is taken from one of the most respectable and intelligent works published in this country :—

“Some of the Londoners, the lower ones, of course, we speak of, are very ingenious and very cruel ; they have a particular zest for sacrificing domestic animals. The poor cats of the metropolis are the chief holocaust to the god Pluto. In the vicinity of Wapping and Shadwell, the carcasses of dead cats used, a few years ago, to be as thick as paving-stones, early of a morning. Sometimes the wretched animals were seen smoking from a recent tomahawk operation, the nerves on their backs, shoulders, and heads, still convulsed with pain. The inhumanity which these spectacles necessarily imply, is easily reconciled to a commercial people. The sugar colonies must be cultivated ; then why not drag wretched Africans from their jungles to make them dig about the sugar canes ? A tradesman in the suburbs of London is out of employ, or haply is seized with a fit of intolerance of

The horrible outrage related by the Cat, in the sequel of its speech, produced a general sensation of horror

labour; let him steal a dozen cats per day, and he can live like a gentleman. This, in fact, is the case pretty much; cat skins are valuable things; they constitute very capital mock furs, which now and then may pass with the ignorant as most unobjectionably genuine. Take them, as admitted, mock furs, and some of the most eminent furriers in the trade will be glad to give seven or eight shillings a dozen for them—that is to say, provided the article is a good one. There is a great difference in the quality of these cat skins, and the variety is greatly dependent, not on the poor cat, but on the surgical skill of the executioner who flays him. The skin is scarcely worth having if it be not taken off when the cat is alive. It comes off with the greatest facility, and gives the peeler much less trouble when the creature is in the full vigour of life. Besides, however pleasant the process of killing the cat as a preliminary measure might be, it is a trouble after all, and a waste of that time which, in all clandestine matters, is accounted to be of magnificent price. In flaying alive, too, there is no blood manifested; the operator has no ‘damned spots’ to wash away before his conscience can become quiet; but the principal reason is, that no striking trace of a feline murder may attract the senses of a police man, and thus disable an industrious cat-killer from pursuing his avocations; for that there are persons whose regular trade is to steal cats and dogs for their skins, is a fact beyond any manner of question. The flayer begins by slitting up the fore-legs, he then does the same with the hind-legs; continuing his incision along the belly, he divides the skin completely in the middle line, and tears it by degrees, until it separates on either side up to the back bone. These monsters must have some method of stifling the voice of the cat, for all they have to do is to seize the prey, carry it into some retired place of shelter, and there flay the poor animal, whose carcass they toss upon the dunghill. The worst feature of all in this murderous crusade is, that some of the agents are women. Surely they who will torture the cat in this fashion to death, cannot feel a very strong repugnance to the spilling of much more precious blood! This is, however, for the consideration of other authorities.”—*Monthly Review*.

The following is selected from a great number of similar paragraphs which are to be found amongst the police intelligence in the London journals:—“At Guildhall, a young woman named Down, was charged under the following circumstances:—Theodore Cox, a bricklayer, in Elliott’s court, Old Bailey, said, that on the preceding night, about eight o’clock, he saw the prisoner go into the outhouse, in the yard next to his house. She had a basket with her, and suspecting her purpose, he followed her after the lapse of a couple of minutes, and peeped over the door. He saw her standing with her feet on the fore paws of a cat, holding the hind feet in one hand, and peeling its skin off with the other. She exclaimed, when she caught sight of him, ‘My good God! why what’s the matter now!’ He

amongst the assemblage, which was manifested by an indescribable variety of sounds and murmurs, which smote upon my heart as a sure presage of my certain condemnation, and I gave myself up for lost, when the Elephant, by a significant sign, commanded silence, and then addressed me in the gentlest accents.

“ Stranger, thou canst not be surprised that the execrable instance of human cruelty and depravity, described by the last speaker, should have produced the general feeling of disgust and indignation which thou hast just witnessed; but thou hast nothing to fear from our vengeance, as thou canst not be answerable for the criminal acts of thy fellow-men, unless it can be proved that thou hast thyself participated in their crimes, or that thou hast not done all in thy power to awaken thy depraved countrymen to a proper sense of the atrocities which it has been proved that they are but too prone to perpetrate upon the defenceless animals over which it has pleased Providence to give them the ascendancy in that world where all the scenes have occurred which thou hast heard described. When first thou wert brought before this assemblage, I observed to thee, that “ in thy country, barbarous as it is, I had heard of many exceptions to the general depravity of man, and that if thou couldst show that thou hadst not been thyself one of the persecutors of the defenceless and unoffending animals, over whose destinies thou hadst control in the days of their earthly purgatory, thou hadst nothing to dread

said, never mind what's the matter, and walked away to get assistance. She had six skinned cats in the basket, one of which was scarcely dead, and she held a half-skinned cat in her hand when he returned with assistance. As a bricklayer, he could state, that he was continually called upon to clear drains, &c. obstructed by the bodies of skinned cats, and the neighbours had often drawn them up alive. The prisoner, who had been twice before in custody, was committed for two months.”

from the sentence of this just tribunal.* These were my words before the proceedings of the Court commenced,† and I now repeat the assurance that thou hast nothing to fear, if thou canst prove thy innocence by the testimony of any of those animals which thou didst appeal to in thy opening speech, as being able to bear testimony in thy favour.‡ If any such there be in this vast assemblage I now invite them to advance and relate their experience.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* See the speech of the Stranger, p. 156.

† See opening speech of the Elephant, p. 156.

‡ See speech of the Stranger, p. 157.



THE TIMES.

AN EXTRACT FROM A DOGGEREL LETTER IN THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

By the newspapers, Cobbett, perhaps, you'd perceive
Has of Hunt and the Radicals taken his leave.
"Good riddance," you'll say, "of bad rubbish," no doubt,
For 'tis long since you found the old weathercock out;
The gridiron hero has mounted his hack,
On a new rural ride, as a mountebank quack;
Other quacks, much more modest, write over their door,
"Advice given gratis each day to the poor;"
Not so with this charlatan,—he, from his rostrum,
Makes poor people pay for a second-hand nostrum;
He has just been humbugging the Manchester "fuz folk,"
And the "Liverpool Asses," as once he call'd us folk;
I say "us," for whether you know it or not,
I'm a Dicky Sam* born, tho' he says I'm a Bott!
I was silly enough for one lecture to pay,
To hear Dan. O'Connell's "fine animal" bray;
But, if I e'er go more, the old bone-grubber may
On his own rusty gridiron broil me next day.

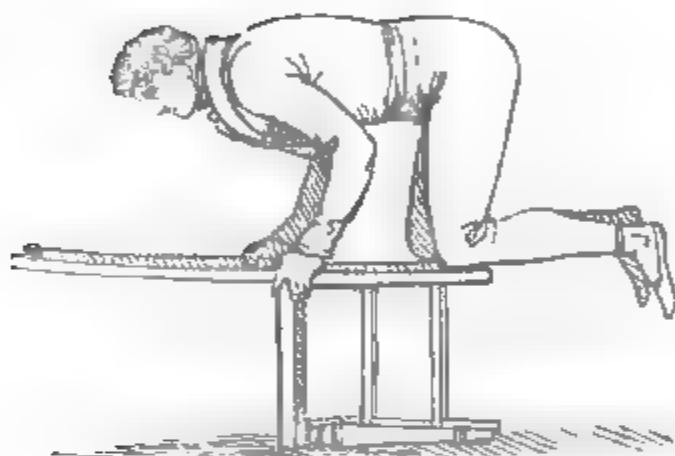
When Parliament meets, I will write once again,
'Tis but a few weeks hence—so farewell till then.

* A by-name for a native of Liverpool, as Cockney is for a Londoner.

GYMNASTIA.

(Continued from page 533.)

No. XXII.



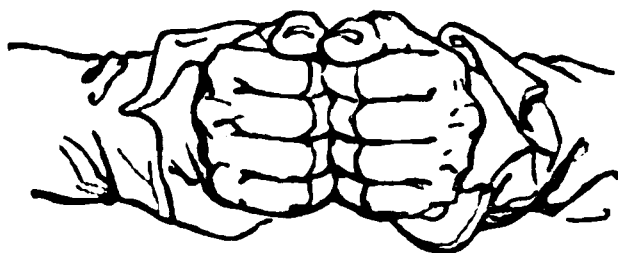
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This feat must be performed with a much longer backed chair than those now in fashion ; the back ought to be about a yard high from the seat. Place the chair on the floor, in the position indicated by the figure ; place the knees on the extremity of the feet of the chair, and place your two hands on or about the seat rail, and bring your face down to touch the back of the chair, upon which, at the extremity, or as near it as you can come, without falling forwards, or suffering the top of the chair to touch the floor, a piece of money, &c. is placed, which is to be removed with the mouth.

You may, instead of money, put an upright pin into the chair back, at any distance, changing its position until you have ascertained the furthest point at which you can take it back with your mouth, without yourself or the chair falling forwards. Although the situation of the hands is indicated in the figure, you may shift them to any other

position which enables you to reach the furthest with safety. Much of the management in this trick depends upon properly regulating the position of the hands.

No. XXIII.



We lately introduced to our readers a singular experiment, to prove that it is difficult, if not impossible, by force, to separate the two hands of any person holding them in a particular manner; which will be best understood by referring to page 400.

Let the two clenched hands be placed in contact with each other, as shown in the figure, with the two thumbs together, the nails upwards, and the fingers pressed as closely together as possible. When in this position, the two hands may be easily separated, by means which appear altogether incompetent to effect such a purpose. The person whose hands are joined, as in the sketch, we shall call A, and the other, who undertakes to separate them, B. B stands opposite A, (*vis-a-vis*), B, with the forefinger of his right hand, gives a smart stroke on the upper side of the knuckle of the forefinger of A's left hand; at the same moment B with the forefinger of his left hand, strikes the under side of A's right hand. This simple stroke of the two forefingers of B made at the same moment will drive A's hands asunder, the right hand flying upwards, and his left downwards. A child, by this means, may separate the clenched hands of a grown-up person.

No. XXIV.



Let a person place a peck measure, rundlet, small keg, or, in fact, any thing round on its side, and sit upon it lengthways; then procure a staff of proper length, a broom handle for instance, one end of which he is to rest upon his left shoulder, the other upon the floor, at the same time crossing the legs over it, as in the sketch; then, with a lighted candle in one hand, the problem is to light an unlit one held in the other, observing to keep the hands and arms perfectly free from the staff. The apparent ease with which it is supposed this can be accomplished, is only to be equalled by the real difficulty of performing it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

 LINES,

ON READING IN THE NEWSPAPERS THAT DON MIGUEL HAD BROKEN
HIS LEG.

The bigot Miguel, they say,
His royal leg broke t'other day;
Some wish that it had been his neck,
As that had kept the knave in check;
But I say no!—thank Heaven, the wretch
Has still a neck left for Jack Ketch.

CANNING'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

[WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1822.]

My name is Canning ; on the Thespian boards
 My mother play'd her part—a thrifty dame,
 Whose only care was to increase her store,
 And teach her hopeful son the “ Rule of Three.”*
 But I had heard of sinecures, and long'd
 To follow in the track that leads to Court—
 And Heav'n soon granted what I so desir'd :
 The Gallic sun rose from chaotic night,
 And by its blaze, a horde of *Sans Oulottes*
 Rush'd, like a torrent, o'er the affrighted world—
 Threat'ning all crown'd heads—The *Courier* wrote
 The Jacobins to succour†—I, on place
 Intent,—wrote, in the *Anti-Jacobin*,
 Philippics against France—and Pitt soon mark'd
 The squibs I penn'd, and rank'd me with his friends,
 A chosen band of needy, hungry placemen,
 In fortune all advancing. This life I led
 Until at Waterloo we met the foe :
 We fought and conquer'd—thank our lucky stars,
 The loitering Grouchy seal'd the fate of Nap,‡
 Who wore that day the crown fat Louis wears.
 Exulting in our triumph, I disdain'd
 A rhyming punster's life ; and having heard
 That Lusitania's King, call'd by his peers,
 His course was bending to the Tagus side,
 I left my native land and took with me
 The sum of fourteen thousand pounds a year.
 The King came not ; but what cared I for that ?
 I ate and drank, and then came back again ;
 And, Heaven be prais'd, have liv'd to see the day
 When India hails me as her Governor !

* The Rule of Three is of especial use to all courtiers, as enabling them to calculate the connexion between principal and interest, as thus:—Mr. Canning, at one period of his life, was on the point of joining the Whig party, and we have the authority of a very celebrated writer for the fact, that just before the breaking up of the last Administration, he was in actual treaty with the Whigs for a place.—“ Had they survived twenty-four hours longer, he would now, (says the writer,) have been declaiming against the cry of ‘ No Popery,’ instead of inflaming it.” Now, we will suppose the writer we have just quoted to have been in error, and that Mr. Canning, who is a Whig at heart, declined coming in under the Whigs. for some valuable and perspective consideration,—a Lisbon job, for instance,—then the Rule of Three would be resorted to, to solve this question:—“ If, by a partial surrender of my principles, say one-third of the total, I obtain £14,000 a year, how much will an entire surrender of those principles produce ?” Dividing the whole of Mr. Canning's political integrity into three parts, the question, according to Cocker, may be thus stated,—As one-third is to fourteen thousand, so are three-thirds to forty-two thousand: which sum we presume to be about the annual value of the Governorship of India ; not visible on the books, perhaps, but “ tangible” in the pocket.

† “ Couriers and Stars, sedition's Evening Post,
 Thou Morning Chronicle and Morning Post.”—*Satire by Geo. Canning, Esq.*

‡ The consequences of Grouchy's neglect to follow the plans laid down by Napoleon, and of his tardiness in coming up at the appointed time, are well known.

THE MAGIC GLOBE, OR THE BOTTLE IMP.

(Concluded from page 564.)

CHAP. XXIV.

The Assembly—Importance of the Maitre de Danse—Anecdote of Vestris—Public Homage done to Voltaire—Farinelli—A Peep into the Ball-room—The Coquet and her two Gallants—A gay Lothario—A Contrast—Asylum for the Houseless Poor—The Victim of Seduction.

What an incessant clatter those confounded coach wheels make to-night, (said Ferdinand, laying down a volume he had been reading as Asmodeus entered.) What can possibly occasion such an unusual bustle?"

"Have you forgotten that this is the night of your annual Charity Ball?" said Asmodeus.

"That had, indeed, escaped my memory, (replied Ferdinand,) or I should have been less out of humour than I have been for the last hour with the incessant din of the carriages. The object of this annual ball is so commendable, that, unaccustomed as I have been of late to sport the light fantastic toe, I should have been tempted to make one of the party this evening had I thought of it a little earlier. By your aid, however, my good friend, we can at least take a peep at the company."

"With all my heart (said Asmodeus.) You know I am quite in my element in the ball-room. As I told your respected ancestor, Don Cleofas, whose portrait graces your mantel-piece, "*Je suis l'inventeur des carousels, de la danse, de la musique, et de la comedie.** If I cannot boast of being the greatest benefactor of mankind that ever laid claim to

* Diable Boiteux.

their gratitude, I may venture to say that I have more worshippers than all the philosophers who have flourished from the days of Socrates to the present moment."

"I am duly sensible of your unrivalled and unbounded influence, (said Ferdinand,) and I am a little at a loss to determine which of your numerous accomplishments is most highly prized by mankind."

"That is a problem (said Asmodeus) which I myself can scarcely solve. Comedy, Dancing, and Music, form a magic triple alliance, before whose shrine mankind in all ages have prostrated themselves."

"Although the admission may not be much to the honour of mankind, (said Ferdinand,) allow me to express my opinion that the dance and the song have more enthusiastic admirers than the drama: in other words, that Farinelli and Vestris have been more rapturously idolized than Shakspeare or Molière. Nor has this enthusiasm been confined to mere applause. Farinelli was not only exalted to the dignity of Knight of the order of Calatrava, but received from the fascinated monarch of Spain a pension of upwards of two thousand pounds a year. Then for your dancers—did Roscius or Garrick ever receive such substantial favours as were showered upon Vestris or Madame Banti, who cleared two thousand pounds each on their benefit nights at the opera-house?"

"I admit (said Asmodeus) that singers and dancers have produced a greater *sensation*, as the French have it, than either philosophers, orators, dramatists, or actors. In France, however, the dramatists have come in for their share of public adoration. Voltaire thus describes the enthusiastic reception of his tragedy of *Mérope*:—"The pit, with loud shouts, insisted upon seeing me. I was seized in the hiding-place where I had squatted for shelter, and brought by force into the box of Marshal Villars's lady, who was there with

her daughter-in-law. The pit was mad, and called out to the Duchess of Villars to kiss me, and they made so much noise that she was obliged to comply by the order of her mother-in-law. Thus, (continues Voltaire,) I have been kissed in public, as was Alain Chartiere by the Princess Margaret of Scotland; but he was asleep, and I was awake."

"You will admit, however, (said Ferdinand,) that as solid pudding is better than empty praise, and a pension preferable to a garland, or even to a kiss from a Duchess, Farinelli and the opera dancers I have named had reason to conclude that the public awarded the palm of merit to their respective arts. The facetious George Alexander Stevens, in allusion to the countenance shown to the opera dancers in England said, that the people would rather give a guinea to see an Italian or a Frenchman stand on one leg, than a penny to an English sailor or soldier who had only one leg to stand upon."

"You have, it seems, (said Asmodeus,) arrived at the conclusion that the dancing-master is much more popular and infinitely better paid than the philosopher. It was so in our friend Le Sage's days; as you must recollect the answer of the *maitre de danse*, who, when his terms of four doubloons per month were objected to, as extravagant, exclaimed, '*Comment beaucoup! Vous donneriez bien une pistole par mois d'un maitre de philosophie.*'"

"I recollect having been highly amused with the passage, (said Ferdinand,) and it strikes me I have somewhere read a still more whimsical observation of one of these great artists, although I cannot immediately bring the particulars to mind. Will you do me the favour to help me out?"

"You allude (said Asmodeus) to a passage in the correspondence of Baron Grimm, who relates an anecdote of a celebrated *maitre de danse*, which shows that one man will set more value upon his heels than another upon his head.—

The younger Vestris was sent to the Hotel de la Force for refusing to dance before the Queen and Comte de Haga. This news caused a mighty sensation in Paris. Some espoused the part of Vestris, and others that of the Court, in this important affair. But, (says the Baron,) nothing can be compared to the consternation of the House of Vestris. Alas! (said the god of dancing, with a wounded heart, and tears in his eyes,) this is the first squabble of our House with the Bourbon family!"

"That (said Ferdinand) is truly a fine climax to our chapter on *hop merchants*, as Mr. Bowkitt, in the farce, styles the fraternity of dancing-masters. By the bye, my friend, I just now recollect one exception to the general rule we have laid down. When the Chinese Ambassador was in England, he was present at a Court-ball, and when asked what he thought of the English dancing, he replied that he was surprised that people should take so much pains to tire themselves when they might get their servants to perform the drudgery for them."

"*Apropos*, (said Asmodeus,) if you are partial to the subject on which we are now conversing, you may derive much amusement, and useful instruction, too, from the perusal of a small, but clever little volume, recently published, entitled 'A Glance at Almanacks.' The author relates several anecdotes of *le Dieu de la Danse*, as the elder Vestris was considered *dans le beau monde*. On one occasion, (says this entertaining writer,) the elder Vestris exultingly exclaimed, 'How glorious was that epoch (the early part of his own career) which could boast the simultaneous existence of the three greatest men that history had known,—Frederick of Prussia, Voltaire, and Vestris!'"

"After this long digression, suppose (said Ferdinand) we now take a peep at the Ball-room."

"There you have it in all its splendour," said Asmodeus, as he touched the globe with his magic wand.

“ A brilliant spectacle, (said Ferdinand, as he directed his gaze to the gay scene before him,) and yet scarcely half the company can have assembled at this hour. The carriages are arriving on the heels of each other, without a moment's interval. Amidst all this bustle and gaiety I fear the sufferings of the poor horses are too often overlooked. After being exhausted with performing as much labour in a few hours, as they ought to be subjected to in as many days, they are often, in bitter frosty nights like this, kept shivering in the street, whilst those they have to convey home are dancing away with as gay hearts as if a locomotive machine, and not a creature of flesh and blood like themselves, were waiting their convenience. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon; so, by way of relief, do, my kind friend, introduce me to some of the company before us, whose character or manners may be distinguished by any peculiarities to merit selection from the general mass. It is not a little singular, that amidst such pleasing variety, and such a galaxy of female beauty, the first group that has arrested my attention should be those booby-looking gallants, who are at this moment handing some ladies into the ball-room. I should conclude, from their manners, that this is their *debut* in the train of *Terpsichore*.”

“ They have a somewhat more exalted opinion of themselves than you seem to entertain, (said Asmodeus.) Gawky-looking as they certainly are, they pique themselves upon their grace and skill in dancing. The elderly lady who accompanies them is the maiden aunt of the little fluttering sylph who leans on the arm of the taller of the swains. That young lady, *entre nous*, is a confirmed coquet. The tall and the short gallant are both paying their addresses to her, and for her part, her affections, if a coquet can be said to have affections, are so exactly poized between the two suitors, that a straw would almost turn the scale in

favour of either, as their fortunes are considered to be equal. You know; my friend, I make no pretensions to prophecy, but I suspect that as the pretensions of the rivals are so evenly balanced, he who acquits himself the best in the quadrille and waltz this evening will carry off the prize."

"To gain the heart of a coquet, (said Ferdinand,) would, to my mind, be to 'gain a loss,' as the Irishman said when he drew a blank in the lottery."

"I should have told you, (said Asmodeus,) that these rival gallants had a dispute, the other evening, on the score of their skill in dancing, when it was agreed to leave the matter to the arbitration of the maiden aunt. But see, they are just beginning to foot it. What a brace of dancing bears! Will it not, think you, be a tickle point to decide upon pretensions so nicely balanced?"

"From the specimen I have seen, (said Ferdinand,) I think the fair umpire must take a hint from Doctor Arne, when he had to settle a similar dispute between two actors who made pretensions to singing. Having listened to both with exemplary patience, the Doctor, turning to one of them, said, 'Sir, you are by far the worst singer I ever heard in the whole course of my life.' The rival singer, on hearing this sentence passed, rubbed his hands in ecstasy, anticipating his triumph, when the Doctor, turning to him, to his unutterable astonishment and mortification, said, 'As for you, Sir, you can't sing at all.' Is it not, my friend, a species of profanation to waste the fine music of Mozart upon such dancers? It reminds me of the well-known ironical epigram;

'How well the music to the dancing suits,
So Orpheus play'd, so danc'd the brutes.'"

"After the sentence you have passed upon these gentlemen, it may surprise you, (said Asmodeus,) to hear that they are as vain of their persons as of their dancing,

although the one is as much too tall as the other is too short. So much for their respective physical qualities; as for brains, although neither of them are conjurors, the shorter of the two has there decidedly the advantage. 'The celebrated Lord Bacon, when pressed to give his opinion of a very tall French Ambassador, replied, 'Tall men are like houses of four or five stories, wherein, commonly, the uppermost room is the worst furnished.' A remark which, however inapplicable it may be in many instances, is strictly verified in the case of our colossal friend."

"If these two youths are, as you say, enamoured of their own persons, (observed Ferdinand,) it proves that *nosce teipsum* is, indeed, a most difficult science. Whether love be, as our poets and painters represent him, blind; or whether, as one of our modern bards sings, 'Love has eyes,' I do not pretend to decide; but the vanity of these conceited youths leaves no doubt that *self-love* is stone blind. Why, the little gentleman is absolutely in-kneed, and his tall companion bandy-legged!"

"That peculiarity in the figure of the latter, (said Asmodeus,) once gave rise to a tolerable *bon mot*, if you can tolerate a pun."

"Oh, out with it, my friend, by all means, (said Ferdinand,) I have a high relish for a pun in its proper season; although your literary prigs and pedants affect to be scandalized at this bastard species of wit. It seems, however, that even that churlish literary bear, Doctor Johnson, though he asserted, for the sake of alliteration, 'that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket,' was occasionally guilty of the sin of literary squinting, as punning has been whimsically called. What, for instance, was his remark to Mrs. Siddons but a pun? That lady, in the zenith of her popularity, visited the Doctor, who not finding a chair at hand to offer her, said, 'It is always, thus, Madam ;

whenever you make your appearance, there are no *seats* to be had.' For my part, I half suspect that the Doctor had concocted this pun beforehand, and had removed the chairs expressly for the purpose. But we are losing sight of our subject. You were about to relate a pun which was made on our tall bandy-legged friend, when I interrupted you, for which I ought to apologize."

"By no means, (said Asmodeus.) So far from having an objection to the subject of puns, I shall be glad to resume it on some future occasion. Your solemn pedagogues would persuade you that no man of genius could ever stoop to punning, forgetting that Shakspeare,* Swift, Foote, Fox, Erskine, Grattan, Curran, and Professor Porson, were all punsters, although they were men of education, genius, and erudition. *Apropos*, do you recollect the Greek pun of Congreve?"

"I do not at this moment, (said Ferdinand,) pray let us have it."

"Rowe, the dramatist, was a great taker of snuff, and, when in company with Congreve one night, took such a fancy to his friend's box, and paid such incessant visits to it, that Congreve, by way of hint, wrote with a pencil on the lid of the box, the two Greek letters, Φ ! P. (*Fie ! Rowe !*)"

"This may be called a classical pun ; and that which was made upon the tall gentleman was quite as good in its way. One day, after surveying himself in the mirror with infinite satisfaction, turning round to a friend, he asked him if he did not think his figure bore some resemblance to that of the statues of Hercules. The other, who was one of those inveterate punsters who would rather lose his friend than his joke, replied, pointing to his knees,—' Like Hercules !—

* For in that age the professor quibbled in his chair, the judge on the bench, the prelate in the pulpit, the statesman at the council board, nay, even Majesty on the Throne.—*Apology for Shakspeare.*

ah! by Jove, so you are, now I think of it—like the Hercules FAR-KNEES’”—(*Farnese.*)

“By way of contrast to this group, of which I fancy you must by this time have seen quite enough, let us (said Asmodeus) direct our attention to the young lady and gentleman who have just alighted from their carriage, and are at this moment entering the assembly-room.”

“What an interesting couple! (said Ferdinand.) If it would not be an anachronism I should say that our favourite poet might have had such a pair in his mind’s eye when he portrayed his Romeo and Juliet. What grace, *naïveté*, and intelligence are blended in the interesting countenance of that charming female! If, as the French say, ‘*le dedans repond au dehors*,’ what an inestimable treasure she will prove to the favoured youth who shall gain her affections!”

“She is every thing which her physiognomy bespeaks, (said Asmodeus,) but I fear her very virtues may embitter rather than insure her future tranquillity. If it should be her lot to be united to one who can duly appreciate and cherish such excellence, the sweets will preponderate over the bitters in the cup of life; but if, as there is too much reason to apprehend, she makes a false estimate of the character of the man of her choice, then will her portion be one of unmixed bitterness.”

“Why should you fear that she will bestow her affections upon an unworthy object? (said Ferdinand.) The good sense and taste which so eminently characterize her charming countenance lead me to anticipate better things. She seems most peculiarly formed to enjoy happiness herself, and to diffuse it to all around her.”

“You seem to forget, my friend, (said Asmodeus,) that in the married state the happiness of the woman is, in a great measure, at the mercy of the man. She may fulfil all the duties of wife and mother in the most exemplary man-

ner, and yet her domestic virtues may fail to ensure her any other happiness beyond that which arises from a consciousness of having merited a better fate. The prominent trait in the character of that young lady is simplicity combined with an extreme sensibility, which is tremblingly alive to the happiness or misery of all around her. One of your fair poets, who seems deeply skilled in the human heart, says,

‘ Alas, no peace that breast can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at each touch of joy or woe,
And turning, trembles too.’

Notwithstanding the excellent understanding of our fair friend, her judgment is apt to be overcome by the intensity of her feelings, and the heart too often usurps dominion over the head. She is one of those virtuous enthusiasts, who, conscious of their own purity, and the rectitude of their own motives and wishes, give too ready credit to others for the same virtues. When such a woman forms an attachment to any man, her general charity to all the world becomes towards him a species of infatuation, which utterly blinds her to his defects, however glaring, and renders hopeless all attempts to undeceive her, until, when too late, she discovers that she has shipwrecked her own happiness, and the welfare of her children, and she sinks into an untimely grave, the victim of a too susceptible and confiding heart.”

“ I trust (said Ferdinand) that this amiable creature is reserved for a better fate; but tell me, my friend, have not your forebodings some reference to that prepossessing youth who pays her such marked attention ?”

“ You have surmised but too well, (replied Asmodeus,) I say, but too well ; because her growing attachment to that man augurs ill for the future tranquillity of our fair friend.”

“ Upon a closer examination of his features (said Ferdinand) I am by no means so much pleased as I was at the

first glance. I am no adept in the science of Gall and Spurzheim; and if I were initiated into its mysteries, I do not see how the knowledge would enlighten me on the present occasion, unless I could subject his head to a more rigid scrutiny than he might choose to allow. I have, however, some reliance on the indications of physiognomy, and I fancy I detect some mischief lurking under the specious smile which plays upon his lips whenever he addresses the young lady. There is, if I may so express myself, something of *Mephistophiles* in the cast of his features, which betrays the wolf in sheep's clothing."

"He is one of those (said Asmodeus) who can 'smile, and smile, and be a villain,'—a heartless, confirmed libertine; a wreckless freebooter, who looks upon women as *feræ naturæ*—the lawful prey of any sportsman who has the address to entrap them. These gay *Lotharios*, like your expert fly fishers, pride themselves upon the address with which they can bait the hook and sport with their destined prey, till they have secured them beyond the possibility of escape. In my character of *Cupidon*, you may suppose that I am no very rigid moralist in affairs of gallantry; but my former intercourse with your ancestor must have convinced you that, in my fallen state, I retain something of good feeling in my nature, which makes me recoil, with loathing, from the heartless and selfish seducer of female innocence. I know it is said that all stratagem is fair, in war and in love; but I disclaim the maxim, and maintain, that in love, as in war, your *preux chevalier* should be *sans reproche*.—If I did not possess your entire confidence, and if you required evidence in proof of what I have said respecting the morality of the gentleman before us, unfortunately it is at hand, as I shall show you presently, although the sight will distress you. Let us quit this scene of revelry and splendour for awhile, and direct our attention to one of a

very opposite nature. Do you not see a crowd of miserable, half-naked wretches yonder, stretched out upon straw in that small mean-looking house?"

"I do, (replied Ferdinand,) I suppose that must be the place of night refuge for the houseless, of which I have heard so much of late?"

"It is, (said Asmodeus,) and the establishment does the highest honour to the humanity of your spirited townsmen, who must experience the most heartfelt delight at the reflection that on such a night as this their bounty has provided shelter and warmth for so many of their fellow-creatures, who had no means themselves of procuring either."

"What a field is here, (said Ferdinand,) for the contemplation of the moralist!—what ample scope for the exercise of the benevolent! Well may it be said that 'one half of the world does not know how the other half lives' I trust I am not indifferent to the miseries of my fellow-creatures; but until my attention was drawn to these receptacles for the houseless, nothing could have persuaded me that such extreme wretchedness existed as that which we now behold. Here we see at least a hundred half-famished and not half-clothed beings, crowded in a small house, only adapted for the accommodation of a very small family,* passing the night supperless, and on straw. Although the history of the inmates in this receptacle of misery would, probably, furnish many instances of imprudence or of vice, it would not be without its use; as I can scarcely conceive a scene more likely to deter men from those follies or vices which lead to such frightful results."

"I shall readily relate to you the history of each of these wretched beings, if you desire it, (replied Asmodeus,)

* This was written before the present Night Asylum in Freemason's-row was established. The temporary place of refuge here alluded to was a house in Shaw's-brow.

but it would, necessarily, occupy much time even to give a faint sketch of so numerous a group. I will, therefore, for the present, merely direct your attention to that pale and emaciated female, who is sitting on the straw there, with her hands clasping her temples, and her languid eyes listlessly fixed upon the fire.—There you behold one of the victims to the arts of the youth whom we have just left in the ball-room. Little dreams the artless and lovely girl, whom this modern *Lovelace* is now hurrying through the bewildering mazes of the waltz, that there is, at this moment, and so near her too, a miserable, heart-broken female, whose hand her present partner has often tenderly pressed; who was once as gay, as happy, and almost as lovely as herself; but who now lies stretched upon a bed of straw, neglected and forgotten by the man who once persuaded her that he loved her as his life, and would never forsake her till death.”

LINES

ADDRESSED TO AN IGNORANT QUACK, WHO LEFT OFF PHYSIC TO TURN
SPECULATIVE BUILDER.

You must have been of common sense bereft,
When you the *pestle* for the *mortar* left;
’Twill be your ruin;—yet all must agree
The change will for your patients better be;
For, certes, they would one and all have died,
Had you your hand at physic longer try’d.

IMPROMPTU,

*On an obnoxious Assessor, whose quitting Bristol was signalized by ringing
all the Church bells in the town.*

When a certain Surcharger left Bristol, they say,
The bells were set merrily ringing all day;
But had the bell ropes been supplied with a noose,
They might have been turn’d to a still better use.

IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING AN INDEX AND COMMON PLACE BOOK.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS TO OUR YOUTHFUL READERS,
BUT EQUALLY APPLICABLE TO ADULTS.

The great object of reading ought to be the acquisition of facts, as all knowledge is founded upon facts. The human mind is so limited that the stock of facts which any man can commit to memory is extremely trifling; whereas every thing worth recollecting may be registered, so as to be available at any moment, by the mere act of consulting an index or table of contents. If what we read be forgotten, it is much the same thing as if we had not read it at all, and except inasmuch as we may have been amused, our time has been utterly misspent; and yet we have known hundreds of readers who act as if they were ignorant of this very simple truth. They have perused a vast variety of books, but in nineteen cases out of twenty they know little or nothing about them, merely because they have neglected the simple precaution of registering those passages which appeared to them worth treasuring up for future use. We have so long experienced the advantages of the plan we are recommending to our young friends, that we consider it our imperious duty to endeavour to persuade them to adopt it, as the most simple and efficacious mode of acquiring knowledge, or rather, we should say, of retaining that which they have once acquired.

As we wish the young student to keep two distinct books of reference, we shall here briefly describe their separate uses. The first, which may be called the Common-place book, should be pretty large, as it is intended for transcribing whole passages from the books perused. It ought to have an alphabet in front, with six subdivisions, after the

er described in Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. The alphabet to be lettered A—a, A—e, A—i, A—u, A—y. When the extract is copied out under appropriate head, in the Common-place book, on entering into the alphabet, the student must observe what first occurs in the word to be registered, and enter it accordingly, in some one of the six subdivisions of the bet. Thus, suppose the title of the extract be *Armada*, it be entered under the first subdivision of the alphabet—a; if it be *America*, under the second subdivision, e; if it be *Africa*, under the third subdivision, i, &c. If there be no other vowel except that which begins the word, as in *Arts* or *Arms*, it must be registered in the first subdivision, A—a. We shall here give a specimen of this alphabet, entering one line only in each of its subdivisions. The figure appended to the entry shows the page on which the article referred to is to be found.*

- a. Arts, fine, on the cultivation of the, see p. 10.
- e. America, state of literature in, see p. 11.
- i. Africa, account of the colony in Liberia, in, see p. 12.
- o. Aorta of the whale, description of, see p. 13.
- u. Aqueducts, remarkable, see p. 14.
- y. Army, standing, unconstitutional in time of war, see p. 15.

Besides these entries into the alphabet it is advisably to register some articles under other heads, in order to find them more readily; thus, besides, entering *Africa* under the subdivision of the Alphabet A—i only, it will be well to make another entry, under the subdivision A—a, thus,—

Liberia, in Africa, account of the colony of, see *Africa*,
Whale, description of the aorta of the, see *Aorta*.

Common-place Books and Alphabetized Indexes may be had at the
 y-office.

Sometimes it may be desirable to enter the extract under still more heads, according to the judgment of the reader.

SKELETON INDEX.

We have hitherto been supposing the reader to take the trouble to copy out whole selections in his Common-place book, but he will often meet with interesting passages which are much too long for transcription ; and this brings us to the description of another kind of book of reference, which will be found much more convenient, concise, and useful than that which we have been describing. This book should consist merely of an alphabet, subdivided as already described, into which the reader should enter the general head or title only of any article which he may wish to refer to at any future time, appending the name of the original work, the volume and the page. We shall here give a specimen of this kind of skeleton index, with one entry under each subdivision :

- B—a. Ballot, election by, recommended by Harrington in his *Oceana*, see *Sir Walter Moyle's Essays*, p. 55.
- B—e. Bells, of enormous size, in Russia, see *Card's Revolutions of Russia*, 8vo. p. 315.
- B—i. Britain said to have been innundated by the sea, according to some Roman historians, see *Gibbon's Essays on the Study of Literature*, 12mo. p. 84.
- B—o. Boars, formerly beasts of chase in Great Britain, see *Annual Register*, 1792, p. 158.
- B—u. Bull fights at Lima, description of, see *Kaleidoscope*, vol. ix. p. 246.
- B—y. Byron, Lord, swimming exploit of, see *Kaleidoscope*, vol. viii. p. 21.

We trust that these examples will render the plan of this kind of general index perfectly intelligible ; and if we can persuade our young friends to adopt it they will, with moderate industry, find themselves in permanent possession

of a considerable stock of information, which, without the employment of such means, might be entirely lost to them.

By way of further encouragement to perseverance we may add that we have, for about forty years, been in the habit of either transcribing passages from the works we have read, or of entering the heads of subjects which we thought we might have occasion for at some future time. The consequence is, that although we may not recollect all the particulars connected with the subject we have thought worth treasuring up, we know where to lay our finger, at any moment, upon books of reference wherein are recorded the title of the work, and the page where the information which we require may be found.

In conclusion we have to observe, that although we have addressed ourselves, on this occasion, to young students, it is not because the plan we are recommending is less useful to adults, but because habits are more easily formed in early life than at a later period.

DOGGEREL DIALOGUE,

Between John Bull and the two Postmasters-General, the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl Chichester, the dual unit, styled the Joint Postmaster-General, and whose duty is confined to the arduous task of receiving and counting its salary.

[WRITTEN IN MARCH 1822.]

"One idle Lord's too much, why are there two?
 Pray, Marquis Sal'sbury, what is it you do?"
 "I do?—why nothing," Sal'sbury replies,
 "For all the sag on Francis Freeling lies."
 "And what may you do, my Lord Chichester?"
 "I?" says his Lordship, "why make such a stir?
 Save helping Sal'sbury, no stitch I stir;
 But if you thus cut useless places down,
 You can't maintain the influence of the Crown."

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

[WRITTEN IN JUNE 1821.]

TO THE EDITOR.

The following is intended as a justification of Ministers, in opposing the motion of Sir James Mackintosh, for ameliorating the criminal code. What necessity can exist for such reform when history shows that the world is improving gradually of itself; and that we had better, as the turtle-loving Alderman Curtis very properly observes, "let well alone!" In order to impress this maxim more strongly on the minds of your disaffected readers, I have prevailed upon Mr. Southey, the present Poet Laureat, and quondam author of "Wat Tyler," to adorn my moral in the best poetic garb he could afford for a one pound note, which I inclosed for the express purpose.

On reading that in the reign of William Rufus killing a hare was punished by the loss of the eyes; whilst the killing a man might be commuted for by fine.

When William Rufus here bore sway,
The subject who a hare should slay,
Was sentenced by the laws so wise,
To pay the forfeit of his eyes;
Whilst he who slew his fellow man,
Was merely fin'd,—such was their plan.

In these our more enlightened times,
How differently we view such crimes!
The poacher who now shoots poor puss,
Is sent abroad without more fuss;
Whilst men who deal in human slaughter,
Who butcher mother, father, daughter,
Who cut down infants with the sabre,
Are complimented for their labour.

INTRODUCTION TO HOMONYMES FRANÇAIS; OR THE FRENCH HOMONYMOUS WORDS.

ARRANGED IN SENTENCES ON AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL PLAN.*

Homonymous words, according to the definition of CHAMBAUD, are "*des mots pareils, qui expriment des choses différentes,*" or similar words signifying different things. As these words differ, however, not only in meaning, but generally in their orthography also, it would, perhaps, be more correct to define them as "Words with similar sound, but dissimilar significations, and which are generally spelled differently." As for example, CENT (*a hundred,*) SANS (*without,*) SANG (*blood,*) SENS (*sense,*) S'EN (*an idiomatic phrase.*)

* By EGERTON SMITH, and DOMINIQUE ALBERT, LL.D. Printed and Sold by Egerton Smith and Co. Lord street, Liverpool, Price 3s.

In every review or public journal in which the *Homonymes Français* has been noticed, it has been most favourably mentioned. We shall sub-join a few of the most concise notices:—

"This is a most useful and well arranged little work, admirably adapted to aid the student's discrimination between the words of similar sound, and their different meanings, in the French tongue. The plan is peculiarly good; and we recommend it to our readers as one of the best books of instruction in the niceties of language with which we are acquainted."—*Metropolitan Magazine* for November, 1831.

"These homonymous words, for the term itself may require explanation, are words of similar sound, but of dissimilar signification, and generally dissimilar orthography. Words of this kind are frequent in most languages, but abound in the French, and present formidable obstacles to speaking the language, or at least to the learner's discovering what the speaker means. In reading *au, aux, aulx, eau, o, oh, os*, nobody will confound, but to the ear they will all come with the same sound, and often baffle the learner, suggesting as they do such odd and out-of-the-way combinations of meanings, as if the purpose of the speaker was merely to mystify. To get rid of this embarrassing inconvenience as quickly as possible, the authors have ingeniously brought together, in these homonymous words, single sentences which are to be committed to memory, trusting to its facility in retaining new associations for the success of the contrivance. Suppose the homonymous words to be *entre*, a noun, *entre*, a verb, and *entre*, a preposition;

These homonymous words, which are extremely numerous in the French language, present such formidable obstacles to its critical attainment that they are often abandoned in utter despair. The acquisition of the French genders is a sufficiently arduous task, but there are certain rules laid down by which that difficulty may be overcome.* There are no such guides, however, to assist the pupil in learning the homonymous words, nor can he derive any assistance from reason or analogy. The difficulty can only be surmounted by a laborious effort of the memory. To the eye of the English pupil the majority of these words, when written or printed, appear so extremely dissimilar that he cannot easily conceive how words differing so essentially from each other in their orthographical structure can possibly assimilate in their sound. The following examples

they are introduced into the sentence—*Pour visiter la sibylle, on entre (enters) dans un entre (cave) profond, percé entre (between) deux énormes roches. Again,—On ne doit (ought) jamais montrer personne au doigt (finger);* which at once distinguishes the words and conveys a lesson of good manners.”—*Monthly Magazine*, October, 1831.

“The second volume of the ‘*Menageries*,’ in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, contains the fullest and most interesting account of the sagacity of quadrupeds, the Elephant, that we have any where seen.—It shall be forwarded to certain young friends of ours, along with the *Cabinet of Youth*, by the authors of the *Odd Volume*; and *Homonymes Français*, a useful treatise on French words of similar sound but dissimilar signification.”—*Englishman’s Magazine*, September, 1831, p. 119.

“‘It is pretty generally admitted,’ says a sensible Preface, ‘that the more senses we employ in the acquisition of knowledge, the more readily and permanently will that knowledge be impressed upon the mind. Thus, in committing poetry to memory, we sooner succeed in accomplishing the task by reading the verses aloud than by perusing them silently, and if music be superadded, the operation is still further facilitated, because the eye and the ear co-operate as joint auxiliaries to the memory.’”—*Tatler*.

* A very excellent guide to the French genders has been published by D. Albert, LL.D, entitled “*Tableau Synoptique pour trouver le Genre de tous les Noms de la Langue Française*.” It is printed on a small sheet of paper made up in green canvas, and folded so as to admit being put into a pocket-book. This table, of which the fourth edition has just been published by Treuttel and Wurtz, Soho-square, London, is sold at two shillings.

from the collection contained in this little work may serve as an illustration :—

Au, Aux, Aulx. Eau, O, Oh ! Os. Vain, Vingt, Vinx, Vint.

With a view to overcome this serious obstacle to the progress of the pupil, the plan pursued in this little work was adopted ; and it is the opinion of several competent judges to whom it has been submitted, that it is peculiarly adapted to abridge the mental drudgery of the pupil. That the work must necessarily have this tendency cannot be doubted by those who have paid any attention to that mental process by which one idea naturally suggests another idea, or a train of ideas with which it has been previously associated.

It is pretty generally admitted that the more senses we employ in the acquisition of knowledge, the more readily and permanently will that knowledge be impressed upon the mind. Thus, in committing poetry to memory we sooner succeed in accomplishing the task by reading the verses aloud than by perusing them silently, and if music be superadded, the operation is still further facilitated ; because the eye and the ear co-operate as joint auxiliaries to the memory.*

This well-known principle of association of ideas is strongly illustrated in this little work, in which the homonymous words to be committed to memory are made component parts of short, intelligible, and connected sentences ; by which means they are much more readily acquired and retained than by the dry and tedious process by which detached words are generally committed to memory from a vocabulary.

* When we are at a loss to remember the words of a song, they are often brought to our immediate recollection by humming over the tune to which the song has been set.

The example subjoined, which is one of the homonymous sentences contained in this work, will serve to render the plan recommended perfectly intelligible.

The words to be committed to memory are **ANTRE** (*a cave*,) a noun substantive; **ENTRE** (*enters*,) a verb; and **ENTRE** (*between*,) a preposition. These three words are introduced into the following sentence:—"Pour visiter la sybille, on **ENTRE** (*enters*) dans un **ANTRE** (*cave*) profond, percé **ENTRE** (*between*) deux énormes rochers." "In order to visit the sybil, we enter (or one enters) into a deep cavern, excavated between two vast rocks."

After repeating these words the pupil will not readily forget that the three homonymous words, *entre*, *antre*, and *entre*, are to be pronounced exactly alike; and the recollection of the whole sentence will be greatly aided by the little picture (if it may be so called) which is presented to the imagination.

The fabled sybils were represented as scattering their oracular leaves from secluded and romantic caverns, and the sentence just quoted conveys to the "mind's eye" some one exploring his way to the sybil's cavern, in a deep cleft between two huge rocks.

The number of homonymous words comprised in this work is between thirteen and fourteen hundred; and it has been a labour of no ordinary difficulty to form them into intelligible and connected sentences. It is presumed, however, that the task has been performed as well as could be expected from the anomalous and intractable nature of the materials. Each sentence will be found to contain a little incident, narrative, aphorism, or precept; whilst many of them convey as distinct an ideal picture to the mind as that which relates to the sybil, already adduced as an example.

One more specimen by way of illustration of the plan of the work may not be unacceptable to the reader. The homonymous words to be committed to memory are,

TAIN, *s. m.* ; **TEINT**, *s. m.* ; **TEINT**, *v.* ; **THYM**, *s. m.*

These are introduced into the following sentence :

Quand le **TAIN** (*tinfoil*) qui couvre une glace, n'est pas bien pur, les personnes qui s'y mirent, ont le **TEINT** (*complexion*) verdâtre, comme s'il était **TEINT** (*stained*) avec du jus de **THYM** (*thyme*.)

This sentence is easily recollected by the fact it relates, that when the tinfoil which is used in silvering a mirror is not pure or clear, the complexion of those who look into the mirror appears greenish or discoloured, as if it were stained with the juice of thyme.

It would greatly accelerate the knowledge of these homonymous words if pupils were directed to adopt them as texts in their copy-books, instead of transcribing the unmeaning sentences too generally selected for such purposes. By writing them out repeatedly, they would soon become indelibly impressed upon the memory; and the operation would be facilitated if the homonymous words in each sentence were distinguished from the other parts of the sentence by being underscored with the pen; or if it were deemed preferable, by being written in red or coloured ink.

It only remains to add, that amongst the numerous words to be found in the following collection there are a few to which a person of delicate ear, critically skilled in the niceties of the French language, may object, as not perfect *homonymes*. It should, however, be borne in mind that the same word when used in ordinary conversation, and when delivered in the measured language of pulpit or stage declamation, often differs materially in the pronunciation.

The pronunciation aimed at in the following sentences

is that used by well-educated persons in the familiar intercourse of society ; and no homonymous word has been admitted which is not recognised by the authority of *BOUTE*, the JOHNSON of France ; although some of the *homonymes* authorized by the great French lexicographer have been excluded from this collection as exceptionable ; of this number are Beauté and Botté, and several others.

With respect to the typographical arrangement of this little work, it will be seen on a moment's inspection of any of the pages, that the homonymous words to be used in each sentence are printed in separate lines, just above the sentence itself,—the parts of speech being indicated by *italic* abbreviations. In the complete sentence the homonymous words are printed in SMALL CAPITALS, with the English signification annexed to it in *italic* characters, and within parentheses.

LINES,

ON HEARING THAT THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING WAS ABOUT TO
ACCEPT THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

[WRITTEN IN 1822.]

The *hundreds* are scarce worth the notice of Canning,
Too low a reward of his spouting and planning ;
The man who has had fourteen thousand a year,
At *Hundreds* will turn up his nose with a sneer.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO TOLD THE WRITER THAT SHE HAD AN INFLAMMATION IN ONE OF
HER EYES, OWING TO A SEVERE COLD.

Tho' one of your peepers, as Cupid's, were blind,
I swear by St. Patrick's grandmother,
The d—l a flaw in *that* eye could I find,
You bother me so with the *other*.

A BRIEF BUT LEARNED DISSERTATION ON "THAT."

A PUZZLE FOR PEDAGOGUES.

"THAT is the question."—*Shakspeare.*

Some authors write you a dissertation upon "this and that, and the other;" or, as Sir Mark Magnum says, "every thing else in the world." But it is not our intention to take so discursive a range, as we shall confine ourselves to "that, and *that* alone;" nor will our short chapter be without its use, as it will furnish a theme for the ingenuity of the grammarians of all ages and all capacities. The text for our brief philological treatise is—

"THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT."

A sentence which, in the reading, is not unlike the rantan of an accomplished Cockney footman, on announcing the arrival of my Lord or my Lady, on the night of a grand rout.

The reader will perceive that the number of *thats* in our text is eight, and if he be not previously aware of the fact, he will probably be surprised at being told that these eight uncouth monosyllables may form part of an intelligible and grammatical sentence, following each other without the intervention of any other word. In the construction of language such an association is not only singular, but we believe perfectly unique, as we doubt whether a parallel instance can be adduced either in our own or any other tongue; and, we are not a little proud to reflect that it was a near and dear friend of ours who first engrafted three additional *thats* upon the original five adduced by Dr. Lowth in his grammar.

In order to render the explanation intelligible, the following brief preamble is indispensable.—A, in the course of conversation, asserts that, in a sentence which was the subject of discussion, the word *that* was, in one place, improperly applied by the gentleman who used the expression; whereupon B, defending the propriety of the word, in the course of his defence uses the word *that* eight times, in uninterrupted succession. With this explanation the following will, we presume, be perfectly intelligible to the reader:—"It is certain that *that* that that *that* that that that gentleman alludes to, is properly applied; or, otherwise. thus:—"It is certain that the *that* which the *one* that that gentleman alludes to, is properly applied." Or thus,—

That		<i>that</i>		that		that		that		<i>that</i>		that		that
		the				which		the		one				

gentleman, &c.

We are of opinion that it would puzzle many persons who fancy themselves tolerable grammarians, to parse this strange sentence correctly; nor are we by any means certain that it would not pose some of those who, as Lingo says, "are not only scholars themselves, but masters of scholars."

We shall here subjoin the analysis with which we were furnished by the friend by whom the sentence was originally propounded to us.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

It is certain that that that that that that that that gentleman alludes to follows, is properly applied.

1st That—A conjunction.

2d That—A demonstrative pronoun, relating to 3d that.

3d That—A substantive in the objective case, being the object of the verb *follows*, and antecedent to 4th that.

4th That—A relative pronoun, having for its antecedent 3d that.

5th That—A demonstrative pronoun, relating to 6th that.

6th That—A substantive, nominative case, to the verb *follows*, and antecedent to 7th that.

7th That—A relative pronoun.

8th That—A demonstrative pronoun, relating to gentleman.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

ANAGRAM.

I am the bane of all the human race,
Transpose my letters, still you'll find me base ;
Those letters, if arranged anew,
Show what most mortals wish to do.
Change them again, and I express
A favourite part of female dress ;
But if once more they are inverted,
I am to an ancient tribe converted.

CHARADES.

If my head you strike off, you'll find I'm better,
But I'm done for, if you should cut off the next letter.

2.

Though fierce and bloody be my whole,
Cut off my head and I am droll.

3.

A little excursion my first signifies,
Obstruction or hindrance my second implies,
My whole, at this moment, is under your eyes.

4.

A word shows what I once possess'd,
The letters change, and there's express'd
What then, alas ! form'd my delight,
But left me in a beggar's plight ;
Once more revers'd, a word appears,
Imbittering my declining years.

5.

Cut off my head, but leave my tail,
And you will find I still am hale ;
Another letter then remove,
A wholesome beverage I prove.

SOLUTIONS TO THE ABOVE.

Anagram—*Evil*. Charades, No. 1. *Amended*. 2. *Slaughter*. 3. *Triplet*.
4. *Acres*. 5. *Whale*.

THE LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' AND APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

This useful institution, which was set on foot in the year 1823, was, we believe, the first of the kind established in England, and as the experiment has fully realized the most sanguine expectations of its originator, and those who co-operated with him in its formation, we trust that the following extract from the *Liverpool Mercury* of January 23, 1824, may prove acceptable to the readers of the *Melange*:—

Extract from the address of Mr. Egerton Smith, at the Town-hall, Liverpool, on Friday, January 16, 1824, Charles Lawrence, Esq., the Mayor, in the Chair.

Mr. SMITH rose to address the meeting, and was received with loud applause. He began by expressing a hope, that, in claiming their notice in so early a stage of the business, he would not be accused of vanity, or of unnecessarily obtruding himself upon their attention. There were circumstances which rendered it absolutely necessary that he should be the first to address the meeting on the present occasion. They were called together to consider of the propriety of adopting a new institution, the Liverpool Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library, which he had established about six months ago; and it was proper that they should know something of its nature, and of the manner in which it had been conducted, from its origin up to the present period. He had also a public duty to discharge on this occasion. His fellow-townsmen had, in the most flattering manner, committed to his individual care a considerable collection of books for a specific purpose, and he was anxious, at this meeting, to make it appear that the confidence reposed in him had not been abused. He would,

therefore, with the permission of the meeting enter briefly into the origin, the progress, the present state and future prospects of the institution. He begged previously, however, to express the great satisfaction he felt on witnessing so numerous an attendance on the occasion, and to tender his thanks to the Mayor for his promptitude and politeness in complying with the wish of the requisitionists. The requisition was signed by seventy gentlemen; but, had it been the object of the friends of the institution to make what was called an imposing appearance, they could have obtained, with equal ease, the signatures of thousands. Never, indeed, was there an occasion on which men's minds were more unanimous. He had heard, before he came to the meeting, that there was likely to be some controversy on the subject; but he did not believe the rumour. As for himself he would not bear a part in such a course of discussion. The present was no political or party measure; it was, on the contrary, one of a moral and domestic nature. Here was a great moral engine to be set in motion, or rather already in motion; and his townsmen were now invited to take the direction of it into their own hands. He knew that there were some gentlemen, but they were few, who conceived that this was scarcely an object for a public meeting. For his part, he could conceive no fitter subject for the deliberation of the community. The object of the proposed institution was, to cultivate the minds and direct the energies of the rising generation; and there was no calculating the ultimate effect of such an establishment as this on the prosperity and happiness of his native town. In the town of Sheffield, a public meeting had been held to take into consideration, not, as at the present meeting, the propriety of adopting an institution already formed, but whether they should do that in Sheffield which had been for some time accomplished in Liverpool. There

were some gentlemen, but happily not many, who objected to the principle of putting books into the hands of the lower classes. These gentlemen contended that reading only rendered them dissatisfied with their stations in life, and tended to make them less valuable members of society. This, he contended, was false, both in theory and practice. It would, indeed, be a libel on the literature of the country to admit that books, which were intended to inculcate the moral, social, and relative duties, should have a contrary tendency. All experience too was against the objection. He appealed, as an exemplification, to the Scotch, who were better educated than the people of any other nation; and yet no man would contend that the Scotch, in point of honesty, sobriety, and industry, were not at least on a par with their neighbours. It was absurd and unfair to reason against the use of a thing from its abuse; and the gentlemen who contended that books should not be put into the hands of the people, because they might abuse them, reminded him of the individual who, when he saw the increase of forgery, exclaimed, "Ay, this comes of your reading and writing; I never had any opinion of it for my part!" He (Mr. Smith) thought, that the whole frame of society might be elevated, and yet each component part preserve its relative position, and the whole its strength and symmetry; as had been beautifully illustrated by Mr. Montgomery in his poetical allegory of the Pyramid of Coins. Mr. Smith then said he should proceed to detail the origin, progress, and present state of the Liverpool Apprentices' and Mechanics' Library, which he should read to the meeting, as it contained dates of facts which ought to be correctly stated. [He then read a statement, drawn up in the editorial phraseology, which we must omit.] In order to illustrate the good effects which often result from a little timely attention to the cal-

tivation of youthful talent, Mr. Smith mentioned an instance of a little boy, with whom he had been acquainted many years ago, and who displayed an extraordinary talent for mechanical pursuits, which he (Mr. S.) had encouraged, by furnishing him with books suitable to his taste, and providing him with a little schooling. This boy constructed many very ingenious pieces of mechanism; amongst which was a very minute and beautiful model of a spinning wheel, perfect in all its parts. He also built a ship, not after the fashion often adopted by children, of cutting the hull out of a solid piece of wood—his little vessel was properly planked, and every part of her frame put together in a regular workmanlike way. The boy, after having resided for a short time with Mr. S. was, by him, advised to repair to the United States, to join his father. Many years after this, Mr. S. was surprised at receiving a long letter, from America, written by a person whose name he did not, at first, recollect, but whom he soon recognised as the clever little boy he had introduced to the notice of the meeting. He commenced his letter with observing, that Mr. S. would perhaps have forgotten him; but, that he could never forget the services that had been rendered him. Since his arrival in the United States, he had applied himself to the trade of a coach-maker; had served a regular apprenticeship; had set up in business for himself, and was then actually making a carriage for the President of the United States.

Mr. Smith then proceeded to say, that it had been his original intention to enter more at large upon the general question of education, and to offer some strictures upon the pernicious recreations too often resorted to in modern society; but he was unwilling to detain the meeting when such unanimity prevailed. There was a very serious responsibility attached to the conductor of such a

library as that under consideration was sure to become. He could, if he chose, carry it on for a year or two, but he was convinced that he should not be doing his duty; and he felt that he might stand in the way of contributions from some quarters. He was regarded as a party man; and, he feared, some persons might hesitate about sending books to him for its use, who would feel none if it were adopted by the public. He was anxious, therefore, more for the benefit of the institution itself than for his own convenience, to divest himself of the great responsibility of his situation, and to act in its concerns, for the future, merely as a private individual.

The meeting was then addressed by several of the most respectable gentleman; after which the Mayor moved the thanks of the assembly to Mr. Egerton Smith, which was seconded by John Gladstone, Esq., upon which Mr. Smith observed, that any services he might have rendered the town by the establishment of the Liverpool Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library, were more than repaid by the very flattering manner in which the worthy Chief Magistrate and the meeting had thought proper to notice them. Before he sat down he would, with their permission, make one further observation, as it would serve to reconcile an apparent contradiction in the denomination given to the institution they had been pleased to applaud and to adopt. It was styled "The Liverpool Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library," although it had hitherto been almost altogether confined to apprentices. It was, however, well known to many persons around him, that he entertained much more extensive views, and contemplated the ulterior extension of the establishment to adult mechanics, similar to that in London. It was his opinion, however, that it was best to do one thing at a time; he was well assured that in commencing opera-

tions with the young men, he was "beginning the work at the right end." In conclusion, he once more tendered his acknowledgments to the meeting for the attention he had experienced; and begged to assure them, that although he now resigned his trust into their hands, he should never cease to feel an interest in the prosperity of the Liverpool Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library. He would, if required, co-operate with the committee in any capacity, and would promote the interests of the institution by every means in his power.

A VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL EXHIBITION.

An Impromptu on reading Cobbett's letter announcing his intention to exhibit his home-grown Indian Corn, at Sixpence Admission.

"Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, and you shall see what you shall see."

Bravo! old Cobbett, no man born
Like you can "raise the wind" and corn:
But still, great Sir, I rather fear,
John Bull may deem it somewhat dear
To pay his sixpence for the sight
Of Indian Corn,—without a bite:
I'll tell you, therefore, what to do,
For the same price show Paine's bones too.

FIRE AND SWORD—SIGNS OF THE TIMES!

[WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1821.]

On reading of Mr. Blade's Fund for debauching the Life Guards; and of a hireling paper called "The Beacon," said to be under the auspices of the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Whilst British spirit still pervades,
Though traitor slaves conspire,
Harmless shall fall such pointless Blades—
Such Beacons soon expire.

PROPOSAL FOR A PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENT IN LIVERPOOL,

FOR EXHIBITING TELESCOPES AND MICROSCOPES OF A VERY
SUPERIOR DESCRIPTION.

We here copy from an American journal a paragraph for the purpose of following it up with a proposal for an establishment which would be a credit and an ornament to our native town.

“ It is suggested in the *Baltimore Patriot* that it would be a gratifying, as well as a very useful indulgence, if children in public schools should be allowed to witness the exhibition of some of the solar microscopes, which deservedly attract so much attention among persons of all ages and classes. The expense of it would be trifling, when divided among a hundred or two of children; and the impressions which the objects presented to their view would produce would be of a useful and a very permanent nature. They would receive ideas of the extent, variety, beauty, and perfection of the works of nature, which nothing else could confer.”

The preceding paragraph reminds us of a proposition which we have often been on the point of offering to the consideration of the public, and the object of which is to procure for our townsmen, on very reasonable terms, a high species of gratification, which is at present denied them. What we would propose is, that excellent telescopes, of very great magnifying powers, should be procured by public or private subscription, and placed in the keeping of some individual, who should find security to the proprietors for their value.

These telescopes should be stationed in some convenient situation, and exhibited at a moderate charge to the public, who would thus have access to optical instruments superior to those which an individual can afford to purchase. Few people would grudge sixpence for a peep on a fine day

through a telescope of very great magnifying power; but the principal utility of the instruments would be for viewing the moon and the planets, and the exhibitor ought to possess sufficient astronomical knowledge to enable him, by aid of the Nautical Almanack and globes, to point out to those who visited him the precise place of any star, constellation, planet, or satellite.

Such a telescope would be a great acquisition to the town, and the profit arising from its exhibition would probably soon enable the exhibitor to pay back to the owners the purchase money. Thus, without the possibility of risk, the public might be put in possession of a highly intellectual source of gratification, and a respectable man at the same time furnished with the means of procuring an honourable competency.*

To make the establishment more complete, solar and compound microscopes and improved lucernals might be added to the exhibition, when the collection could not fail to be highly attractive to the students in astronomy and natural history, as well as to those who merely sought amusement from a visit to the Observatory. Several friends to whom we have mentioned this suggestion have so highly approved of it that we have taken this method of conveying the hint to the public.

There ought to be provided both a refracting and a reflecting telescope, as the latter would be preferable for astronomical purposes.

* Mr. Gage, the surveyor, who is about to bring out his superb and unrivalled plan of Liverpool, would be exactly the kind of person to superintend such an establishment, and to render it subservient to the important purpose of regulating marine chronometers.

GYMNASIA.

(Continued from page 582.)

No. XXV.



TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The person, fig 1, who is to perform this exploit stands between figs. 2 and 3, whom he intends to lift from the ground. To do this, he, fig. 1, stoops down, and passes his right hand behind the left thigh of fig. 2, whose right hand he grasps; then he passes his left hand behind the right thigh of fig. 3, whose left hand he grasps. The two persons, 2 and 3, who are to be lifted, then pass each one arm round the neck and shoulders of fig. 1. When in this position, fig. 1, by raising himself gradually from his stooping posture, lifts figs. 2 and 3 from the ground. When three persons are to be lifted, the third gets on the back of fig. 1, but the feat is more complete and the group more picturesque with two than three.

THE ELYSIUM OF ANIMALS.

A DREAM.—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

(Concluded from page 578.)

At this summons a large and noble looking Dog advanced, and I instantly recognised a noble and faithful creature which had once been in my possession. Almost at the same instant a beautiful bay Mare moved forward for the same purpose; and as my conscience acquitted me of any act of cruelty towards either, while they had been in my keeping, I augured well from their interposition. They successively addressed the assemblage; but their testimony was so flattering to me, that I cannot venture to repeat it.

After they had ceased, the Elephant signified that it was not his intention to call for any further evidence of the cruelty and despotism of man, as that which had already been adduced was, in his opinion,—and no doubt in that of all present,—decisive and overwhelming. Before sentence of condemnation was passed upon the guilty sons of Adam, he should offer a few remarks to his friends around him; and although it would be his duty still further to expose the vile propensities and practices of their former persecutors, he was too well assured of their sense of justice to apprehend that any thing he might say would prejudice their minds against the stranger, in whose cause the dog and the horse had just pleaded in terms of gratitude and affection.

The Elephant then majestically advancing a few paces, thus addressed the multitude:—

“ My friends,—You are assembled here for the purpose of deciding, by the evidence of such of your fellow-creatures as have experienced the tyranny of the sons of

Adam, the question which was proposed to you on the opening of the Court, and which I will now repeat to you. 'Is man deserving of mercy from those animals which have been subjected to his domination during their earthly pilgrimage?'

"You have heard the evidence of the Horse, the Bull, the Bear, the Cock, the Monkey, the Turnspit Dog, the Ass, and the Cat. I could have called the persecuted Badger, and innumerable other witnesses to depose to the cruelty and despotism of man, had it been necessary, but as the stranger, who has involuntarily intruded upon our happy retreat, is a native of England, I have confined the inquiry into the manner in which animals are generally treated in his country which is considered one of the most enlightened on the face of the earth.

"The evidence which has been given is most disgraceful to a people pretending to civilization, and professing the religion which enjoins them to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. There are, however, many honourable exceptions to the too general depravity; and it is fortunate for the stranger before us that he is himself guiltless of any participation in the manifold abuses which have been proved against his countrymen. I carefully marked his countenance during the recital of human guilt, and I saw there unequivocally depicted mixed emotions of shame and indignation, which greatly prepossessed me in his favour, before the redeeming evidence of the dog and the horse were adduced in confirmation of the protestations of his innocence, which he made previous to the commencement of the examinations. I am so well aware of the justice of your nature, that I am fully persuaded that you will not visit the sins of the guilty upon the heads of the innocent; and I confidently anticipate a sentence of acquittal of the stranger to accompany

a verdict of guilty against his countrymen in general. Should he by any means ever revisit his native home, it may, perhaps, be the means of effecting a reform in the manners of his countrymen, if he should publish what he has heard and seen during his sojourn in our Elysium. It must be humiliating, and may be salutary for the self-styled Lord of the Creation, to know the estimation in which he is held by those creatures who have experienced his sway on earth, and who, in their regenerated state, are endowed with a portion of that reason which man claims as his exclusive attribute. The catalogue of crimes which have been already proved against the sons of man is so heavy, that it may be deemed a work of supererogation to add to the list; but I shall nevertheless briefly recount a few of the enormities which have not been deposed to by any of our friends who have recounted their sufferings on earth. One of the most atrocious and unjustifiable of the numerous outrages perpetrated by man upon our defenceless and unoffending race, is the dissection of living animals, under the flimsy and specious pretext of promoting the knowledge of human anatomy and skill in surgery.* Is it

* In the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, from October, 1831, to April, 1832, p. 172, there is a very interesting paper on humanity to animals, by James L. Drummond, M.D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology to the Belfast Academical Institution, from which we extract the following remarks upon the dissection of living animals:—

“Your own recollection will recal but too many other examples of cruelty; but, if you have not read of the experiments made by anatomists on living animals, you will still have an imperfect idea of the horrible excesses which are committed. The slightest matter of the merest curiosity is made the pretext for mangling living animals in the most dreadful way that can be imagined. It is not always, I must observe, in consequence of a theory being formed, and a belief that if proved true it might be of importance to our species, that experiments are made to determine its correctness or fallacy. In France, especially, the most barbarous cutting up of living animals is pursued with a savage and reckless enthusiasm, not for the purpose of verifying a probable, and, if true, important conjecture, but to ascertain what effects are produced by such butchery;—I hesitate not to

not horrible to think that these scientific monsters will rip up the bodies of living animals, nail down their feet to the

use the word, for it is the fittest that could be selected. Experiments of this description are unhallowed in their nature, and they will, almost always, be unsatisfactory in their result to a rigid investigator of truth, for a conclusion can seldom be depended on which is derived from observation of a mangled suffering creature bleeding under the dissecting-knife.

“That experiments have sometimes led to a little increase of certain knowledge, I know; but their frequent repetition, after all has been proved by them that is necessary, every humane man must deprecate; and still more is it to be regretted, that the prosecution of experiments on living animals is recommended to students, to boys, as a useful mode of employing their time and improving their minds. I can find no excuse for any man who will dissect living dogs, rip up their bellies, or, as the softened phrase is, lay open their abdomen, cut out their stomach, or spleen, or kidneys, or perform other dreadful mutilations, merely to satisfy a feeling of curiosity; and still less do I think that he can be excused for recommending such practices to his pupils.

“One would suppose that the determining of such a question, as whether, in vomiting, the stomach acts alone, or is assisted by the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, or is altogether passive, would scarcely be thought worth the sacrifice even of one dog—by any man, at least, who had ever himself felt what pain is, were it but that from the prick of a needle, or of a thorn lodged in the finger. Yet this unimportant matter, this subject of curiosity alone, which is not of the slightest consequence, whatever way it might be settled, has been the cause of innumerable living dissections, the very least of which is sufficient to make one’s blood run cold. Let any one who has ever experienced nausea and sickness for ten minutes, think what must be the sufferings of a creature whose belly is ripped open, and emetics injected into its stomach; or, what must the agony produced by cutting away its stomach altogether, and sewing a bladder in its place—thereby substituting, for the purpose of experiment, an artificial stomach! These, and similar barbarous, but really useless experiments, have been repeated over and over again, with a perseverance which is perfectly disgusting. Think of a dog being tied down to a table, the whole fleshy walls of its belly being cut away with a knife, and experiments made on it in that dreadful and pitiable state, for the purpose merely of ascertaining whether it will vomit or not. ‘An animal,’ (Magendie observes in his *Physiology*, translated by Dr. Milligan, ed. 3, p. 287,) ‘still vomits, though the diaphragm has been rendered immovable by cutting the diaphragmatic nerves; it vomits in the same manner, *though the whole abdominal muscles have been taken away by the knife*, with the precaution of leaving the *linea alba* and the *peritoneum* untouched.’

“I know it is often urged, that medical knowledge has been greatly

table, while the most agonizing experiments are made upon their quivering frames, in order to ascertain some speculative and physical point of no real importance? What possible useful result can arise from burning out the eyes of the bat, and perforating the tympanum of the ear to ascertain the mode in which it finds its way in the dark? What benefit, that can make any compensation for the pangs it has occasioned, has resulted from the impalement of millions of living frogs since the boasted discovery of Galvani? The wanton atrocities perpetrated by man upon unoffending and defenceless creatures subject to his capricious control, are so numerous that it would exhaust your patience and my own to recapitulate one moiety of them; and I shall, therefore, hasten to a conclusion, convinced as I am, that the shocking instances already recorded are more than sufficient to enable you to arrive at a just conclusion

improved by experimenting in this way on animals. That it has been a little, I will grant, but only a little, for the phenomena which take place in animals will not often apply to ourselves in the practice or treatment of either wounds or diseases. Experiments to determine the action of poisons, and ascertain their antidotes, are, perhaps, or at least were, more allowable than any others; but the discovery of the stomach-pump is of more value than all that ever have or could have been made. And yet, so differently do poisons act on different animals, that no observation drawn from their action can be applied to man. Hemlock, as every one knows, is a wholesome food for the goat, but it poisoned Socrates; while, on the other hand, a dog will be destroyed by a quantity of nux vomica, which a man can swallow with impunity."

"The organs of sight are not absolutely necessary to guide these birds; Spalanzani proved that they flew as well in the dark as in the light. M. Jurine put out the eyes of bats, and extended some willow twigs through which they passed as well as when they saw; but on stopping their ears, or pricking the tympanum, they could not avoid any thing which was in their way; from whence it appears the ears are the means by which they direct themselves in the dark."—*Philosophical Magazine*, vol. iv. p 104.

"A third act of cruelty is burning out the eyes of a bird, with a red-hot knitting needle, in order to make it sing, it having been found that some singing birds will not sing while their attention is taken off by any thing around them; a barbarous custom chiefly practised upon bullfinches." *Hogarth Moralized.*

on the subject under consideration. I might expatiate upon the cruelty of running a noble horse against time, as it is called, or forcing him, in competition with another animal, to maintain an unnatural speed for hours together in order to decide a wager between two black-legs, or gamblers, who ought to be consigned to the tread-mill for their callous and criminal disregard of the sufferings of generous animals which are quite as susceptible of pain as themselves.* We do not deny that the great Creator of the universe has permitted man to slay certain animals which inhabit the earth, for the purpose of procuring food and raiment, but if he recognise the maxim which is eternally on his lips, to 'do unto others as he would they should do unto him,' what justification can he urge in palliation of the wanton tortures to which he subjects his victims?† The animals slaughtered for his use are often subjected to the most prolonged tortures instead of being put out of pain by the most merciful and

* On Friday, July 13, 1832, nine days only after the same horse had trotted in harness five miles in thirteen minutes and fifty-eight seconds, Mr. Osbaldeston rode his famous horse Rattler, thirty-four miles in two hours, eighteen minutes, and fifty-six seconds."—See *Voice of Humanity*, p. 7 and 8.

† "Whatever has a tendency to destroy, or even to diminish this common happiness; whatever occasions an avoidable pang to any creature which God has endued with feeling or sensation, is doubtless offensive to this great and good Being, who hath regard to all the works of his hand. Not only every act of cruelty from man to man, but every act of cruelty from man to the brute creation, is noted in that book, whose awful records will determine the fate—the everlasting fate of the human race."—*Sermon of the Rev. Luke Barker, L.L.D. Vicar of Dudley, Worcestershire.*

* "The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals which would destroy us, which injure our property, or annoy our persons,—but not even these, when their situations incapacitate them from hurting us. I know no right we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top, whose lives cannot injure us, and whose death can procure us no benefit. We cannot give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it from the meanest insect; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it."—*Jenyns.*

speedy process.* When that sensual epicure, man, has conceived a notion that a particular mode of preparing an animal for his table will render its flesh more tender and palatable, he never bestows a thought on the additional torture which his hellish devices occasion; he will strip the skin off the living eel, as our friend the Turnspit has observed, with as

* "Amongst the many vices of society there is none that tends more to generate misanthropical feelings than that of cruelty to animals. In general they are as badly treated here as in England, but the mode of butchering them is less barbarous. The spinal marrow is pierced with a small knife between two of the vertebræ of the neck, and, of course, the beast falls immediately. I have often wondered that some such mode is not generally adopted; cattle in England are slaughtered with the most savage barbarity; it is not uncommon there to begin skinning a sheep before it is dead, because the butcher has not time to wait."—*Southey's Letters on Spain and Portugal*, 8vo. p. 366.

We have been told that this process of piercing the spinal marrow, although it puts a speedy termination to the life, is extremely excruciating whilst it lasts; but we have read of another mode of effecting the object which is considered much more merciful. It was suggested, and has been repeatedly practiced by Mr. J. P. Cheethom, Veterinary Surgeon, in the employ of Messrs. Trueman, Hanbury, and Buxton, and a detailed account of it was published in the London *Standard* newspaper. The operation is performed by blowing atmospheric air into the jugular vein. We take the following extract from the *Standard*:

"Accordingly, upon Saturday last, in the presence of Messrs. Hyslop and Fenner, surgeons, Mr. Brann, and several others, Mr. Cheethom opened the jugular vein of a horse that would otherwise have been dispatched in the ordinary method, and introduced into it the end of a metallic tube of the thickness of a quill. He then applied his mouth to the other extremity, and by three forcible expirations directed towards the heart, which was accomplished exactly in twenty seconds, the animal fell backwards, and, apparently without pain, expired. Mr. Cheethom, in the course of his veterinary practice, has killed from twenty to thirty horses in this way, the general average time being less than a minute; but having had no occasion to have the blood drawn off afterwards, was unable to say whether the blood would flow as freely as if the animal had been knocked down by the blow of an axe. To ascertain this fact became, therefore, a new and important feature in the experiment, because the possibility of applying this mode to the slaughtering of animals for food turned upon it. Accordingly one of the attendants was requested to make the necessary incision in the neck, when the blood rushed out in a torrent, to a degree such as an individual accustomed to see cattle slaughtered declared he had never witnessed under the ordinary method."

much unconcern as if he was drawing off his glove; he will crimp salmon alive; broil and boil living lobsters and shrimps with as much indifference as if he were taking a pinch of snuff; and the means which the human *gourmand* adopts to fatten geese and turkeys to enhance their size and flavour are alike cruel and disgusting.* For the sake of a few pence he will pluck out the quills from a living bird, and turn it forth bleeding to acquire a fresh stock of feathers for a further harvest; and when he finds it convenient to have his fowls killed for food, he will wring their necks with as little remorse as he would feel at drawing a cork, and will commence plucking the poor creatures before they are dead.†

* The abominable treatment to which different animals are subjected, with a view to render their flesh more palatable to the epicure, must excite in every humane and reflective mind feelings of pity and disgust. Amongst the various refinements in this way, the following will probably be new to many of our readers, as it was to us:—

“The celebrated fat liver pies of Strasburgh are made of the livers of geese fattened with great attention. The animal is shut up in a cage, but little larger than its body, and is taken out but twice a day, and then to be fed with about a quart of crude peas. They are introduced with a finger into the pharynx of the animal, which is thus made to swallow this enormous quantity of nourishment, and is then immediately shut up in its cage. The immediate result of this kind of life is a remarkable obesity, and an enormous development of the liver, which, without any notable change of structure, acquired a triple or quadruple enlargement of volume. Bibulous paper brought into close contact with this fat liver immediately absorbs an oily matter, much like melted fat. These livers sometimes weigh eight or ten ounces, and sell at from three to five francs. The fattening of geese in this manner is a good speculation, for every part of the animal possesses an intrinsic value; the fat on many occasions is a substitute for butter, and the flesh is served at table, and although somewhat tough, is not the less nutritious; the feathers are much sought after, the quills serve for writing, and even the excrements sell at a high price as one of the richest of manures.”—*Jameson's Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, April to October, 1832.

† “We understand that the practice of plucking live geese, twice a year, for the sake of the feathers, is very prevalent at Broadlist, and other parts of this county. The tortures which the poor animals are thus occasioned may be conceived from the fact, that the extraction of every feather opens

“ We have hitherto confined our investigation to the practices of men in modern times, and more especially to those of the people of England, of which the stranger before us is a native ; but had I deemed it necessary to our purpose to extend our inquiry into the customs of other countries, and of the people of antiquity, the result would have established the truth of the position, that man, at all times, in all countries, and all ages, has been the tyrant of the creation ; although some of the most refined nations, as they have been styled, have much more to answer for on this head than barbarian nations. About fifteen centuries have elapsed since it pleased an all-wise and benevolent Providence to change my earthly purgatory for this blessed paradise. I was made prisoner at the defeat of the Carthaginian army, and was carried to Rome, where I was one of a group of thirty-two elephants which were paraded round the amphitheatre before the infamous Marcus Aurelius Carinus, one of the Roman Cæsars, and although we were only exhibited to add to the pomp of the spectacle, I witnessed in those days the most frightful and disgraceful scenes in the heathen Golgatha, where thousands of the beasts and birds of the forests were butchered or tormented for the gratification of the degenerate and sensual citizens of the imperial Rome.*

as many bleeding pores. To strip a living goose of its clothing, worth after all not more than sixpence, is a refinement on cruelty which a humane mind revolts at.”—*Plymouth Journal*.

* “ The collection prepared by the younger Gorolian for his triumph, and which his successor exhibited in the secular games, was less remarkable by the number than by the singularity of the animals ;—twenty zebras displayed their elegant forms and variegated beauty to the eyes of the Roman people ; ten elks and as many cameleopards, the loftiest and most harmless creatures that wander over the plains of Sumatra and Ethiopia, were contrasted with thirty African hyænas, and ten Indian tigers, the most implacable savages of the torrid zone. The unoffending strength with which nature has endowed the greater quadrupeds, was admired in the rhinoceros and

"But I will no longer expatiate upon the painful and disgusting evidence of the enormous guilt of the self-styled 'Lord of the creation,' but shall now call upon you, after due deliberation, to register your answer to the question proposed to your consideration at the commencement of this investigation; I will repeat that question,—'Is man deserving of any mercy from those animals which have been subjected to his domination during their earthly pilgrimage?'"

On this summons the various animals which constituted the extraordinary court, congregated more closely, and it appeared to me evident that they were deliberating upon their verdict after the manner of our human juries. The consultation did not last long, and the result was, that a deputation of a few members of the general body advanced towards the President, and, after communing with him for a few seconds, again merged into the general group.

The Elephant then addressed me in the following terms:—"Stranger, my friends around me, in consideration, probably, of my age and long experience, have unanimously appointed me their umpire upon this occasion, and have expressed their fixed determination implicitly to abide by my award. Such a mode of administering justice would not be prudent on that earth to which thou belongest, actuated as men too often are by personal, corrupt, or vindictive feelings, and influenced as their decisions frequently are by

hippopotamus of the Nile, and a majestic troop of thirty-two elephants."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, 4to. vol. i. p. 350.

"With arrows, whose point was shaped like a crescent, Commodus often intercepted the rapid career, and cut asunder the long bony neck of the ostrich; a panther was let loose, and the archer waited till he had leaped upon a trembling malefactor; in the same instant the shaft flew the beast dropped down dead, and the man remained unhurt. The dens of the amphitheatre disgorged at once a hundred lions, a hundred darts from the unerring hand of Commodus laid them dead, as they ran raging round the arena."—*Ibid*, p. 96.

erroneous views and by human sophisms; but here no danger is to be apprehended from such sources, as it pleased the great and all-wise Author of nature to purify our hearts and enlighten our understandings before we were permitted to enter into this our blessed sanctuary."

The Elephant here ceasing to address me individually turned towards the general assembly and spoke as follows:—"My friends, after the protracted and patient investigation which has taken place, I do not deem it necessary to prosecute the inquiry into the conduct of the arch-tyrant man any further; and in accordance, therefore, with the powers which you have voluntarily invested me, I shall proceed to pronounce the sentence which the evidence appears to me imperiously to call for, the justice of which I have no doubt will be sanctioned by the unanimous approval of our whole community. Without further preamble, therefore, my friends, my deliberate opinion is, that man is *not* deserving of any mercy from those animals which have been subjected to his domination during their earthly pilgrimage, but that in consequence of many exceptions to the general depravity, and of the testimony especially of the dog and horse in favour of the stranger now before us, this assembly wholly acquits him of any participation in the general delinquency which has been proved against the cruel race of Adam."

On the announcement of this just and merciful sentence, there arose from the countless assemblage to whom it was addressed, a universal acclamation of a most extraordinary and indescribable nature, which awoke me from my strange and protracted dream, and to my great astonishment I found myself in my bed, while

"Fancy, like the finger of the clock,
Ran the wide circuit, yet was still at home."

So vivid were the impressions which the singular vision had left upon my mind, that I was able to commit the whole to

writing, and I have been induced to publish it in the hope that it may have a tendency to promote the good cause which is so forcibly advocated by the benevolent practical Christians to whom the public is indebted for that excellent work, "*The Voice of Humanity*."

EPITAPH

UPON A KNAVISH PETTYFOGGING ATTORNEY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Reader, should'st thou be curious to know
Whose vile remains are mouldering here below,
Learn, that the putrid heap within this grave
Was an Attorney once,—the vilest knave
That e'er disgrac'd a British court of law,
Or sav'd his neck by quibble, quirk, or flaw.
Many a poor widow with her helpless race
Their ruin to this miscreant may trace;—
And many a beggar'd client curs'd his name,
And "damn'd his memory to eternal fame!"

But, though on earth vice prosper for a time,
Justice or soon or late will punish crime;
So Mendax found;—ere his career was clos'd,
His character was to the world expos'd;
He lost his clients, lost his ill-earn'd pelf,
Then in despair the villain hung himself.

The ruling passion 's strong in death we know,
And Mendax by his last act prov'd 'twas so;
Finding none else to cheat—out of pure spite
He bilk'd the hangman of his perquisite.

IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO COMPLIMENTED THE WRITER UPON
HIS INTERESTING RESIDENCE, WHICH SHE TERMED A PARADISE.

Fair maid! when you call my retreat
A Paradise—ah! how I grieve,
That your simile is not complete,
For, alas! there is wanting an Eve.

ADAM.

FIRE AND WATER.

"One man may steal a horse, another must not look over the wall."
Old Proverb.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is an acknowledged truth, that poetry is much more readily committed to memory than prose; and as an illustration of the fact, if any be necessary, I shall only observe, that I can never tell how many days there are in any one month, without the mnemonical aid of those immortal lines,—

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February hath twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one."

As poetry unquestionably has this hold on the memory, it would be well if every thing that it is necessary for us to know were conveyed in a poetic garb; and so, I presume, thought that great man who undertook to translate the statutes at large into heroic measure. For my part, I prefer doggerels; and I shall avail myself of their aid to put on record the recent memorable affair at Bolton petty sessions, when Squire Hulton, of Peterloo celebrity, gained a signal triumph over a poor brickburner, who was obliged to apologize to the great man, because he, the aforesaid baker of bricks, had the insolence to say that he had as much right to keep his fire burning in his kiln on a Sunday, as the great man had to keep his steam-engine at work on the same day.

If Bolton petty sessions' law be the law of the land,—if a poor man may not keep his kiln fire up on a Sunday, whilst the rich man is permitted to burn fire under his steam-boiler on that day,—simple folk, like myself, will be

apt to conclude that there is in this country one law or the rich and another for the poor.

SONG.

TUNE.—*The Vicar and Moses.*

As fierce as a Sultan,
Said Hulton, of Hulton,
To a half-famish'd burner of bricks,
"If your kiln smokes on Sunday,
As well as on Monday,
I'll make you pay dear for such tricks.

TOL DE ROL.

"By my *Cavalry sword*, man,
I swear, Jacob Boardman,
You shall put the fire out, you sinner!"
"If I put out the fire,"
Jacob said to the 'squire,
"My children must go without dinner."

TOL DE ROL.

Hulton swore in great ire,
That he should quench the fire,
As he knew he the law was infringing;
Says Jacob, "Why so, Sir?
Your honour, you know, Sir,
All Sunday long works your steam engine."

TOL DE ROL.

Then Hulton did rave,
Call'd Jacob a knave,
And sent for the parish churchwarden,
Who swore, without bail,
He should pack off to jail,
If he did not ask Squire Hulton's pardon.

TOL DE ROL.

MORAL.

So here ends my song,
'Tis somewhat too long,
For my muse is still given to wander;
What'er folk may say,
It is prov'd clear as day,
"Sauce for goose is not sauce for the gander."

As there were no Sunday-schools in my time, I have
been obliged to avail myself of a friend's



THE PETTIFOGGER.

When Mendax arrived at the regions below,
 In crossing the Styx, Charon swore,
 That for ages he had not been summon'd to row
 Such an infamous scoundrel before.
 Mendax bade him be civil, and threaten'd the law,
 And said he would have him to know,
 He was an attorney ; but Charon said, "Pshaw!
 It is justice, not law, reigns below."
 "If that be the case," exclaimed Mendax, dismay'd,
 "Good Charon, pray back again shove;
 In your damn'd courts below I shall drive no such trade
 As I had in the law courts above."
 Charon testily said, "Trim the boat and sit still,
 Or the bark will be surely upset;
 With the load of your sins she's so freighted, she'll fill,
 Ere over the ferry we get."
 To carry his point Mendax offer'd a bribe;
 But Charon exclaim'd, and he swore,
 "Do you take me for one of your rascally tribe?
 I was ne'er so affronted before!
 By perj'ry and bribes you might feather your nest
 Whilst on earth you pursued your career,
 Where the widow you ruin'd—the orphan oppress'd;
 But the hour of your reck'ning is near."
 By this time the boat had arrived at the shore,
 And there in dismay Mendax saw
 Some pale wand'ring spectres he'd oft seen before,—
 They were wretches he'd ruin'd by law.
 When the lawyer they saw, they shrunk back in affright;
 Some curs'd him—some utter'd a scream;
 And so strange was the clamour they rais'd, that at last
 I awoke—for it was but a dream."

ANCIENT AND MODERN TACTICS; OR, RETREAT AND
 ADVANCE.

WRITTEN IN 1819, ON THE APPLICATION OF THE LATE DUKE OF YORK
 FOR AN ADVANCE OF £10,000 PER ANNUM TO HIS INCOME.

It was Zenophon's glory, in history we're told,
 To secure the *retreat of ten thousand* of old;
 But the fame of our Frederick eclipses the Greek's,
 To secure the *advance of ten thousand* he seeks.

LINES

ON HEARING A CERTAIN PEDANTIC COXCOMB CALLED "A STUPID CALF."

In styling Jack "a stupid calf,"
 You libel the poor quadruped,
 Jack has not as much brain by half;
 And though he may be better read,
 I'll prove to you, beyond debate,
 The brute's the wiser of the two;
 The calf you know can ruminate,*
 And that's what Jack could never do.

LINES,

DESIGNED FOR THE SMALL-WIT MEN WHO HAVE PLAYED OFF THEIR
TINY ARTILLERY ON THE SPINNING-TOP, CORK JACKETS, &c.

Small-wit, like small beer,
 When fresh, brisk and clear,
 As a beverage is pleasant enough;
 But when stale and small,
 And muddy withal,
 Who the d—l can stomach such stuff?

FREE TRANSLATIONS OF A FRENCH EPIGRAM, ASCRIBED
TO MIRABEAU.†

If the face of a madman 's a sight you can't bear
 To some uninhabited desert repair,
 But demolish your mirror before you go there.

If the face of a madman 's an object of terror,
 You must shun all mankind and demolish your mirror.

* To ruminate—to chew the cud, meditate over and over again.

† THE ORIGINAL.
 Le monde est plein de fous,
 Qui n'en veut pas voir
 Doit se tenir seul,
 Et casser son miroir.

ANOTHER VERSION.
 Le monde est plein de fous,
 Qui n'en veut pas voir
 Doit se renfermer seul,
 Et cacher son miroir.

EGERTON SMITH AND CO., PRINTERS, LORD-STREET, LIVERPOOL.





